Mary Rice Jewett in Europe: 1889

by

Mary Rice Jewett

Edited by Terry Heller
Coe College

Copyright 2025
Sarah Orne Jewett Press
1296 30th ST
Cedar Rapids, IA 52402

Editorial Practice in Transcriptions

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

~~abc~~ : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Jewett's periods often appear as dashes, and also often are indistinguishable from commas. Where her intentions seem clear, I have placed commas and periods; when not sure I have given the dashes or included a note.

Like many of her correspondents, Jewett is not consistent in using other punctuation, especially apostrophes. I have presented words needing apostrophes as she and her correspondents present them.

As nearly as practical, these transcriptions mirror the appearance of the manuscripts. However, I cannot guarantee they are free of errors. Readers wishing for certainty when working with these letters should consult the manuscripts.

Internet Access to this Text

The Internet Archive

and

Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project
https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/index-sojp.html

Introduction

In May of 1889, with financial support from Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Rice Jewett traveled in western Europe. Outbound on the *Catalonia*, she kept a journal of her sea voyage in the form of a long letter home. For the remainder of her travels, she wrote home regularly and frequently. These letters taken together present a journal of that adventure. This document contains those letters as well as several letters by Sarah Jewett and others that relate in various ways to Mary Jewett's trip.

A good number of other letters traversed the Atlantic at this time, passing between Mary Jewett and other family members and friends, and her traveling companions also wrote letters frequently and received their own letters from home. Furthermore, Sarah Jewett's letters to her sister during these months seem not to have been preserved. Were all these to be found and collected, a richer documentation would be possible. However, the letters collected here, though often pedestrian, provide an interesting view of the Jewett family, and they help reveal the value to them, and to women especially, of European travel near the end of the 19th Century. This is even more the case when they are seen in relation to other Jewett family documents: Sarah Orne Jewett's correspondence during her trips to Europe in 1882, 1892, 1898 and 1900. Especially rich are the documents of 1898, which include Sarah Jewett's correspondence and Annie Adams Fields's journal of that tour. See *Fields and Jewett in Europe: 1898*, Sarah Orne Jewett Press (2024).

The Main Travelers

Mary Rice Jewett (18 June 1847 - 28 September 1930) was the oldest of the three Jewett sisters. She sometimes signed her letters and was often addressed as "O.P." A letter of Spring 1888 addresses Mary as "Peg," suggesting that O.P. may stand for "Old Peg."

Jewett traveled with two different groups.

During her Atlantic crossing and for the first month of her tour, her companions were family friends, Augusta Denny Tyler and her sister, Mary Harriet (Hattie) Denny. Also on their ship and with them during early parts of the tour was their sister-in-law, Valeria Kendall Titcomb Denny.

Augusta Maria Denny Tyler (1825 - 15 December 1899) married Dr. John Eugene Tyler (1819-1878), whose medical practice in Salmon Falls, NH contributed to his family's friendship with Jewett's father, Dr. Theodore Herman Jewett in neighboring South Berwick, ME. Dr. Tyler came to specialize in mental illness and served as superintendent of the McLean Asylum in Somerville, MA. In her 1879 diary, Jewett recorded a tribute to her father from a letter by Dr. Tyler. Augusta's unmarried sister, **Mary Harriet Denny** (1840-1913) resided with the Tylers, and also frequently exchanged visits with the Jewetts. According to Back Bay Houses, the sisters resided together in Boston in the 1890s, for at least part of that time with their brother, the wool merchant Robert Breck Denny (1832-1915) and his wife, **Valeria Kendall Titcomb Denny** (1833-1916).

Mary Jewett reports that Mrs. Tyler and Miss Denny heard regularly from "**George,**" and Jewett reports meeting him in Oxford. Near the end of Jewett's travels, they were joined by their brother, **Charles**. FamilySearch identifies Charles Parkman Denny (1828-1907) as a younger brother. Their brother George Parkman Denny (1826-1885), according to FamilySearch, was deceased, but one of his sons was George Kirkman Denny (1877-1939), too young at this time to be traveling abroad alone.. See Back Bay Houses, Find a Grave and Samuel Adams Drake, *History of Middlesex County Massachusetts*, Volume 2, pp. 334-5.

Later, Jewett parted from Tyler and Denny, and joined two different women, Abba Fisk, and Annie E. Johnson.

Abby Gilman Fiske (1862-1947).

Referred to as Abba and Tabby, Abby Fiske was a Jewett cousin, daughter of the sisters' maternal aunt, Abby Gilman Perry (1824-1868) and Francis Allen Fiske (1818-1887) of Concord, NH. The Jewett-Perry-Fiske families spelled the surname "Fisk" and "Fiske" interchangeably. Sarah Orne Jewett corresponded with Abby's brother William / Billy Perry Fiske (1853-1914), who is mentioned several times in these letters. Another brother also is mentioned: John Taylor Fiske (1866-1940).

Annie Elizabeth Johnson (1826-1894).

Usually referred to as Miss J. or Miss Johnson, she was the organizer and leader of the tour. Richard Cary has identified her: this "... Maine-born daughter of the Reverend Samuel and Hannah (Whittier) Johnson ... Miss Johnson was a close friend of Miss [Sarah Orne] Jewett's sister Mary and her cousin Abba Fisk." She had served as principal of the Bradford Academy in Haverhill, MA, before establishing her own private school in Boston, from which she retired in 1892. See Cary, "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50.

The Jewett Family at Home

Frequently mentioned in these letters are members of Jewett's immediate family residing in South Berwick, ME. Though the letters were addressed to Sarah, all the family presumed that every letter would be shared and often read aloud in both of the households as well as to close friends among their neighbors. All persons who heard or saw a letter would, therefore, see or hear for themselves the

greetings Jewett often included, usually in the final sentences.

There were two households. Sarah and Mary Jewett recently, in 1887, had moved with their mother into the "Jewett House" which today is the Jewett House Museum. Next door, their youngest sister Carrie and her family resided in what is now the Jewett House Museum Visitor Center, where their father had his medical practice and where the sisters grew up.

Caroline Frances Perry Jewett (1820 - 21 October 1891).

Called Ma, she was the daughter of Dr. William and Abigail (Gilman) Perry. She married Dr. Theodore Herman Jewett (1815-1878) in 1842.

Sarah Orne Jewett (3 September 1849 - 24 June 1909).

Usually addressed as Sarah in the letters, she was also sometimes called Seddie or Seddy at home. Other friends called her "Pin," "Pinny," "P.L" and "Pinny Lawson" in letters. She was the most famous of the sisters, publishing fiction, essays and poetry. She is best remembered for her short novel, *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896) and her story, "A White Heron."

She had toured western Europe with Annie Adams Fields, May - October 1882. Mary Jewett refers often to that trip, remembering or forgetting what her sister told her or wrote in her letters home.

Caroline Augusta Jewett Eastman (1855 - 1 April 1897).

Usually called Caddy or Carrie, but sometimes Taddy, she was the youngest of the sisters. She married Edwin (Ned) Calvin Eastman (1849 - 18 March 1892) on 21 October 1878. According to Ancestry.com, Edwin was born in East Kingston, Rockingham county NH, son of Calvin Eastman (1818-1850) and Abby O. Smith (1823-1897).

Theodore Eastman (4 August 1879 - 9 March 1931)

The son of Caroline and Edwin Eastman, he turned 10 years old during the summer of Mary's travels. Also known as "Thidder / Thider," "Stubs" and "Stubby" in the letters, he graduated from Harvard University (A.B. 1901, M.D. 1905) and became a physician.

Annie Adams Fields (June 6, 1834 - January 5, 1915), American poet, essayist, biographer, social worker. Sarah Orne Jewett resided with Fields in Boston and Manchester by the Sea, MA, for roughly half of each year after 1882. They traveled to Europe together in 1882, the tour that Mary Rice Jewett frequently mentions. Fields is not mentioned often, and she was not an "official" member of the family, but Mary Jewett was well aware that Sarah kept Fields fully informed about her reports and, probably, read to or shared with Fields a number of the letters. Sarah Jewett often addresses her as "Fuff" and variations such as Fuffatee and Fuffy.

Household Employees

Annie Collins (c. 1860 - after 1930) was a Jewett family employee. It is reasonably likely that Annie and Will Collins are brother and sister.

Hannah Driscoll (c. 1846- c. 1894) was a Jewett neighbor and helper who, according to Paula Blanchard in *Sarah Orne Jewett*, took care of Uncle William Durham Jewett (1813-1887) late in his life.

John Tucker (1845 - 4 December 1902) was the Jewetts' hostler and general factotum. He came to work for Dr. Jewett on a temporary arrangement around 1875 but remained for the rest of his life, trusted and treated like a member of the family. Tucker died on December 4, 1902. During the Civil War he served in the 17th Maine Regiment and was wounded by a shell at the Battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Find a Grave.

Another employee sometimes mentioned is Rosy (or perhaps Posy), about which no further information is currently available.

Princess was a Jewett family horse mentioned often in Mary R. Jewett's letters.

Other family animals include the horses Susan and Ticky/Dicky, and the dogs Brownie, Roger/Roggy and Jack. She sometimes refers to one of them as "the little one." Other unidentified names show up occasionally, like Tuky. Roger died during Jewett's absence in Europe. See her 21 June letter.

Other Family and Friends

Jewett nearly always sent greetings to various friends at home and to family outside her immediate circle. These greetings tend to be rather monotonous, as she seemed to spontaneously remember one person after another whom she wanted her sister to greet for her. To reduce repetition in the notes for these letters, following is a list of those she mentioned often.

Annie Barker was a South Berwick neighbor about whom rather little is known. In Mary Rice Jewett's 1892 letters to her sister while Sarah Orne Jewett was traveling in Europe, she reported regularly about Caroline March Barker (1833- 16 April 1892). According to Find a Grave, buried in the same cemetery in Rochester, NH, with Caroline Barker, is her first cousin, Anna Simpson Barker (1834-1921). It seems likely that she is the Annie Barker of this letter, then residing in South Berwick.

Mrs. Doe: Edith Bell Haven (Mrs. Charles Cogswell) Doe (1840-1922) was the daughter of George Wallis Haven (1808-1895) and his first wife, Helen Sarah Bell (1822-1846). Edith resided in nearby Rollinsford, NH, and belonged to a reading

group that included Georgina Halliburton (her step-sister), Celia Thaxter, Mary and Sarah Orne Jewett. Her daughters were: Catherine Bell Doe (1872-1959), Helen Doe (1877-1928), Mary Halliburton Doe Ayres (1880-1912) and Dorothy Doe Groves (1882-1916). Her sons were Ralph (1866-1882) and Haven (1870-1946). Find-a-Grave.

William Perry Fiske (1853-1914) of Concord, NH, usually referred to as William. Whether he would meet Jewett in Europe remained in question for most of the summer, and he arrived near the end of Jewett's tour. He was Jewett cousin, son of her maternal aunt, Abby Gilman Perry (1824-1868) and Francis Allen Fiske (1818-1887). Jewett corresponded with him and exchanged reports of the activities of his siblings: Mary / Minnie Walker Fisk (1850 - 20 November 1877), Frank Fiske (1851-1886), Abby (Abba / Tabby) Gilman Fiske (1862-1947), and John Taylor Fiske (1866-1940).

Olive Grant (1821 - 17 January 1892) was the family's dressmaker for much of Jewett's life.

Aunt Helen: Mrs. Helen Williams Gilman (1817 - 22 December 1904) was the Jewett sisters' admired and beloved great aunt. Richard Cary says she was the "daughter of the noted Maine lawyer and U.S. Senator, Reuel Williams (1783-1862), was esteemed for her philanthropies, civic activity, and personal congeniality." Her husband was John Taylor Gilman, M.D. (May 9, 1806 - January 16, 1884), who was born in Exeter, NH. Dr. Gilman studied medicine with Jewett's grandfather, Dr. William Perry in Exeter, before obtaining his medical degree from Bowdoin College, her father's alma mater. Following post-graduate study, he practiced medicine and surgery in Portland, ME, where he became one of the founders of Maine General Hospital. He married Helen Augusta Williams in 1837. They had one daughter, Helen Williams Gilman (1839-1914), who married Dr. John Taylor Gilman Nichols (1837-1911) of Cambridge, MA. They adopted a second daughter, who was orphaned after the death Mrs. Gilman's sister. The name of this Jewett cousin has not yet been discovered, but Jewett often speaks of a cousin "Fanny Gilman" as being close to her Aunt Helen Gilman. Find a Grave and *The Unitarian Register* 84 (1905), pp. 21-2.

Fanny Hale: Jewett met, as arranged, with Fanny Hale in Paris, where Hale became her guide to the city. Hale has proven mysterious, for despite her seeming to be a well known person, finding any other trace of her existence has been next to impossible. I have become persuaded that she was Ellen Day Hale (1855-1940), an American impressionist painter and printmaker, daughter of author and minister Edward Everett Hale and Emily Baldwin Perkins (1829-1914), niece of watercolorist Susan Hale, and sister of painter and critic Philip Leslie Hale. The Jewett sisters were acquainted with this Hale family. For some supporting evidence, see Jewett's letter to her sister of 11 July 1889, in which she recounts her breakfast with Hale, her tour of Hale's Paris studio, where she saw Hale's work, but also work in progress by Edwin Weeks. This letter suggests then that Hale shared a studio with Weeks and that, perhaps, she resided with yet another person. Wikipedia places Hale and her domestic partner, and fellow artist Gabrielle de Veaux Clements, in Paris between 1885 and 1893. Though I have found no references elsewhere of Ellen Hale being called Fanny, still it seems reasonably likely that they were the same person.

Mrs. Jaques probably was Emma D. Jaques (1849-1937), wife of Dr. Edwin D. Jaques (1841-1932). Find a Grave.

George L. Lewis (1839-1910) who traveled in Europe during Jewett's tour.

Lewis was pastor of the First Parish Church in South Berwick, ME. He succeeded Sylvanus Hayward as pastor in 1876, and he read the sermon at Jewett's funeral in 1909. His wife was Katharine Bigelow Lawrence McLellan. They had three children.

Edward Orne McHenry, (1855-1910) was a distant Jewett relative. His aunt was Mary McHenry Cox (1827-1906). Also mentioned was his sister, Sarah/Sadie Jane McHenry Howell (1852-1927). See Find a Grave.

Lizzie / Elizabeth Cutts Parks (1831-1918), mentioned in *The Placenames of South Berwick*, pp. 72, 82, was a near Jewett neighbor. According to this account, her family helped to found the First Baptist Church of South Berwick in the early 19th century.

Auntie: Mary Jewett usually referred to **Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry** as "Auntie."

Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry (1826- 5 September 1896) of Exeter, New Hampshire, was the wife of Dr. William Gilman Perry (1823-1910), Jewett's maternal uncle. Frances / Fanny Perry Dudley (1861-1953) was their daughter. Richard Cary notes that she was a chronic victim of asthma, which restricted her traveling and visiting. She compensated "by writing lively, descriptive letters, and entertaining a steady stream of friends who sometimes called for the day and stayed for a week." "A wise and constant lover of good books," she conveyed her approval of Dickens, Browning, and a score of others to her eager young nieces. Find a Grave.

Dr. William Gilman Perry (1823-1910), husband of Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry (1826-1896). In these letters, he usually is referred to as **Uncle Will.** In addition to Jewett's mother, his siblings included Nathaniel Gilman Perry (1825-1855) and Abby Gilman (1824-1868) who married Francis Allen

Fiske (1819-1887). He joined Jewett's traveling party briefly during their final weeks.

Mrs. Rollins. Among the Jewett family's South Berwick friends was Ellen Augusta Lord Rollins (1835-1922).

Jane Sewall: The Sewall family were Jewett neighbors. They included Jotham Sewall (1847-1922) and his sisters, Helen D. Sewall (1845-1922) and Jane Sewall (1849-1952). See Pirsig, *The Placenames of South Berwick*, p. 75 and Find a Grave.

The Walkers: John Francis Walker (1844-1890), who headed the South Berwick Savings Bank and his wife, Lizzie / Mary Elizabeth Hobbs (1848-1934). His mother was Susan Clark Walker (1815-1896). Their daughter was Helen Walker Marshall (1874-1963).

Becca / Rebecca O. Young (1847-1927). In *Sarah Orne Jewett: her World and her Work* (2002), Paula Blanchard says: "Rebecca Young, who lived a few doors from the Jewetts, was an old classmate of the [Jewett] sisters from the days of Miss Raynes's school and Berwick Academy and an intimate friend of both Mary and Carrie. She was for many years treasurer of the South Berwick Savings Bank" (p. 203). Young was riding with Sarah Orne Jewett on 3 September 1902, when a stumbling horse threw both of them from the carriage. Find a Grave and Old Berwick Historical Society.

The Documents

Most of the manuscripts of these letters are held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.].

However, I have worked from digital scans of photocopies held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folders 100-102, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection. These were made available to me thanks to Jefferson Navricky at MWWC.

When a letter given here is not from the Mary Rice Jewett letters at the Houghton, I provide information about its exact location.

The Transcriptions

Working with photocopies, however carefully scanned, is problematic. While Mary Rice Jewett's handwriting is generally very clear and readable, there are often enough instances when clarity fails. Furthermore, when Jewett's ink is light or faded, or when she wrote in pencil, photocopies do not turn out well. As a result I was forced into a good deal of guess-work that might have been avoided had I worked with the originals.

I encourage anyone needing more precision to view the originals at the Houghton Library. I chose not to do so for several reasons, a main one being that I and the Houghton, wonderful as its staff is, have limited resources. For the purposes of this document, it seemed too much to expend my time and money to travel 1000 miles from home to make my own copies, or to hire someone else to do so, or to ask the Houghton to scan several hundred pages, when I had "pretty good" copies already. Asking the Houghton to make copies would absorb staff resources desired by other scholars, and I would have to wait an indefinite amount of time to receive the copies.

Therefore, these transcriptions are less perfect than they could be.

The photocopies were obtained years ago by Burton Trafton, who gave them to the University of New England. Presumably, he made the marginal notes on the copies. These include Houghton Library identifications, page numbers, what appear to be numbers assigned to individual letters, and notes identifying specific content. I have omitted all these notes in the transcriptions.

Jewett's idiosyncrasies as a writer will be apparent to readers, but I will point out some of them. A main disconcerting one is her inconsistent use of apostrophes in contractions and possessives. Generally, she omits them, but sometimes she includes them. I have tried to present them as she did and without comment. She also frequently omits punctuation, especially end punctuation, which can produce confusion. I have attempted to add clarifying punctuation in {braces} wherever it seems needed, but naturally, this requires making judgments that may be in error. Two of her alphabetical letters, C and E, at the beginnings of words, nearly always appear to be capitals. I have converted these to lower case except where it seems likely that she intended upper case. She often begins quotations with a regular mark ", but ends them with a single quotation mark '.

Generally, I have tried to present Jewett's text as she wrote it, noting the relatively few instances when she seems to have made errors or when she corrected herself. My notes appear briefly in [*brackets*] within the text. Also in brackets are other added editorial materials such as page numbers within the letters and guesses about text. My own notes are in italics.

Jewett did not date some of these letters. Occasionally, I have inferred dates. Someone else has written "1889" on the first pages of a number of letters. I have omitted these additions.

The Notes

In annotating the letters, mainly I have tried to identify items not easily located in easy to use sources such as a dictionary or Wikipedia. However, I have tried to identify all of the persons

she names. My aim has been to minimize interference with the reading process while providing quick references to useful information and with reasonably limited repetition.

Separate from this document is a supporting document, an extensive list of the correspondents of Sarah Orne Jewett, many of whom are mentioned here: *Key to Correspondents*. The most up-to-date version of this document is available at the Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project: https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1-persons.html. A downloadable print version is available from the Sarah Orne Jewett Press: https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/e-soj-key.pdf and at the Internet Archive.

Chronology

4 May - about 15 October 1889

4 May, Saturday — Mary Rice Jewett embarked from Boston on the SS *Catalonia* (1881) of the Cunard Line. Though a steamship, the liner also carried three masts for sails.

14 May — Jewett debarked at Liverpool, UK, with Augusta Tyler and Hattie Denny.

15 May — Chester, Cheshire.

22 May — Ross, Hertfordshire.

7 June — Oxford, Oxfordshire.

8 June — Worcester, Worcestershire.

12 June — Llangollen, Wales

21 June — Betws-y-Coed. Wales

25 June — Chester, Cheshire. They met Annie Johnson and Abby Fiske at Liverpool before moving on to Chester.

30 June — Leamington, Warwickshire.

4 July — London.

9 July — Canterbury.

11 July — Paris. France

21 July — Geneva, Switzerland.

24 July — Brieg, Switzerland.

26 July — Milan, Italy.

29 July — Venice, Italy.

2 August — Lugano, Switzerland.

3 August — Lucerne, Switzerland.

6 August — Interlaken, Austria.

8 August — Bern, Switzerland.

12 August — Cologne, Germany.

14 August — Brussels, Belgium.

15 August — Antwerp, Belgium.

20 August — Amsterdam, Netherlands.

23 August — London.

2 September — Winchester, Hampshire.

3 September — Newport, Isle of Wight.

6 September — Bideford, Devon.

8 September — Lynton, Devon.

9 September — Wells, Somerset, then Ludlow, Windermere.

15 September — Edinburgh, Scotland. They had then been joined by William Perry Fiske and William Gilman Perry.

17 September — Durham, Durham.

18 September — York, Yorkshire. Fiske and Perry had gone on to London.

20 September — Cambridge, Cambridgeshire.

27 September — London.
In this letter Jewett indicated that beginning on Monday 29 September, she would travel in Ireland, intending to meet her home-bound steamer in Queenstown, Ireland.

13 October — Jewett debarks in Boston.

The Letters

Unless otherwise specified, all letters are from Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett. .

Saturday May 11

6 p.m.

Dear Sarah:

My first day at sea is nearly finished, and I hope all the rest may be as pleasant, though I suppose that is too much to expect of a sea voyage. I sent a note back by the pilot which would have been longer if I hadn't been struck of a sudden by the announcement that he was going just after somebody had told [he *so written*] that he wouldn't go for an hour or two. We slipped out of the dock so easily that I had hardly time to get into my clothes before we were off, so I didn't have a chance to get very sentimental. We have sailed along all day with open portholes and no more motion than you would feel in going over the lake at home. The people are all on deck and having a very good time

[*Page 2*]

and the sea and sky make me think of the day we went sailing down at Mouse Island. I keep wishing you could all know how much more comfortable I am than I had any idea I should be — Sunday noon { — } we have kept the beautiful weather and I had

a good nights sleep which set me up splendidly and all the morning I have been walking about the deck and having particulars with one and another. There are several people on board who know Mrs T or Hattie, and they are all very kind to me so I have a good time out of [*unrecognized mark*]{.} A Mr Gilman of Cambridge is so nice and his friend the Rev. Mr. Howard who knows Mr. Lewis very well. They are opposite us at table and are so attentive and kind in every way.

This morning I gave Henry Rooney* some bananas and he went off to hide them like an old squirrel, with many thanks. He is so funny walking about the eye glasses on and a book

[*Page 3*]

in his hand. This morning there was a church service in the saloon and it was such a sight to see the sailors come in and the officers dressed in their best. The Cap't reads prayers, & you ought to have heard the men sing. There is such a funny little girl down in the steerage that they call Jack and it seems that her mother sent her over to America to find her brother but when they found in Boston that she had neither money nor friend they wouldn't let her land so they are taking her back to Ireland to her Ma. She is as cheerful as possible and everybody seems good to her but I doubt if her Mother will be very glad to see her after getting her well started in life as she evidently thought!

Monday, and still pleasant weather{.} We saw a ship this morning that came quite near us but not near enough for us to see what her name was.

[*Page 4*]

It was such a pretty sight for every sail was set and she whirled past us like a big bird and it seemed no time before she was like a speck on the horizon.

It is such a lazy life this sailing along in this pleasant weather that I don't wonder people are sent to get cured of nerves. I expect we shall get a good shaking up when we get beyond 'the banks' but it is such a thing to have had these three good days to begin with. The ship isn't a fast one but they say we shall be in Queenstown on Monday — I haven't yet found anybody who is to stop off there except two gentlemen for which I am sorry, but I still hope for luck in getting somebody to go to Ireland with. Yesterday afternoon some people saw a whale, but I was taking an after dinner nap and missed it to my sorrow. There is a little fellow on board who makes me think of Theodore as he was two or three years ago. I wonder how that young man gets on with his little family of squirrels. It is great fun to imagine what you are all doing and

[*Page 5*]

2

thinking of. They keep changing the clock so that now it is an hour and a quarter ahead of my watch which I am keeping unchanged just for the fun of it until I get to Liverpool. I found a letter waiting on board from Eva* which I am keeping thinking a dull day may come when it will be pleasant to hear from somebody outside{.} My ticket was waiting for me and the steward came round for them yesterday so that's off my mind. Tuesday —

We are getting into the regular track for steamers now and saw a big one heading for Liverpool this morning but she has gone out of sight now, and another big one passed us going towards America yesterday, besides two ships and lots of gulls and Mother Carey's Chickens* are flying along beside us. As I suppose we are getting in the neighborhood of the banks: only they say we are not going very near them this trip. The Cap'n is a funny little Englishman about as big as John Rice* and [looks *corrected*] like him. For a wonder he is very pleasant and

[*Page 6*]

willing to have particulars, and that civil to the pretty girls. He was skipping up and down the deck with one last night arm in arm to our great [*deletion*] amusement. We eat and sleep and walk, and watch the sailors as they hoist and lower the sails, and it is a great excitement to see how much the ship gains every day. Today we were gratified with 304 miles the best run yet. I have been down in my stateroom ever since dinner reading and sleeping because your eyes get tired with the glare on deck if you stay up all day. Hattie and I went down in the steerage last evening and had a talk with some of the people. They say they are very comfortable there and this good weather is everything for them of course. There are not a great many of them, and they are rather quiet. It is when they are going to America that they dance and sing people say. Wed. I have just waked up from a little nap and I imagine Ma is just waking up from one too as it is almost two oclock by your time though it is ~~two hours~~ four here for my watch was two hours

[*Page 7*]

[*unrecognized word*] slowly the ships clock at noon. The days go on with more speed than they did at first, but it seems like a month since I came from home. Nothing has happened worth the telling for we haven't even seen a ship or a bird since yesterday, but every thing is very comfortable and our journey to Queenstown is half done probably. It was pretty warm on deck this morning though it has been cloudy all day but I dont think it will rain after all. I wish you could have seen the moonlight last night and I saw the sun set in the water for the first time in my life. I am more and more astonished at the steadiness of this ship for most of the time it goes like a river steamer and with scarcely any motion or noise. I wish we could go back in her but

I find she goes the middle of the month which would hardly suit Miss Johnson or Mrs. Tyler either I suppose but there will be time enough to settle that later. It is a queer feeling that one has after a day or two of this sort of life for one seems to belong to nothing and to be going nowhere. Thursday night{.}

We have had a heavy tumbling sea"*

[*Page 8*]

today and for the first time the port holes have had to be shut, but as the ventilator comes down just opposite my stateroom I haven't suffered from the change. The steamer is so steady that nobody has been made sick though it has rolled more or less all day and all night. All day we have been on deck watching the waves which have been beautiful. Luckily they followed us instead of meeting us, and the wind has set us along so well that the Cap'n has hopes of landing us in Liverpool on Tuesday morning{.} Tonight we watched the sun go down and the moon come up, and I have just stepped down to bed. Last night it rained and drove us all in early, but we had a concert of two banjos and a violin, and a young girl sang, so it was a pleasant change. Before I forget it I must tell you that Mrs Tyler says her bag is the comfort of her life and she wishes you to know it, for she does not know how she ever lived without it. I would give anything if you could

[*Page 9*]

3*

only know what a comfortable voyage it has been so far, but I'll send a cable from Queenstown. Friday. There has been a tremendous sea on all day but it was pleasant and we have been on deck in spite of it though most of the time the deck has been like the roof of a house. Think of me navigating round on such a place. Several times my chair tipped up but not over, but tonight we were all out watching the ship that was beating along in the opposite direction when suddenly a big wave broke over the lower deck and soused lots of the emigrants and knocked them round like ten pins. If this had come at first we should have been sick enough but having had those pleasant days to get used to the motion nobody seem troubled. Mrs Tyler & Hattie & Mrs. Wills* & I have been playing whist this evening, but had to give it up for the cards got knocked about so.

[*Page 10*]

[*two unrecognized words*]* we had a rough night but the day has been pleasant, and we have had a pretty concert this eve by people on board in aid of some charity this evening. I happened to look at my watch just now and found it was seven oclock and thought John was probably just stepping in with the mail. Here it was half past ten and I just going to bed! Sunday p.m.

Lunch is just over and I must write some letters for there seems to be a reasonable prospect that I can mail them at last for word came round at noon that we were 264 miles from Fastnet Light* so I hope tomorrow nights journal will tell you that the Catalonia is safe in Queenstown Harbor, if my telegram does not reach you first as perhaps it may. We had a lovely church service this morning and it was so funny to hear the two ship bells tolling when it was time to go, one being big and the other little. I have concluded to go on to Liverpool because I do not find anyone who is going to Ireland with whom

[*Page 11*]

I care to go, and in fact they are all going the wrong way for me, so I am going to cross over from Wales, Mary Harriet having held out hopes of going too.

The purser has promised to see about my trunk and the steward too so I think there will be no trouble about that. I hope Miss Johnson could get passage on this steamer for the 15th for she is really very comfortable if not fast, and rolls very little even in rough weather. We are all anxious to see land now and yet shall be sorry to break up what has been a pleasant party. Be sure and give my love to every friend I have and tell them I think of them often and will write as soon as I can{.} I'm afraid Ma will think this a poor letter but you must tell her how little there is to say when one is on board ship but I will do better next time. I thought you would like to know a little about each day and so have written it that way. I am going to write to Exeter this day tell Ma, and also a little note to Miss

[*Page 12*]

Johnson. Monday{.} We are almost up to Fastnet Light, and now I must have this ready for the mail bag. My little trunk has been brought up so that is all safe and my telegram is ready to send. The ship is already telegraphed the Capt says so perhaps you will see our arrival in the Advertiser for it is only half past five there now though it is after nine here.

The coast isn't very clear for the sun isnt shining & there is almost a fog, but I can see the outline of it clearly enough.

It seemed almost as if we could smell the land when I went on deck this morn{,} the air seemed so different. I am going to get somebody to show me Bantry Bay as we go by, but we still have 60 miles to go before we get to Queenstown.

Only think of my crossing the ocean without being sea sick or missing a single meal at the table. Surely it is a wonderful streak of good luck for a first experience. How I wish I could tell you all about the

voyage, but perhaps I shall have even pleasanter things to tell after a day or two. If it is not too much trouble please keep the letters for I shall be

[*Page 13*]

4

very glad to see them later. Mrs Tyler & I have planned a wild [orgie *so spelled*] on Welsh rarebits tonight in which Mrs. [Wills *?*] will join being a pleasant person{.} Sarah, Please tell me when you get my telegram which will not probably start from Queenstown until the middle of the afternoon, for we shall be four or five hours getting there. Tell me every particular when you write for I shall be wild to know about everything that is going on. I have thought of you fixing the garden and hope O.* will have luck with the flowers. There's a nice green house up in N Berwick where the pansies come from where sometimes they have beautiful asters. I think it is on the cross road that comes out at the railroad crossing below the Quaker meeting house hill but [Dear Ma *?*] would know. Tell Caddy to be good to the little Stratham man when he comes. Ma will be coming over here next thing we know, for after I started I think anybody might, and I am sure I'm glad I came, if that is any consolation to any of you. I wrote a little note to

[*Page 14*]

William Fiske* and to Exeter so you needn't have them on your mind, but be sure and give a great deal of love to all home friends won't you, and tell them how often I think of them. The last of the week I shall hope for a letter or perhaps early next, but I will write again after I get settled in Chester. My dear love to you & Ma & Caddy & family & much to John and the girls in both houses. This letter spins on forever you will think but now I must stop after I tell you that I am well and happy and hope you are the same. Has Mar carried out her threat of having breakfast at seven o'clock! I feel for myself when I get home if she keeps it up, for breakfast here is at the pretty hour of 8.30! I think you must have made a donation to the stewardess by the way she grins at me but fortunately I haven't needed her special services yet. Tell Mrs. Fields with my love how pleasant it has all been won't you?

Affly with more love for all

M.R.J.

Notes

Mr Gilman of Cambridge ... the Rev. Mr. Howard: Which Mr. Gilman and Rev. Howard Jewett means would be difficult to determine without a passenger list.

Henry Rooney: This person has not yet been identified.

Eva: Eva von Blomberg. Key to Correspondents.

Mother Carey's Chickens: Storm petrels, so named because of the use of "Mother Carey" to refer to a cruel and stormy sea. See "Mother Carey" in Wikipedia.

John Rice: See Cora Lee Clark Rice in Key to Correspondents.

sea: Jewett seems clearly to have written the quotation mark, but it seems to have no meaning.

3: Jewett has placed this number between her first and second lines on this page.

Mrs. Wills: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

words: These two words were cut off in photocopying. They are visible in the original ms.

Fastnet Light: The Fastnet Lighthouse stands on a rock in the Atlantic, the most southerly point of Ireland. Wikipedia.

O.: This may be Olive Grant. Key to Correspondents.

William Fiske: William Perry Fiske. Key to Correspondents.

Chester Wed Eve

[*15 May 1889*]*

Dear Sarah:

I sent off a hurried note yesterday hoping to catch the steamer today to let you know we were here, and if I could only bring you all over the sea I should be thankful all the days of my life. Today has been so full of the greatest pleasure I can imagine that the only drawback was that you couldn't all share it with me. The quaintness of this place is far beyond my pen to describe so I won't try, but just tell you what I did. I believe I told you about walking along Bridge St & turning into the Watergate, all through the arcades on my way to the cathedral service in the afternoon and Caddys bottom dollar would have leaped from

[*Page 2*]

her pocket if she had seen the things, but I couldn't stop then to spend a cent. The cathedral is beautiful as a dream and I sat there with cold shivers of pleasure running down my back, listening to the choir boys singing, and the dean was sitting up in state in his red Oxford hood. I met him this morning stepping along in his wide hat and gaiters and looking like one of the pictures one sees in Punch! Such babies as some of those boys were but they sing like larks. We came back after the service was over and had such a nice dinner at Mrs. Parkers and went for a little walk afterward. Only think it is half past nine now and I came in only a few minutes

[*Page 3*]

ago, and it is still light & some soldiers were just going home from parade. We found Mrs. Parkers sleeping room too small for us to be very comfortable in for so large a party as there are four Dennys from N.Y. so Hattie & I went out in search of lodgings nearby and succeeded in finding such a nice place a few doors down the street, but only a single bed so I sleep here and eat with them and it is very much nicer than being crowded into a small room. I live with Mr Smith the verger of the cathedral and he was that polite to me this morning and swept on before me in his black gown to show everything he knew! This morning after breakfast Mrs Tyler & I went to church and spent the whole forenoon in the cathedral and I really saw it very thoroughly, for I studied up

[*Page 4*]

the guide books well beforehand and Smith of course had it all at his tongues end. When we went out in the cloister the sun was shining so clear & bright on the little grassy courtyard in the center, & there in the sunniest corner was Dean Howsons grave all surrounded with flowers that somebody had just put there, and such a wealth of daisies all around, and the solemn stone walls covered with such ivy as I never dreamed of{.} I wish I could tell you how beautiful it all was, but I am so full that I'm afraid I only "babble" when I try. A great deal of the building has been restored, but everywhere you see the fearful damage that Cromwells* soldiers did and other vandals besides. There is the most exquisite oak carving in the choir{.} Some of it had to be boiled in potash to get off the hideous

[*Page 5*]

paint that had been put on it & all the inside walls had to be scraped to get [of *for* off] the layers of paint and whitewash that had accumulated. We stayed until the very last minute before lunch and after lunch we went out and climbed to the top of a horse car and went away off into the country which nearly drove me wild with pleasure. Such fields and trees & flowers, for the hedges are just coming into bloom and I saw pink hawthorns as big as trees too. One side of the road was beautiful green fields stretching away off to the beautiful Eaton Hall, and the other side was filled with pretty houses with small but very pretty grounds. Later we walked round the city on the walls{,} which is a thing well worth doing. In some places

[*Page 6*]

the wall is very high and every little while there is a queer tower from which you get a finer view, but everywhere you look there is something interesting to see. I can't get used to the beauty of the green grass and foliage, and to see cattle in what looks like a mowing field for a pasture isnt what I am used to. Today when we were coming from church we stopped to see the cavalry troop go by which was quite a sight. The horses were mostly fine enough to make Johns eyes stick out, though it is only a muster of militia and not regular soldiers. I stop and look at every donkey that comes in my way for they are so small and so funny, & I wish I could send Thider some of the crabbed little ponies that go by in big carts, going like smoke. Get your old Satchel guide*

[*Page 7*]

& tell Thider about Chester and its queer old houses, for there are lots of them here, and lots of new ones built like the old ones. A week will be all too short to see all we wish so I think we shall not go away on Monday as we at first intended, but we shall see. I think if I see things [throughly *so written*] at the very first I shall appreciate things better all the way along, and I am finding it so true that my Yankee restlessness is rapidly leaving me, as far as a desire to rush on and get the next place is concerned{.} We were so interested today in hearing Old Smith tell of Canon Kingsley* and his love for him & he showed us his stall in the cathedral. The bells chime every quarter hour, and I hear the bugle calls from the castle, and it sounds very unlike home, and yet I have a strangely homelike feeling here that I was quite unprepared for. I sent for my letters today, and shall

[*Page 8*]

hope for one from home in a day or two now. Don't think because I fill my letters with other things that I don't think of every one of you almost hourly, but I must share my pleasure as far as I can with you — Thursday{.} We have been in Liverpool all day on a shopping expedition and had a good time though rather a tiresome one. We went off at ten oclock this morning and went by another way from the one we came on, so seeing more of the country. Liverpool isnt very interesting but we were too busy for much sightseeing.

I found a pretty little silk waist for warm weather and got your flannels and some gloves &c and the rest had many errands to do and we had lunch at a nice tuck shop. Mrs. Tyler & I wandered into the cathedral for a minute but it wasn't very interesting except as a spot to rest in just then for we were tired. Yesterday as I was in the cathedral here I saw a slab in the

[*Page 9*]

pavement to W^{m} Makepeace Thackeray* and his wife, and I wonder if it was the father of the other W.M. though I never associated him in any way with Chester before. It looks like rain tonight but I hope not for we have planned Eaton Hall for tomorrow and Hawarden for Saturday if the weather will allow. I found a copy of the N.Y. Herald reprint today and read it with joy, but got no special news except of the heavy fogs on the ocean which

we luckily escaped. Things are anything but cheap here for the most part, and I really think they cost quite as much as you can often get them for at home. I am not going to get any clothes until just before I go home for I dont need any more here and don't want them packed up all summer of course. I suppose Mr. Lewis will be sailing next week, and I hope I shall fall

[*Page 10*]

in with him in London where I hope to be for a few days early in July if Miss Johnson has no other plans. I want to see London in the season and then I can do my chief sight seeing there later. I keep thinking of what you are all doing, & wondering if things are up in the garden, and how Ticky and Princess are. Wouldnt I like to have them to go driving along these beautiful lanes and roads. I saw my first thatched house today and you dont know how odd it is to keep finding the things real that I have always read about and longed to see. Tell Tucker he might bring Ticky and take me to ride in Eaton Park tomorrow, and be sure and tell the girls how useful I have found their little brush won't you? You didn't come here did you?

If you ever come over again dont miss it for I don't see how England can hold a more beautiful spot

[*Page 11*]

but I dare say you will hear that said a good many times before I come back{.} Tell Caddy I have fled with joy to her box and can't imagine how I could get on without it. I half hoped for a letter today for the New York steamer is in but perhaps it is too soon to expect it. I may not get one for several days yet. Friday morning — When I came in to my breakfast this morning you may imagine my pleasure at finding your two letters waiting for me. I have read them [twice *?*] and feel as if I had seen you all. Wasn't it lovely that Uncle Will really came, and you must have had such a good time with him. I do wish he would come over here, for I am sure it would add years to his life if he only would. I must write him and tell him what a good time I am having.

I am grieved to hear of Jack's bad goings on{.} There was a collie yesterday racing about having lost his master and he made me think of the little one he looked so anxious. I am glad to know about Miss Johnson, and am so glad you saw her & could tell that she is really coming.

[*Page 12*]

Today "it wets a little' as Mrs Smith told me when she brought my boots & the hot water, but for all that we shall probably put in a good days gadding somewhere. I wrote Rebecca a letty last night but I am afraid it was a sleepy one. Tell Thider he might write his aunt sometime. Caddy will have to take a share in my letters to you & Ma until I get time to write up a few outside letters. I am grieved that you were moved to tears over my coming which is more than I was, but you need not shed any more until I get back for I hope I may always be as comfortable as at this present, only of course I would give anything to see you all. I'm so pleased about Mr. Lewis and only wish he may come in my way, for I will try to give him a good time. I think I will write him about a nice boarding house where I think I shall stay for the first few days, for by doing that they will take care of my big [chist *so spelled*] all summer Mrs. Tyler says, & it isn't dear. I think it is in York Place, & much beloved. Theres a deal more I would like to say but I must send this to the post to get the morrows steamer. My love to each

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

and all and I hope you won't get tired of my long letters.

Affly

MRJ.

Notes

15 May 1889: In Jewett's letter of 11 May, she announces that she intends to settle first in Chester after arriving in England.

Dean Howsons: John Saul Howson (1816-1885) served as Dean of Chester Cathedral after 1867. Wikipedia.

Cromwell's: Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658). Wikipedia.

During the English Civil War (1642-1651), Cromwell led troops representing Parliament and Protestantism against the Catholic King Charles I. Cromwell's troops were responsible for the destruction of buildings and objects associated with Roman Catholicism.

Satchel Guide: The Satchel Guides were guidebooks for travel in Europe. Wikipedia.

Canon Kingsley: British clergyman and author, Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), served as Canon of Chester Cathedral 1870-1873. Wikipedia.

Thackeray: The British novelist, William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863).

Thackeray's father, Richmond Thackeray (1781-1815), was buried in India.

The author's grandfather, William Makepeace Thackeray (1749-1813), was buried in London.

Buried at Chester was William Makepeace Thackeray (1770-1849). I believe this Thackeray was a cousin of the author's grandfather.

Rebecca O. Young to Mary Rice Jewett

So Berwick, Me.

May 16, 1889.

My dear Mary.

Mr. Plumer* has gone for the usual ride, and I have half an hour which I may devote to you — if nothing happens — Sarah has just been in & encouraged my writing, saying a letter would be just right for Saturday's steamer. So I send you my fondest love with the hope that the letter will then be worth the getting, although I seem to have very little else to write.

It is just a perfect day, and it is so pretty out in the grass about Mr. Tompson's* house — the leaves have just that lovely yellowish tint we sometimes see in paintings & call

[*Page 2*]

unnatural — because we see it so seldom I think — Every day is making So Berwick more beautiful, and I have been doubly glad because of the Walkers coming home the last of the week — it is [dear *?*] to them any way, but it is nice that it is so lovely after their long [exile *?*] — Poor Grandpa is as weak as ever he thinks.

What a nice time Mrs Rollins* must be having at Lucy's today! She said yesterday she should spend the day with her — I hope they are out of doors every minute, and not up stairs looking over old laces & dresses &c.!

There goes Will Trafton* in goodly [array *corrected*] wearing also a pink collar — can you account for it? Florence* goes out more but still looks poorly. She must have had quite a hard sickness — You will be pleased to ^know^

[*Page 3*]

that dear Charles just passed by apparently in his usual health! There has been quite an exodus of our Baptists [bretheren *apparently so spelled*] & their [wives *corrected from* wifes] to attend the Baptist [Anniversaries* *?*] in Boston this week — Bro. Willard* has closed his store, the Muzzeys & all the deacons & I dont know how many more — one of the very young men led the Wednesday evening meeting & if I smiled in my [sleeve *?*] it was not because I was irreverent, but because some things were really funny.

I had such a nice call from your Carrie Tues. Eve., & as Sister Anne was at Lizzie Stackpoles* I had her all to myself — They miss you sadly dear Mary, as I do also, but they are bravely making the garden & hoping for the usual result, and these busy spring day{s} do not allow me time for fretting — Mr. P. was quite funny last night —

[*Page 4*]

he said — "You need not hurry in tomorrow morning, it is a busy time for women folks." I replied "Yes, there is lots to do — I guess you know" — "Yes," said he, "I have been there & stayed all night."* So I was out until [ten *?*] & found plenty to do. Anne & I have finished your book "We Two"* & both enjoyed it — [it *?*] makes us think how little we understand & appreciate the good in the people about us. Charity seems almost unattainable.

Friday morning — Your dear "Ma" has just made us a call & signed the long dividend book, so you will know she is gaining in strength — She expects to hear of your safe arrival the first of the week. I was at neighbor [Davis's *?*]* last night & find he is already able to sit on a chair for a while. Isn't it nice he can get up from the bed before the hot weather comes? — Sarah did not forget to bring me the "Rock Island" time table* with map, and I have enjoyed it. Is not your cousin Mr. Fiske* nice! I was pleased to meet him & I hope I did not "talk shop" too much. I don't often see a live "banker" outside of business — I hope you have had a delightful passage & shall be sure to be around when your first letters arrive.

Very affectionately

[Rebecc O. Young *apparently so written*]

Notes

Mr. Plumer: Probably this is John Henry Plumer (1829-1894), who served as treasurer of the South Berwick Savings Bank, presumably before Young became treasurer. He appears to have had more than one position in South Berwick, as he also owned a local bakery. See *Eighteenth Annual Report of the Conditions of Savings Banks of the State of Maine*, p. 152.

Mr. Tompson's: Both Tompsons and Thompsons resided in South Berwick at this time. Which Mr. Tompson Young means is not certain, but a contemporary map of the area of the South Berwick Savings Bank shows a J. G. Thompson owning nearby property. This was John Goodwin Tompson (1825-1901), who owned a home and bookstore on Main Street.

Mrs Rollins ...Lucy's: Among the Jewett family's South Berwick friends was Ellen Augusta Lord Rollins (1835-1922). Lucy could be Lucy H. Lambert Hale of nearby Dover, NH, widow of abolitionist U. S. Senator John Parker Hale (1806-1873). See also "William Lambert."

Will Trafton: Likely to be William Augustus Trafton (1859-1890).

Florence ...dear Charles: Young may refer to South Berwick neighbors, Charles (1866-1924) and Florence Wentworth (1876-1956).

Baptist ... Willard ... the Muzzeys:. Henry C. Willard (1842-1920) ran a dry goods store in South

Berwick. Arthur Eugene Muzzey was a South Berwick jeweler.

In Boston, the week of 15 May 1889, the American Baptist Missionary Union celebrated its 75th Anniversary. See the *Boston Daily Globe* 17 May 1889, p. 8.

Sister Anne ... Lizzie Stackpoles: Rebecca Young's youngest sister was Anna R. Young (1863-1943). Probably Young refers as well to Elizabeth Burleigh Stackpole Twombly (1864-1926), who married in 1889.

"We Two": British novelist and suffragist Ada Ellen Bayly (1857-1903), who wrote as Edna Lyall, published *We Two* in 1884. As Sarah Barnette writes, *We Two* was controversial as a sympathetic presentation of characters who are religious doubters.

stayed all night: It is not clear what Mr. Plumer means in his worry about a busy time for women.

Davis's: This transcription is uncertain. If it is correct, then this may refer to the family of South Berwick drug store owner, Benjamin Franklin Davis (1862-1933).

"*Rock Island" time table*: In 1889, the Rock Island Railroad offered service from Chicago, IL west and south, as far as Santa Rosa, New Mexico and Galveston, Texas.

Mr. Fiske: Jewett relative William Perry Fiske (1853-1914) was treasurer of the New Hampshire Savings Bank in Concord, NH.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Box 3 Folder 208.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

South Berwick

Monday night

[*21 May 1889*]*

Dearest Fuff —

We have had a delightful play day in York and I wished so much for you. The clouds were lovely and the sea, and we all played like children. Pinny achieved a pretty house built with damp sand and sticked little weeds about it for trees and left the little mansion with regret, it being much

[*Page 2*]

admired by all observers — and was a great play. It was so warm that we sat in the grass above the beach and I stretched myself at full length and found a lot of nice blue violets next my face. The grass had not grown there but there they were, blooming away by themselves. There were three or four old crows on the sands and a little schooner or two ^out at sea^ and the sun kept going [behind *corrected from* behing] a

[*Page 3*]

cloud and coming out again. (I saw Cora's* house from a distance and it is very pretty. I wish I could take a hearty interest in it but somehow I cant — I saw the little slip of a new moon as I came home (and it made me think of you as few things do. I hope that you and Mrs. Whitman* saw it too — I wrote her a letter yesterday and then I couldn't make up my mind to send it — I wish that I could have

[*Page 4*]

seen her in town before this long summer begins. How charming Miss Eustis's* note is! She seems to be beginning her three months stay in a delightful frame of mind.

Dear Fuff when are you coming? For Sunday? I wish and wish for you dear darling. Goodnight from

Your Pin —)

Oh dear Fuff it is so pleasant this morning and you must must come down for a little visit — Stay three or four days any way dear — It seems as if I couldn't wait!)

Notes

21 May 1889: Writing from the UK on 3 June 1889, Mary Rice Jewett thanks her sister for reporting on the visit to York, ME, on which she reports in this letter. Allowing 2 weeks for a letter to reach Mary Jewett, this letter probably was composed in Monday 21 May.

Parenthesis marks in this manuscript were penciled by Fields.

Cora's house: This may be Cora Clark Rice, though her usual residence was in Boston. See Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman. See Key to Correspondents.

Mifs Eustis's: It is possible that this is Elizabeth Mussey Eustis (1858-1936), a resident of Boston, who fortunately survived the *Titanic* disaster of 1912. See The *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, Volumes 76-77, pp. lxxxviii-lxxxix. However, Jewett's reference to a 3-month visit, suggests that Miss Eustis is a foreign visitor.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Ross, Wed Eve

[*22 May 1889*]*

Dear Sarah:

I was so glad to find your letter waiting for me when I got here tonight, & there was also one from Caddy, but I am saving that for tomorrows pleasure. Ed M^{c}Henry wrote that he should be in London about the first of June & didn't know where he should go, being bound by his Aunt Marys plans, but thought it would be Italy & then go north from there. I am so glad that there is a chance of Tabbys coming for besides being very nice for me it will be such a thing for her. Tell Posy that she must do her prettiest when she sings the "Town of Ross' now, it is such a pretty little old place, surrounded by high hills that looks something like the Oxford hills only the town is much bigger and hilly. We made a [*deletion*] mournful farewell to Chester this morn and came away about eleven o clock

[*Page 2*]

coming down through a pretty country growing more and more hilly, with an occasional mine or factory which wasn't ornamental. Shrewsbury is a pretty old town but the guide book didn't encourage us to stop there and we came on to Hereford and being hungry made for a tuck shop where for threepence I filled myself brim full and then we were heartened up to undertake the cathedral which disappointed me at first for it looked very light and new after Chester, being built of light stone [which *corrected*] gave it a much more modern air. There are most beautiful Norman arches with enormous pillars all through the nave, and such carving as I never saw before, and the place is very rich in old monuments, for bishops galore seemed to have chosen it for a burial place. There were lots of old marbles & stones inlaid with brass, and such beautiful old illuminated books, one of them dating

[*Page 3*]

two hundred years before Canute* and a queer old bible in which 'cyder' being the Hereford drink is substituted for wine. There were rings belonging to old bishops & silver cups &c that had been buried with them & old embroidery and more things besides that I can't stop to speak about "at this time". Mixed in with all these rare things was such an array of dreadful altar finery, part of it being handsome embroidery and the rest too dreadful to mention. It was the market day and the town was full of farmers, and rows of dog carts lined the sidewalk in places, and every type of farmer from the big red faced one that we see pictures of to the fast looking loud dressed one. We saw one cart full going home with an old man in it with a [smocked ^lines^ frock *?*] with a queer wide collar, and the smocking went way down below the waist I should think{.} We stayed about three hours and saw the cathedral pretty thoroughly. There was one part that was so pretty which was something like a cloister, a long passage

[*Page 4*]

roofed with oak with carved beams and it ended in a real cloister with such pretty little apartments for the minor canons all round it and a dear little green courtyard in the middle. One more queer thing I must speak about which is a big map of the world on parchment made by an old monk in which mythology and reality are mixed up in such a jumble. He had the Golden Fleece and Noahs Ark and Lots wife* and English churches, all in close contact. I wanted to see it some more but hadn't time. We got out here about five o'clock, and found ourselves located in a queer rambling old house but with good rooms and such nice old fashioned silver & table linen. Two old maiden ladies of reduced fortunes have the house and are real ladies apparently. The house is in the midst of the town which was a little disappointing for we wanted to be a little out, but we took a walk this eve and found that ten minutes would set us free of the town and into such pretty lanes and roads{.} All the way down Hattie kept saying how much

[*Page 5*]

the country looked like Berwick and I was constantly reminded of Eliot{,} being startled once when I looked up suddenly and saw Frosts Hill even to its queer trees on top as we see them coming up from York — Thursday night — We stayed in part of the morning for it rained fast, and we were glad of a chance to write up our letters and later it cleared up a little so Mrs T. & I trotted off for a walk. The church was open so we went in and found it such a pretty old place built like a small cathedral with perfectly beautiful old marbles in it, which had escaped the smashing the ones in the cathedrals met with at the Puritans hands.* There were two elm trees growing inside the church that had crept in through the pavement from the roots of some that Popes "Man of Ross"* had planted, and you have no idea how funny they looked though they couldn't be said to be very [thrifty *?*]{.} I wish you could see the elms in this church yard for they are the finest

[*Page 6*]

I have seen. The old vicar was talking to some people in the church, and was such a tall handsome old man — with a snow white moustache and hair, and such an air with him{.} They were talking about a stained glass window so perhaps there is to be a new one. This afternoon Hattie{,} Helen & I went to walk and found such lovely views, only I kept thinking I was at home every time I looked up suddenly. Part of the time we were in the high road and then in lanes, and again we came across a big field in a cross path, and saw a sweetly pretty path that we mean to take

the next fair day. The rain seems to be always on tap and then out comes a hot sun and you get all dried off ready for the next downpour. I had Caddys letter for my treat this morning for I couldn't bear to read them all at once, and I felt with them both that I had almost

[*Page 7*]

seen all of you. I am so sorry to hear about John Colcords wife* for she was a pleasant little woman and it will be so hard for him with those little children. I am pleased about the [lil *?*] wagon and the piece and all the other good news you both tell, and isn't it nice about Tabby. I shall be delighted to have her come, for it will be very nice every way it seems to me & such a thing for her. I am writing her tonight to tell her how glad I shall be to see her. We belove our place here and have excellent eating and good beds. It looks so funny to see signs of "well aired beds" sticking out, and today the town crier went bawling by twice which was a thing I had never heard before. Today I saw a lot of wicker bird cages hanging out such as we always used to see in the [sc *?*] book pictures. Tonight we have been favored by the Salvation Army but luckily they have taken themselves off, or we should have been stunned{.} Tomorrow we have views of going off

[*Page 8*]

for the day somewhere, but haven't yet decided where it [shall *corrected*] be. ~~yet~~ We got the Harper today, but it didn't look natural without its cover, and we also got the Century which was more natural. Wasn't it nice about Mrs. Lewis'* being so proper spoken about the present. Now the little man will probably go with an easier heart. Mary Harriet has just produced a box of Hayless candy and so a feast is about to begin for candy isn't a thing England seems to abound in, but such a tuck shop as we got into yesterday in Hereford would have gladdened your Ma's heart. I've been mourning because I shouldn't get any of Annies rhubarb pies, in fact we don't have luck getting pies and pudding but last night to our pleasure — Miss Allen produced some boiled custard in glass cups with a slight flavor of cinnamon which tasted so old fashioned and good, & I am going to speak for a gooseberry tart. Perhaps all this talk sounds very trifling in view of foreign travel but you must forgive it. Be sure and tell Posy to whoop up well about the town of Ross. I dont know where the days go, for heres another week gone tomorrow since I left home.

[*Page 9*]

Ask Ma if she finds it hard to get me up in the morning now. I waked up the other night and was sure I heard her in the next room. It is more and more a mystery to me how anybody can keep a decent complexion here for the more I scrub the blacker my face looks just as it used to in Cincinnati. Luckily washing is cheap and easy to get or I don't know where we should land. Do you suppose Uncle Will will really come over? I will write again to them in a day or two for it does seem to me that it would be such a good thing if he would come and have the rest and change. Tell John he would laugh to see the way the little ponies go hopping along with great carts here, and he ought to see the big cart horses, for old Baby Fall was a baby to them. I asked a man the other day how much his horse which was only a medium sized one weighed and he said 1800. And some of them must weigh 200 more than that. The fields round here are full of sheep and the whiteheaded Hereford cattle, and it

[*Page 10*]

is a pretty sight to see them. Give my love to all friends, and tell them what a good time I am having{.} I expect you are having a great time with Miss Grant and wish I could assist at it. Wasn't it nice she got on so well with Mrs. Sewalls gown. Thank [Re-becca *so spelled*] for her letter. I knew she would be good and write soon and she never will know how glad I was to get the letty. I long to know how Mr. Walker got home. Do give special love to them won't you? Thank Caddy for [that *?*] polite letty which shall be answered very soon, and I think my Ma might do her duty by me if it is all the same to her, though I expect it is a cross !!! Now I'll be stepping to my bed being sleepy as perhaps you may have suspected. This clear mountain air is so fresh that it seems to put new life into one, but I am sleepy now for all that. Affly yours

Mary R.J.

Harriets love —

Notes

22 May 1889: This letter seems to follow Jewett's 15 May letter from Chester, a week previous.

Canute: Now usually spelled Cnut (c.980-1035), he was King of England, Denmark and Norway. Wikipedia.

Golden Fleece ... Noahs Ark .. Lots wife: In Greek mythology, the Golden fleece is the object of a quest by legendary hero Jason and the Argonauts. The biblical story of Noah's Ark appears in Genesis 6-9, and that of Lot's wife in Genesis 19. Wikipedia.

Puritan hands: During the English Civil War (1642-1651), Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) led troops representing Parliament and Protestantism against the Catholic King Charles I. Cromwell's troops were responsible for the destruction of buildings and objects associated with Roman Catholicism. Wikipedia.

Popes "Man of Ross": British poet Alexander Pope (1688-1744) wrote "The Man of Ross," which appeared in *Moral Essays* (1731-1735). The poem

honors English philanthropist John Kyrle (1637-1724). Kyrle was known for his frugality as well as for his contributions to the town of Ross, which included planting trees. Wikipedia.

John Colcords wife: This person has not yet been identified. The Colcord family was well-known in the South Berwick area, but no easily accessible local records name a John Colcord whose wife died in May 1889. However, the Old Berwick Historical Society web site names a John Colcord as a Sarah Orne Jewett classmate at the Olive Raynes School in South Berwick.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Wednesday morning. [*29 May 1889*]*

I wrote hard and fast yesterday morning, and in the afternoon, we all went to drive, and had the most delightful expedition to an old farm up in the wild country between here and the sea, where the rough woods come close to painfully cleared little green fields and pastures. Don't you remember my telling you about a charming waterfall? Well, it was there again that I went, but furthermore, to see a great view from the top of the high hill beyond. Then we took a wide sweep round into another road and so home, as Mr. Pepys says.* I must tell you about that farmhouse at the old place, near the brook and fen. It stands very high, but has no view of the country, in summer at least, and a mile and a half from the main road.

We went in to see old Mr. G., who has been long ill and for a year bedridden, but was sitting up at last yesterday, looking down the lane up which so few people are likely to come; but it seemed a great pleasure because we ensued! and he absolutely cried when he saw mother! He is A good old fellow, who in old days brought the best of walnut wood and other farm-stores, and like all his kind, considered father and mother to be final! He has left, out of a large household, only one son and two orphan grand-children, and there they live in that solitary place. The house is bare and clean and looks as if men kept it, though just as we were coming away a little girl came out of a wood-path, home from school, in a pink dress, like a shy flower. She will soon grow. Listen to this, dear: the man's wife sat in that same bare room looking down the lane, thirty years, and for twenty-five she could not feed herself, a martyr to the worst sort of rheumatism and everything else.* One of the best souls in the world. It makes my heart ache to think of her and of all the rest of them; generations have lived there, and most of them die young. There is a swamp back of the house out of which the beauty of the waterfall comes like a mockery of all the pain and trouble, as if it were always laughing. But those people could hardly be persuaded to put their house in another spot; when the old one wore out thirty years ago or more, they built another on its cellar. There was a white rose-bush within reach of the old man's hand. Indeed, I call that region the White Rose Road,* for every farmhouse has a tall bush by its front door, and yesterday they were in full bloom. I didn't mean to write such a long chapter when I began, and I must fly to my work.

Don't you think it would be nice for us to have the "Revue"# again this summer just for a few months? I have a feeling that I should like it, — and as if I wished to get as near to France as possible, without going there. I have a curious sense of delight in the fragrance that blows out of Madame Blanc's letter every time I take it out of its envelope, it is so refined, so personal, and of the past.

I have the greatest joy in reading Wordsworth lately. I can't get enough of him, and I take snatches of time for "The Leech-Gatherer," and the other short ones, and feel as if I had lived a week in going through each one of them.

Fields's note

#The Revue des Deux Mondes.

Notes

1889: See Jewett's letter from Mary Rice Jewett of 12 June 1889. There, writing from Wales, Mary Jewett thanks Sarah Jewett for her letter telling about the visit to Daniel Littlefield described here. Allowing 2 weeks for her letter to reach her sister, it is likely she composed this on Wednesday 29 May.

Jewett's sketch entitled "The White Rose Road" appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in September 1889.

Mr. Pepys says: Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) was an English diarist and civil servant, influential in the development of the British navy. He kept a famous, detailed diary of his life and of contemporary events in London from 1660-1669.

a martyr to the worst sort of rheumatism: Jewett herself suffered from rheumatism. Among the characters she represents so suffering are Nancy Gale in "The Life of Nancy" and Mrs Hight in "A Dunnet Shepherdess."

old Mr. G. ... White Rose Road: Jewett refers to this glen in "The White Rose Road" (September 1889). In *The Placenames of South Berwick* (2007), Wendy Pirsig indicates that "Mr. G" was Daniel Littlefield (pp. 208-9). Daniel P. Littlefield (1821-September 1891) lost his wife, Mercy A. Littlefield, (b. 1836) in 1888. See also Find-a-Grave.

Madame Blanc's letter: Mme. Thérèse Blanc (1840-1907). Key to Correspondents.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

South Berwick

Monday Morning

[*3 June 1889*]*

Dearest Fuff

[(*added in another hand*] We think that it is waiting a good while to hear from Mary but I dont doubt that a letter will come today{.} It is two weeks since she landed* —— (Dear Fuff while I think to speak of it, will you send me three or four black glove buttons from your hoard ~~from~~ for Mother? I find that she is 'out' ——) It

[*Page 2*]

was a good old fashioned rainy Sunday yesterday and I was afraid that it was going to clear off in the morning, but it didn't! and I read a French history all the morning and sat up ^in^ the garret at one of the three dormer windows all the afternoon and read some delightful — pathetic old letters of my elders and betters — so that I have felt as if I were living in their

[*Page 3*]

world and day. There was a little package from Mrs Burroughs of Portsmouth* whom I [knew *or* know *written over letters*] only as a fairy-godmother looking, abrupt, quaint person, but these were touchingly beautiful letters out of an affectionate busy life. It was an afternoon after my own heart. I can see you smile Mrs Fuffatee! —— Then there was [another *written over letters*] package written from Pensacola* by a young Surgeon in the Navy,* dead while I was a baby — the poor fellow

[*Page 4*]

having fallen ill there and longing to get home to die but at last gives up the hope and they send down a friend of his another young doctor to keep him company & nurse him. And they both write in the ^same^ envelope back to Portsmouth with great good cheer which soon fades and then the poor fellow dies. I have always had some of his books here — his Gil Blas and his Wordsworths Excursion* and always wished that I knew more about him than these

[34 *circled in another hand, bottom left corner of page 4*.]

[*Page 5*]*

rows of books in one of the old book cases could tell. Father used to talk about him some times, they were young men together — Their love letters and locks of hair still bright, and [*unrecognized word, perhaps* funny] account books of private expenses: altogether a deeply interesting [box *?*] full to an idle and romancing Pinny.

Friday is our day then? I am looking forward more eagerly than you are I am afraid but I

[*Page 6*]

long to get you away from town now and I long to see you [*unrecognized word* — bende *? followed by an added end parenthesis in another hand*]. I haven't sent a book to the little [Shaw *or* Show *? the word has been altered*].* I always meant to have some copies prettily bound for such days, but alas!

—— I went that minute and found a pretty white copy of the White Heron* and it is all done up & ready for the mail — I am so glad you spoke and it was such a pleasure to send it dear Fuff. It is the thought that counts, not the cover isn't it?

Good bye dear darling little Fuff. —

from your Pinny

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

You never said whether you saw Fru Ole's house! or Mabel.!* [*Both punctuation marks appear*.]

Notes

3 June 1889: 3 June is exactly 2 weeks after her sister, Mary, arrived in Liverpool, where she began her summer 1889 tour of Europe.

Mrs Burroughs of Portsmouth: It seems likely that Jewett has a package from Anne Peirce Burroughs (1794-1877), the wife of the Reverend Charles Burroughs (1787-1868), who lived in the Langdon House in Portsmouth, NH (1833-1877).

Surgeon in the Navy: This person has not yet been identified.

Gil Blas and his Wordsworths Excursion: Alain-René Lesage (1668-1747) was "a French novelist and playwright ... best known for his comic novel *The Devil upon Two Sticks* (1707) ... and his picaresque novel *Gil Blas* (1715–1735)."

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was "a major English Romantic poet who, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped to launch the Romantic Age in English literature with their joint publication *Lyrical Ballads* (1798).... In 1814 Wordsworth published *The Excursion* as the second part of the three-part work *The Recluse*, even though he had not completed the first part or the third part, and never did." Wikipedia.

Page 5: This page appears to have been torn in half and then mended; page 6 is on the back side of 5.

the little Shaw or Show: This reference remains obscure.

the White Heron: Weber and Weber indicate that the first edition of Jewett's *A White Heron and Other Stories* had "White paper-covered boards,

pale green decoration (sketch of a heron) and lettering on front cover, gray-green cloth spine with gilt lettering; top edges gilt." This cover design was by Sarah Wyman Whitman. See Key to Correspondents.

Fru Ole's house! or Mabel: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull, "Fru Ole Bull," and, probably, Mabel Lowell Burnett. Key to Correspondents. Presumably the "chateau" is the Cambridge home of Mrs. Bull.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 40 letters to Annie (Adams) Fields (no date). Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (117).

Ross. June 3d

Dear Seddy;

I no sooner finish one letter than I am possessed to begin another, for I see something pretty and have to speak about it at once. This has been such lovely day with a clear blue sky like home. This morning I finished some letters and then Mrs. Tyler and I went to the Post Office and for a walk across the fields and lanes finally bringing up in the little park, where we sat down to rest and enjoy the lovely view for a season. We had a talk with such a funny little old woman who was strolling along, being a little astray in her upper story apparently. After lunch we went off with a chaise and pair for a ride and such a good time as we had.

We drove out to a little village and just beyond went quite a distance through the fields to see an old ruined castle{.} There was such a queer old woman as guardian and she appeared as we entered being afraid of missing her sixpence, and a cheerful time she must have of it there all day long, for she can't see anything except the old walls, & who ever is moved

[*Page 2*]

so there, but it is evidently attractive, for she said she & her father and grandfather had done the same thing for 130 years.

There were the most awful dungeons there under part of the place, and the only way you could get to them was being lowered down through a narrow place into the darkness below. When we came back into the lane that [lead *so it appears*] us back to the road and our carriage we found two stupid men had unloaded a big pile of brush that they were fixing the hedge with right across the path so we had the pleasure of waiting until it was all put in place before we could get along, for hedges are not like fences that one can climb. We drove on again for several miles and finally came to the pretty place by the [river *corrected*] that we saw Saturday called Symonds Yat, where the high cliffs are. We all got out of the carriage and Hattie & I walked on while the rest went down the hill and into a boat but we followed the road which went on and on and presently found [ourselves *?*] way up on the cliff where we got such

[*Page 3*]

a view as one does not often see. There were such queer looking stone buildings and great arches, and several deep pits and we couldn't imagine what they could be, of course we thought at first that some fort might have been put there, and so were quite taken down to find it was only the rim of a big lime kiln, but why people do not fall into those great pits I cannot imagine. We came home by a different road from the one we went on and as we drove through one little place there was a pretty grey stone church much like the S. Falls* ^old^ one and the bell was ringing away for evening service, but I couldn't think where the people were expected to come from, as there were only three or four houses in sight, but the place was so pretty with the trees casting long shadows, and we heard the bell a good while after we had passed by. You must come down here when you come over again for it is so pretty. All the afternoon I kept thinking I was in Newington, & wondered why we didn't get to Portsmouth. We had such a nice driver and pair of little clipping horses that carried seven of us about fifteen

[*Page 4*]

miles at a good sharp trot and didn't turn a hair. Tuesday. We have views of going off for a days outing so I must hasten if this is to catch the morning steamer!

Your letter about York has just come and was read with great interest. Poor old Miss Mary.* I think it was very [lovely *?*] that her poor old wits should have gathered themselves to know you. Perhaps Princess & Ticky* may turn out a pair after all. What a [limit *?*] she is to be raking round nights to be sure. Isn't it too bad about the ash tree for it promised so well. Couldn't it be left a little while perhaps a week ^or two^ after you get this, because some times things come out again, and if you see no signs then it will have to come down of course, and when it is cut down tell John to have the fence straightened can't you{?} Last night Mrs Tyler & Hattie and I started off about nine o'clock and tramped a mile to a bridge where we were told we could hear nightingales if you please but we got our labor for our pains, for I don't believe we were out late enough even then, and it was damp so we didn't dare to stay any longer. I was going to be so topping and unpleasant to you

[*Page 5*]

because I had luck and you didn't, so here I am cast down into the dust and didn't hear any myself.

Today we are going off to Raglan Castle which is a two hours drive from here, and will be a lovely thing to do I think. It will take us all day and we will get a lunch there. Our weekly bill has just come, and to our surprise it is only a little over a pound apiece{.} With all our privileges it is so cheap that we feel we can have a good spree to make up. I will send the first good looking pens that come in my way until I find some that you like. Perhaps I can send some in this for there is a little shop opposite. Early tomorrow we go to Worcester, & after that we shall be by ourselves, and I think we shall be quite as happy. There are symptoms of relief in Gusty Tyler's tones when the parting is mentioned, for while the others are very pleasant they somehow don't belong, and the boy is a terror sometimes though a clever youth in the main!! What an expedition it must have been to Brickham{.}

[*Page 6*]

I wish I could have seen the expedition start, or met it through the woods. Give much love to everybody, especially to both households. I am going to write Jane Sewall very soon but am waiting for fresh particulars. Have you seen Mrs. Doe lately? Do give her my love and tell her what a good time I'm having{.} My compliments to the banker always, and every love to Taddy & household{.} Mrs T. & Mary H send their love by every letter, and are so clever. I must away and get my boots on for the coach will be at the door{.} I'm getting to belove a wagonette after all, for we have such a good time in them. Affly with special love to Ma & John, Rosy & Annie and such a deal for yourself with thanks for the pretty letty

Affly

MRJ.

Notes

S. Falls: Salmon Falls, NH.

Miss Mary: Jewett probably refers to Mary Barrell, who died 6 June 1889. See Elizabeth Barrell in Key to Correspondents.

Ross. Tues June 4

Dear Sarah:

I told [Mrs *corrected*] Tyler just now that if I had any more pleasure I didn't believe I could hold it, for it seems to me it grows with every day. We went off this morning without expecting a great deal more than a lovely ride through the country on a pleasant morning, but when we got to Raglan (which is twenty miles from here by the way) we were entirely taken aback to find the most beautiful things of the kind that we have seen. [*Deletion*] ^You drive^ through a field, and come suddenly upon this beautiful great pile of buildings in a greater or less ruin, but hidden from your view by great trees as you approach from the road. They are on the brow of a high hill really and must have commanded a great stretch of country. When you enter the great arched doorway there is the mark of a double portcullis, and then you step through an arched vestibule with rooms on each side and finally

[*Page 2*]

you come out in a great courtyard and [then *corrected*] comes a big banqueting hall with <u>such</u> windows, and you see the windows of King Charles' room for this was almost his last refuge and the castle was destroyed because it was loyal to him. There is a separate castle surrounded by a moat that is still full of water, and which was blown up after it had surrendered{.} There was such a lovely wide terrace outside the banqueting hall which is called the ["pleasaunce" *corrected*], and from which you could see all down the valley, and we went up the grand staircase and then some little ones in the walls and mounted on top of everything, and there was such a scattering of jackdaws as we approached. I wish you could have seen the big kitchen with a fire place big enough to roast an ox before its fire. And we kept coming to such beautiful bits of carving in the walls, but everything battered by Cromwell's people. If I could only make you all see it as I did you wouldn't

[*Page 3*]

think me extravagant I am sure. We lunched at the Beaufort Arms, such a clean little place and a pretty lunch of cold beef & ham{,} bread & cheese and beer if you please and a nice sister quite overset by the latter "grievance."

We wandered into the little old church yard while we were waiting for the horses and then into the church itself which was so pretty, and had a little Chapel in which some of the earlier owners of Raglan Castle were buried. Some of their [marble *corrected*] monuments were left, but so hacked that it was shameful to see. It is making me quite reconciled to the doctrine of eternal punishment when I see what those vandals did. There was a lychgate to the church yard, and some queer old oaken brackets holding up the church porch, and I saw a tablet about bread being given to the parish poor as it is in Portsmouth. The roses are blooming out on the houses now, and I keep thinking of Ma when I see the whopping big honey suckles like hers, and such peonies all blooming out as those used to down to York. Poor little old Miss Mary.* I keep thinking of her, and how touching it

[*Page 4*]

[it *repeated*] is that her affection for you should have been stronger even than the death that is taking possession of her. Now I must pack M.R.J. for we are taking an early start in the morning so as to give the Dennys* a good day in Worcester before

they go to Oxford. Doesn't Acacia House The Tything, Worcester sound grand? We arrived here at noon, and found our rooms ready, and went to lunch and then to see the cathedral, for the Dennys wanted to see it with us before going to Oxford in the evening, but we didn't go to the China factory with them being tired, so they came back here late in the afternoon and we went to the end of the horse car route before coming back to the house. We sat round and talked until bed time which isn't a very glowing account of a days outing to be sure, but yesterdays long drive made us all feel sleepy and we had to get up early for our breakfast before starting off this morn.

Thursday. We find that by great good luck we have struck upon the great choir [festival *?*] here which is to be this afternoon, and 66 choirs are to join in singing the psalms and hymns if you please, so we are to

[*Page 5*]

be early on the spot and get all we can of it. I only hope they will have a seat for us, but it will be a great thing to even hear a little of it. This morning we went out for a little look at the town and went out see the Worcester China works which is one of the sights of the place. We were shown all over the shops, and saw the whole process from grinding the materials to the decoration of each piece and the finishing. It was very interesting, & I hoped there would be some nice little things we could buy, but we only found a very few of the least pretty ones, and such a price put on them that we each laid in one thing for a keepsake and declined to lug round the rest when Boston is full of prettier pieces really. I have a great idea of going up to Oxford tomorrow for the day and night, and seeing what I can of it while the students are still there, for when I can go again everybody will be gone, and there will be so much less

[*Page 6*]

to be seen. Mrs Denny will send me word today if I can have a bed in their house or if not I can step to the [Mitre *?*], and get one of them to come with me. It is only a short trip from here, and I can get so much more out of the two days in Oxford than two days in Worcester of course.

Mrs. Tyler & Mary H. are going for a day to Great Malvern about nine miles off, which is such a pretty place as we came through it in the cars, with big abrupt hills, and such pretty looking houses. People go there a great deal as a health resort I believe. Before I forget it, did you remember to tell the little French woman that I should not meet her in Antwerp because it would be trying to her to be hunting for me. We have* just come back from the Choir festival, & what wouldn't I give if you could have been there to see and hear. The getting in was most trying though, for we had to stand in the hot sun half an hour before they opened the gates, & then

[*Page 7*]

there was such a crush and jam as I hope never to see again, but by the time people were half squeezed to death it occurred to the slow British mind that it might be well to open a larger door so we were fairly hurled though the new opening by the crowd behind, & got in all right. The big cathedral was packed, and then the processional began, and was twenty five minutes going up the aisle marching steadily. Just think of that, and they have the two big organs and a band to lead the singing. Every church had its banner and the choirs were all in surplices and the clergymen were in their different colored hoods, so that it was a pretty sight, & we could look out in the cloister and see them coming along. To [my *corrected*] delight they sang St. Annes — A poor crazy sister with <u>such</u> a good time if you please{.} Just before it was done Mary Harriet & I stepped out side not caring to be squeezed out of life again, and we listened to the last music which sounded even better outside than it did in, and then

[*Page 8*]

we sat down close by the steps to watch the procession come out, and if you could have seen them all, little fellows like Thider, and old white headed men and all singing away like everything. They had to come by us and go down the steps and round a little square to the Cloister, so we got an excellent look at them all. I'm afraid you hate the word cathedral after all my talk about them, but they are the most beautiful things that I see, so you will have to bear it for the present. If you like the pens I sent from Ross tell me which you want & I will send more. The Flying Dutchman* being well spoken of & I sent them too. It seemed so like a bit of home to find a St Nicholas at Ross yesterday just as we were coming away and I promptly read the Bit of Color* you may be sure, and felt so pleased to be acquainted in the town where it was raised. We also got the N.Y. Herald reprint and saw about the awful time with the Pa flood.* I was so amused yesterday at the landlady here, for she seemed to

[*Page 9*]

think America was quite a savage land, and evidently pitied us for living there. Tomorrow I hope for letters for I see the mails are due today in London and they seem to be very prompt about sending them at Barings.* Just as I was writing [this *corrected*] I heard the cars and thought "there goes the train over S. Falls* bridge" it seemed so like it. Today has been pretty warm in the sun but the minute you get out of it and into the house it feels so damp and chilly that I still am glad of my thick clothes and flannels. I suppose the dress making is nearly done by this time, and hope Ma's

gown is pretty. I'm so glad she has it, for I think it will be just the thing for her. I wonder if auntie ever got one for she was in an undecided state about it when I saw her. This morning I sat down after breakfast and sewed myself up, having a beautiful time over my work, and Mrs Tyler was doing the same to her gown{.}

[*Page 10*]

My things hold out well so far though, in spite of constant gadding, only I don't love the dirt on my hands and face! How are you getting on with the bookatee{?} Don't work yourself tired and sick over it any way, but have a good time this summer. We have such a nice large room here which is a parlor & dining room combined and has a little conservatory attached which opens into the garden. The woman declines doing the marketing though & Mary H & I went out this morning & bought 6^{d} worth of butter and 6^{d} worth of eggs, 7^{d} of bacon and 1/4 lb. of tea and rolls and jam and lamb for dinner besides [boss *?*] cheese cakes. It is so funny to buy things in such little bits, but the money goes further here than at home I can tell you. I wish Ma could see those funny two story loaves of bread that they have here don't you. Aren't they black in some places? We get French bread mostly which is a deal better. The thing I miss most is cool water

[*Page 11*]

for beside being rather warm this doesn't seem to amount to much in the way of quenching ones thirst, though I am not half so thirsty here as at home. It is a month tomorrow since I came away and I didn't believe it would go so fast though in another way it seems a great while since I came away. Won't you be stepping every where these pleasant evenings I wonder with Princess.* I would not mind going down the Sligo* road this minute for the sun is just setting and it would be so pleasant.

Give Jane Sewall* some drives for you know she doesn't know anything about Berwick having come to town so lately. Tell Caddy not to forget to send me the hair remedy prescription, for the change of climate is making ones hair come out a good deal & I have used up nearly all the small bottleful I brought with me. I condole with you about the marigolds, but perhaps they will sprout again if Hilborn* wasn't too faithful with his lawn

[*Page 12*]

mower! Give Mrs. Rollins and Mrs. Goodwin* much love when you see them for me, and to Annie B. & Mrs. Jacques & the Walkers & O. and in fact to every body, for I can't stop to say names, except be sure and tell Cousin Mary that I brought her cushion and find it very useful. She said she would write me a letter sometime and I shall expect it! My best love to Caddy and family, and to your Ma & you, and Tucker and all the girls. I laughed too at the extreme dryness of your feed at York{.} I wonder if you didn't try the cider along the road! Mrs. T. & H. send love to you all too. If I get Mrs Dennys letter in time I am going to Oxford in the morning train. Perhaps by the time that Miss Johnson gets here I shall have seen a good many of the things she wants to, but I am not going to lose any chances for fear of that{,} especially now that Tabby is coming for I can let them go together and see the things I don't want to see the second time. H. is going to post this so farewell

[*Top left corner of page 1*]

Affly yrs

O.P.*

Notes

Raglan: Jewett is based in Ross-on-Wye in Herefordshire, UK, and has traveled to Raglan Castle, Wales, where King Charles I (1600-1649) took refuge, before the castle was lost to Oliver Cromwell's (1599-1658) Parliament forces in 1646 and then ruined. Wikipedia.

Miss Mary: Jewett probably refers to Mary Barrell, who died 6 June 1889. See Elizabeth Barrell in Key to Correspondents.

Dennys: Perhaps the travelers have been joined by Mrs. Tyler's relatives.

have: Jewett appears to have scratched out a couple words to write "We have" over them.

Flying Dutchman: In this case, a brand of fountain pen.

Bit of Color: Sarah Orne Jewett's serial, "A Bit of Color," appeared in three parts in *St. Nicholas*, April, May, and June 1889. As it was appearing, Jewett was at work on turning it into her novel, *Betty Leicester* (1890).

Pa flood: The Johnstown Flood of 31 May 1889. Wikipedia.

Barings: Wikipedia says: "Barings Bank was a British merchant bank based in London, and the world's second oldest merchant bank (after Berenberg Bank). It was founded in 1762 and was owned by the German-originated Baring family of merchants and bankers. American travelers used the bank for obtaining currency and receiving letters."

S. Falls: Salmon Falls, NH.

Sligo Road: In New Hampshire.

Hilborn: This person who apparently did yard work for the Jewetts has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Goodwin: Probably Jewett refers to Sophia Elizabeth Hayes Goodwin, who lived in Oldfields, at some distance from the Jewett house, near the Hamilton House. See Key to Correspondents and

Pirsig, *The Placenames of South Berwick*, p. 28 map and pp. 31-2.

In addition to others frequently mentioned, Jewett greets O. and Cousin Mary. O. may be Olive Grant. The Jewetts had more than one Cousin Mary. This may be Mary Elizabeth Woodhull Perry (1844-1910). Find a Grave.

Oxford Friday

[*7 June 1889*]*

Dear Sarah:

Oh a poor crazy having the best time of her life sister, and so full that she is even past babbling but I must tell you that I am here and can't believe it either. I started off this morning at ten being escorted to the station by Mary Harriet, and three women were put in also, two them being old and funny. One of them turned to me and demanded if it were not gone one o'clock but it did no good that I said no for she was deaf, and with a grunt of satisfaction she produced a lunch & beer and the two ate contentedly most of the way here. When I saw Oxford I felt as if I were dreaming for here was the place I had wished to see so long, and I couldn't believe it even then. George Denny came to meet me and I found the rest very glad to see me, and after lunch we began our travels, wandering through ^one^ college after another.

First we went into All Souls and saw the lovely quadrangles and tried

[*Page 2*]

to get into the chapel, but couldn't. Then we went into New College and did see the chapel of that which is lovely, and then came the Bodleian Library where we saw the most beautiful old illuminated books, and missals and curious old manuscripts, after which we went by a curious little lane to Magdalen College and there I left my heart. I kept thinking of your going there, and must have seen the very woodbine that Mr Reade* pointed out to you with such pride{.} Wasn't it growing near the gate? Was anything ever more beautiful than the walk there under the trees by the river Addisons Walk they call it? We walked and walked and I hated to leave it. And we also went into the New College gardens which are lovely. I wonder if you went there?

Mrs Denny left us at Magdalen and Helen & I went way round

[*Page 3*]

the river path through the meadows and viewed everybody in boats bringing up finally at Christ Ch Cathedral where we looked around for half an hour and then sat ourselves down for service. There wasn't any organ played but the little boys sang like angels, & there I sat with my toes overhanging Dr. Puseys* grave stone in the pavement and thinking of the first time I ever heard anybody mention his name when I was a little girl & Aunt Augusta* talked about him and I thought it was such a funny name. Later we stepped into the old kitchen and saw the old gridiron that they used to use and the great spits covered with roasts of beef and chickens that were cooking for the big dinner and all the cold meats and everything{.} It began to rain then after a very hot day and we fled home and couldn't go out on the river as we hoped to do after dinner. We are in a house

[*Page 4*]

that looks out on both Jesus and Exeter Colleges and we can hear the students laughing and pianos going, & now Big Tom* has tolled his 101 times to tell them to come home. Truly I shall be thankful always that I came in time to see the place before all the life was gone out in the vacation for I can see how different it would all be, and if I never see any more than I have had today, I shall still be able to carry away a very good idea of what it is all like. Nobody ever will know what these three weeks have been to me for it seems to me like a piece out of Paradise, only I daily and hourly wish for you all to enjoy it with me. You know what a fascination all these places have and can you ever tell anybody what it is like to come and see these old stone walls black and crumbling with age, and hear them talk about the New College & then find it

[*Page 5*]

going on six or seven hundred years old. Tomorrow I am going to do all I can and take it in, and then go back to W. in the afternoon. I hope I shall find some letters when I get there, for the steamer was due yesterday. I had one from Ed. M^{c}Henry saying he is still in London with Mrs. Cox* so I may fall in with him. I sent a letter to you last evening but I could not help trying to tell you what a good time it is here, for I am sure you will be glad to know about it. If I come again with Miss Johnson & Abba it will be so nice for them I can show them the way.

Affly M.R.J.

It is so funny I have a room belonging to a "clargyman Miss'* & I found his black gown on a chair, and there is quite

[*Page 6*]

a churchy air in the place. Plumptre* being the name, I wonder if it is the Dean. Canon Knox Little is in residence at Worcester now, & Mary H & I are going to hear him Sunday evening if you please. I'd give anything if you were here to be talking about things, & sometimes I can hardly wait to get home to have particulars. Love to Ma & Caddy and all the family. I wish I had Thider over here very often. Tell him I'm picking up stones for him where ever I can. I was wondering today if he would ever come over

here to study and thinking how proud I should be if he only would. Good night again for this must go. Im sorry to send such a poor account of all my days privileges, but you must make up for it by telling all I have left out and remember that this is at the end of a long day of sight seeing{.}

Notes

7 June 1889: This is the Friday of Jewett's visit to Oxford. She reports her return to Worcester in her letter of 8 June.

Reade: Wikipedia says: "Charles Reade (1814-1884) was an English novelist and dramatist, best known for *The Cloister and the Hearth*." Sarah Orne Jewett reports his guiding her and Annie Fields at Oxford in a letter of 9 July 1882, but this letter does not give details about seeing Magdalen College.

Dr. Puseys: English churchman Edward Bouverie Pusey (1800-1882) was an Oxford professor of Hebrew, a leader the Oxford movement, and served for 54 years as Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Wikipedia.

Aunt Augusta: The identity of this aunt has not yet been discovered.

Big Tom: "Big Tom" is the clock tower at Oxford University.

Miss: Jewett may have deleted a quotation mark after "clargyman."

Plumptre: At the time of Jewett's visit, Lord Alwyne Compton (1825-1906) was Dean of Worcester Cathedral. Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821-1891) served as Dean of Wells. Wikipedia.

Canon Knox Little: Rev. William John Knox-Little (1839-1918) became Canon of Worcester in 1881. He became a leading preacher of the time, a vigorous high churchman of the Church of England. Find a Grave.

Worcester Sat

June 8th 89

Dear Sarah:

This is one of the times when I would give anything to be at home long enough to talk about the things I have seen these two days, for there is so much that I long to tell, and can't seem to in a letter. I got back from Oxford about six oclock, and was quite touched to find them so glad to see me, and so willing to hear all my particulars that it gave me quite a homelike feeling. Today was as full of pleasures as yesterday, though I didn't do half as much because I had to leave pretty early, but first I went to the morning service at Magdalen College, & heard the sweetest singing imaginable, and do you remember the queer brownish window in the chapel there, and the rows of saints behind the altar? The window was truly beautiful in the light it was in this morn, and I wanted to look at it some more, but we had to walk on to the next thing. We saw the lovely

[*Page 2*]

old gardens of St. Johns, and I went to see Balliol & Brasenose and Trinity and really got a very good idea of them it seems to me. So that if I can go again it will make it very clear to my mind. What a confusing place it is at first though with so many buildings looking much the same, and scarcely anything to mark the difference between them. It was so nice to see all the young fellows flying about, some with gowns and more in every day dress, and we saw them in the boats having such a good time. We wanted to go up the river but a big shower that had been threatening all day came just in time to spoil that plan, but I think it was just as well for we should have been tired to death with any more. I was so glad to find some letters when I got back from Caddy & Jimson & Mrs Jaques,* and this

[*Page 3*]

morning the papers came, so I am quite set up in home news. We went to church this morning & are going again tonight to hear "Canon Knox Little"* and wouldn't some of the [Advent *?*] faithful envy our privileges{.} I wish you could see Mary Harriet look like him. I laughed so at Oxford for Mrs D.* told me that George told her that Miss Jewett was the sister of an authoress & should be treated with proper respect, so he should go to the station to meet her! which isn't the first time I have profited by your fame. Caddy said they should begin to expect a letter after Tuesday but I am afraid she didn't get one for several days after that for I missed a steamer so the letter had to wait until Wednesday{.} Mrs Tyler and Hattie went to Great Malvern yesterday and came home delighted with the place, & evidently were sorry that we did not go there instead of coming here though we have had a good time here. I happened upon an account of Miss Arnolds wedding* in a paper yesterday which I will send you in this. She seems to have set herself down well if the list of wise and great at the wedding is any sign. How sorry I am for Aunt Helen,* for she must feel her sister's

[*Page 4*]

sickness very much, but I am not surprised at anything after the nervous state she was in when we saw her. Are you? Mrs. Whitman* who came over with us told me she had been very badly off too. I laughed so over Caddy's account of your trying position as middle man between Miss Grant and Mary Ann Swasey.* I wish I could have heard the remarks. The dress making must have been a grand success seems to me. Caddy speaks with pride of the new Henrietta, which she thinks has an

[uncommon *?*] stylish fit, and I hope the lace will prove a success too. The paper says that it is fine weather in America now so I hope Mr. Walker can get out more. Tabby must have been funny solemn and I don't believe she got much reassured in Exeter, but between Ann Johnson and me she may get some relief after she has been here a while. I needn't say anything about being solemn beforehand though. We have views of going to Tewksbury Abby tomorrow to pass the day. It is about 13 miles off, and said to be a lovely old place. Whit Monday isn't a pretty day to be travelling, but neither is it any fun{.}

[*Page 5*]

The place isn't so very large as many others, but there are more things worth going to see in it. I saw a gallant old tombstone with "Affliction sore long time I bore"* on it, the first time I ever remember to have seen the time honored poem. We found we could have a couple of hours at Great Malvern on the way back so we lighted down out of our chariot and walked up into the town which was fairly bustling with people it being a great resort for excursions, but it was such a quiet orderly crowd that it was pleasant to see them, and we walked about and had a nice lunch at a pastry [cooks *?*] and viewed the town and its pretty old church and came back here about half past five. We had such fun for we came first class for fear of the crowd, and made very merry over our splendor, but I really think I like the other cars best for I spill round so in those wide seats & can't touch bottom. It has been cold and raw

[*Page 6*]

as November all day but people were walking about in the mist with white dresses on, & perhaps the next person you meet has on a fur cape. I never saw such works with clothes as since I have been over here. It was very warm in Oxford and yet I was not uncomfortable in thick clothes in the house. We had a great occasion last night stepping to [mass *?*] and really liked the preaching a great deal better than we expected to. Any thing almost is better than the weak dilutions we have been treated to since we have been over here in the way of a preaching. Today I saw a ["little *?*] one who was so much like Jack that I wanted to pat him. I hope he is well and has forgotten the mud hole [I think *?*] that is down in the Wakefield garden for he comes home that way. It is too bad about Helen [James *?*].* I don't believe they have made much of their change of homes after all for they have been sick so much. We have discovered that we can have Turkish baths here, and [to morrow *so written*] is set for a grand expedition for

[*Page 7*]

one. Mrs Tyler & Hattie had a great time in Malvern Saturday, for that is a place like Richfield* with every kind of a bath imaginable. I think you would love to go there sometime for there are such fine views from every point, and then above the high hill where the town lies there is another range of hills away up in the sky, but with bridle paths to the very top, and lots of people were walking up today. Wednesday morning we move on again to Llangollen. Think of the sister's being a lady of Llangollen!* Give much love to all in both houses. Tell Rebecca that I will answer her letter before very long, and Mrs Jaques too, for I was so glad to get them both. I am going to send Miss Grant a 'Queen'* that I got for her today for I thought she might get something out of it. I grieve to hear that Princess was unable to step to Punkintown. I hope it was nothing serious that she did to herself in her night ramble. Give her and Dicky & Susan a potato for me some day or get Tucker to. My love to him and Rosy & Annie and keep much for yourself from O.P.

Notes

Jimson: Also mentioned in letters of 1894 and 1896, Jimson has not yet been identified, though other letters specify she was female.

Canon Knox Little: Rev. William John Knox-Little (1839-1918) became Canon of Worcester in 1881. He became a leading preacher of the time, a vigorous high churchman of the Church of England. Find a Grave.

Jewett's seeming reference to the Advent faithful is puzzling. She and Sarah Orne Jewett were members of St. John's Episcopalian Church in Portsmouth, NH, and one would expect her to imagine the envy of their fellow members at Jewett being able to hear an eminent Church of England preacher.

Mrs. D. and George: Probably this is Valeria Kendall Titcomb Denny. George remains unidentified.

Miss Arnolds wedding: The Jewetts were friends with various members of the family of the late British author, Matthew Arnold (1822-1888). His daughter, Eleanore Mary Caroline (1861-1936), married her first husband Armine Wodehouse (MP) in 1889. Wikipedia.

Mrs. Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman. Key to Correspondents.

Mary Ann Swasey: This person has not yet been identified.

bore: Variations of this anonymous verse were fairly common epitaphs in the late 18th and the 19th centuries in English speaking nations.

> Affliction sore long time I bore,
> Physicians skill was vain,
> Till God did send Death as a friend,
> To ease me of my pain.

Helen James: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

Richfield: Sarah Orne Jewett, following medical advice, went several times to the hot baths at Richfield Springs, NY.

Llangollen: Wikipedia says "The 'Ladies of Llangollen' [Wales], Eleanor Butler (1739-1829) and Sarah Ponsonby (1755-1831), were two upper-class Irish women who lived together as a couple. Their relationship scandalised and fascinated their contemporaries."

Queen: Wikipedia says: "*The Queen: The Ladies Newspaper and Court Chronicle* focused on aristocratic women in society beginning in 1862."

June 12th 89

And [now *corrected*] your sister is a "lady of Llangollen{"}* and such a lovely place as it is. Just a little strip of land on each side of the Dee, and then great hills up and up and away in the distance they look as the waves do in mid ocean a humping themselves up against the sky, but green to their very tops except one or two where the limestone ledges crop out in ridges. There's only a little field between my window and the river and I can hear the water as it runs over the rocks. We got here just after four having spent a couple of hours seeing Shrewsbury which is a [curus *so written*] old place with a mixture of splendor and poverty and wiggle ways streets that carry you you know not where{.} Your letter about going to Danl Littlefield* was waiting for me as the most kind of a welcome, & then we looked at the rooms ready for us which are the nicest we have had yet, & at the same time the cheapest. We have a nice parlor on the first floor and I have a single bedroom{,} Mrs. Tyler & Hattie sharing theirs wh has two beds. It looks as if we could

[*Page 2*]

have lovely drives in every direction from here, and I am so glad to get where we can see the green grass and hills all the time instead of houses and old ones at that. We didn't care much for [Worcester *?*] though I really wasn't there very much and it rained nearly all the time but this seems so much nicer. Dont you think that this morning old Miss Hughes brought out some photographs of people who had been with her, and who should they be but Mrs. Frye of Exeter & Dollie Nelson{?}* It seems they were with her three weeks before she went home and was married. Wasn't it funny that I should have seen them? I wish you could hear the church bells chiming for the sound comes over the water and is so sweet. There seem to be a good many strangers in the little town and I see beautiful carriages going about. We have already found a lovely foot path along the river and took a walk before dinner and while I was sitting down to rest before coming back a little dog came

[*Page 3*]

and planted himself round to be attended to and held up his paw just as the little one does to my great amusement.

On one of the highest hills opposite my window there is the ruin of an old castle and it looks as if you could see everywhere from it. So I suppose it will not be long before Mary [Hattie *?*] will desire to visit it, for there seems to be a clear path to the top. It sounds so nice to hear about the garden. The poppies are just beginning to bloom out now. I saw one field all ablaze with them on the way here today and it was such a pleasure{.} The gorse is here too and so yellow but I haven't seen any hawthornes so far north{.} Yesterday we wandered around Worcester and saw some parts of it that we hadn't seen and we all then indulged in a Turkish bath which was sorely needed after our travels, and wrote letters and did our packing. It was not a very good day for going abroad for it was just on the point of raining so we didn't set off on any great expedition knowing we should have a pretty good pull today getting here. I am so glad and thankful to hear about

[*Page 4*]

Mr. Walker, for it is a great deal for him not to have lost ground with all that he has been through. It is too bad that Lizzie is sick, but I don't wonder that the change of climate has affected her. Give them both my love won't you when you see them{.}

I shall be so curious to know if Ma did miss the tea party of Sarah Hayman and little Miss Tompson.* I don't believe but what Sarah would come if bidden. It is too bad that you have been laid low with the swollen face. Do you remember how you used to have the affliction years ago? Have you ever heard anything more about Uncle Wills coming over here? I half hoped that I might hear from there or from Abba this week but haven't so far. Today is the last day at Bradford so I suppose Miss Johnson is full of business{.} I hope you will go up to see her before she sails so she can bring the latest particulars to me. Just think it is only two weeks before she will be here, if the "cat" has luck. Sarah "rottens" walks round in the "cat,"* but none come near your sister, but Gusty Tyler seed one one night if you please, but wasn't scared.

[*Page 5*]

Thursday P.m. We have had a beautiful morning for we stepped out after breakfast and did our days marketing and then went to see the house where the Ladies of Llangollen used to live which is a little way out of the village and in a lovely situation{.} A General York* who used to know them when he was a boy has bought the place and fixes it up

charmingly, and we happened to meet him [*several obscured words*] every [*unrecognized word*] off him. It seems that they used to beg old oak carvings of everybody who came to see them and then had it fitted into their house which was a very plain little place to begin with but now it is made fine with all they had collected. After their death their belongings were all scattered by an auction to the four winds and but for this man the house itself would have fallen down probably.

He is a wounded officer from the Crimean war, who has this great fad for carving and there is a regular museum in the house of things he has carved and collected, some of the things being well

[*Page 6*]

worth seeing. We spent a good deal of the morning there because when he found we were Americans he couldn't stop talking apparently. Last evening Hattie & I went off for a long walk down along the river bank and had such lovely views all the way, and this afternoon we are going in a little boat up the canal to see some pretty places. There [are *corrected from* is] a lot of donkeys saddled over by the station ready for expeditions & I have stumped Mary Harriet to set off on one some day, and she has agreed, but we haven't settled on the course to take yet. I think it will probably be to the castle on the hill top though. Think of your sister on a donkey, and we also have views of some of the dog carts later. There is to be a Welsh psalm singing here on Monday which will be nice to hear. We heard a harp going only a door or two beyond us last night and I'm going to keep my ears open to see if I cannot hear it again tonight. I just happened to think that it will

[*Page 7*]

soon be huckleberry time, and don't let Annie forget to put some up{;} they were so good this spring you know. This does not seem to be the land of good vegetables for we have had hard work to get anything but potatoes and those are hardly larger than marbles at present. One surely needn't come to England to get good things to eat, though we do not suffer, only there isn't the variety that we have at home either in food or cooking. We have been taking a turn at Greens English History,* only I began at the Puritan times which seemed to concern the part of the country I am most likely to see most of, and I think it will be as lasting an amusement as when you and Mrs. Fields did the same. Wasn't it Green that she carried about on so many expeditions? I wish you could come here and see what a perfectly beautiful place this is, and there seems to be a great deal to do from here too, which is always so nice.

[*Page 8*]

It is so nearly time for us to go that I will sign, seal & deliver this at the office on my way to the little boat. And ask you to give great love to every body especially to the two households. Thank you for your letter and all the particulars. I think you are getting a great gift for telling them. How are you getting on with your writing, or does gardening take all your time at present? Mrs. T. is ready so fare well and much love — I will send another letter in a day or two.

Affly

M. R. J

Notes

Llangollen: See notes for MRJ's letter of 8 June.

Littlefield: In the summer of 1889, Sarah Orne Jewett wrote to Annie Adams Fields about visiting Daniel Littlefield on the "white rose road." In *The Placenames of South Berwick* (2007), Wendy Pirsig indicates that "Mr. G" in Jewett's sketch, "The White Rose Road" (1889), was Daniel Littlefield (pp. 208-9). Daniel P. Littlefield (1821-September 1891) lost his wife, Mercy A. Littlefield, (b. 1836) in 1888. See also Find-a-Grave.

Hughes ... Frye ... Nelson: Miss Hughes would seem to be the host where Jewett stayed in Llangollen. Mrs. Frye seems likely to have been Abby Elizabeth Tuck Frye (1835-1905). According to Find a Grave, she had three daughters, two of whom married. Ellen Tuck Nelson Stevens married in 1881. Mary Delavan Nelson Morgan married in about 1882. Which of these was "Dollie," however, is not yet known.

Sarah Hayman and little Miss Tompson: Sarah Hayman (c. 1814-1895), wife or sister of Edward Hayman (c. 1813-1871). The Jewetts probably were acquainted with George W. Thompson (d. 1892), whose younger daughter was Eva Marion Thompson Tuttle (1882-1940).

cat: What Jewett means in her notes about the "cat" remains unknown.

General York: John Yorke (1814-1890). England was part of a victorious alliance that defeated the Russian Empire in the Crimean War of 1853-1856. Wikipedia.

Greens English History: Probably John Richard Green (1837-1883), *A Short History of the English People*, 4 volumes (1880).

Llangollen Sunday

[*16 June 1889*]*

Dear Sarah:

I ought to be stepping to bed for it is late but I feel more like having a word with you. We have had a pleasant Sunday, and went to church twice like good people, though I am compelled to confess that we got up too late to go to the Welsh service

as we intended, so we made the best of it and had the English instead. There were a good many people there, and somebody played the organ extra well. After our early dinner I wrote some letters and then we went to walk down the canal path this time, and found that end even more beautiful than the other{.} We went down about two miles until we came to where the cars come down from some limestone quarries and there were ever so many canal boats waiting for a cargo. The boatman family lived on board and you never

[*Page 2*]

saw such a speck of a place for a whole family to be in, for the boats are very narrow anyway, and where they stowed themselves I cannot imagine. We stopped and talked with some of the women* who were cheerful souls and the children were running about the shore as if they belonged there, and I saw one boat had a bird cage on top with a jackdaw or something like it inside. Tonight when we were coming back from our walk the church bells were ringing, and so we went just in time to see the ringers come down from the steeple all warm and tired from their work, and the people were sitting round on the old gravestones and got up and went into church so that it all seemed like a piece out of a story book. They had a great wedding the day that we came and some great feats of bell ringing{.}

[*Page 3*]

I heard a great going of bells just after we arrived and was sorry enough that I hadn't known what was going on so as to have taken the thing in more. Yesterday was misty and threatening so we only went out for walks. In the morning we went up on one of the higher hillsides but didn't think the view would be good enough to pay us for going the rest of the way, and in the afternoon I read and mended up my clothes & tried to take a nap but didn't have any luck. After dinner Hattie & I went for a walk up one side of the river and down the other a good four miles, but it did not seem half that it was so pleasant. There is a youth here who drives us out sometimes who is the living image of blind Arthur which set me against him at first sight, but he proves such a nice little fellow that we have grown quite fond of him. The people here have very pleasant voices and good manners and as you go along every little while some

[*Page 4*]

funny little girl will drop you a curtesy in such a solemn way that I want to laugh{.} Saturday we met a thin little young one as we came down the hill who offered to sing us a song for a ha'penny and we accepted{.} So first we got a Welsh song and then an English one which latter was a funny jumble of 'Beautiful isle of the sea' and a Sunday School hymn to our great amusement and she went off in triumph with the ha'penny{.} She sings cheaper than Posy, but then the quality is not as good. I wish I could hear Dublin Bay* or some of Posy's best this very minute and she'd get a sixpence for it. Such a lovely day as this has been, for there has been scarcely a cloud in sight and all the hills standing out clear against a blue sky that we would not be ashamed to own at home. I suppose Abba is well on her way now, and I wonder if she is sea sick or happy. I hope for Miss Johnsons sake that she will not be low in her mind, but after all Miss Johnson will take it out of her better than most people could. Has Caddy heard any special news of Liddy lately? I expect any day to hear that little Marys health demands a visit to relatives and friends, the Duchess

[*Page 5*]

and Liddy having had their progress and returned. Do tell me if you hear anything more from Aunt Helen, won't you? I should think this would [break *?*] up her summers plans, for of course she cannot have the children there while her sister is so sick.

Mrs Jaques wrote that Mrs. Kelly* is going to Dorchester to put Mollie in a school. I wonder where the place is. I think she said Shawmut Station but I think perhaps it is Ashmont which is out in my country you know.

Did I ever tell you that in Worcester I used to pass a sign J. Whitehead & Son Tailors, and it used to seem as if I might see Charlie or John inside. Wasn't it funny? I think one reason why I didn't care any more for Worcester was because it made me think of Philadelphia even to having a real Phil smell of gas and other odors not sweet. Today it being Monday now we are going gadding every possible minute, for it is lovely and tomorrow we are going on an excursion

[*Page 6*]

to Barmouth which is on the coast and will give us a look at a fresh bit of country going and coming. We went through a little corner of the mining district as we came here, and though it wasn't real 'black country{'} as they call it, it was sufficiently smoky to let us see what it could be like if it tried. On the hills back of here there are limestone & slate quarries but that makes very little show on the surface of the earth.

I {was} wondering yesterday if Mary Libbey bloomed this spring. She was in the bed with the other roses near the fleur de lis I think. I hope she didn't give up the ghost in the winter. Such beautiful roses as are coming into bloom now in the gardens round here. I saw almost a hedge of different colored ones as we walked along yesterday that were in full bloom. Did the big Hydrangea come out well? There are so many things that I want to know, and see that

[*Page 7*]

I expect I ask questions like a curious child{.} I asked Caddy for the hair recipe, & if she has not already sent it will you put it in the next letter, for Mary Harriet stands in need of it as well as myself.

Do you see anything of Mrs Doe? Give her my love when you do and tell her what a good time I'm having over here.

I suppose Mrs Fields will be going soon to Manchester if she is not there already. I've wondered if you were not there some of these pleasant days.

Hasn't Caddy ever stepped down to sympathize with Aaron yet? I think she is showing herself quite unfeeling to let anything stand between her and her duty to Aaron and [July *?*]. Tomorrow will bring some more letters probably and perhaps a paper also, which will be a pleasure{.} Last weeks letters came close together so the interval has seemed longer this time than usual. I suppose one of the letters came on a fast steamer and the other on a slow one, but they were only a day and a half apart anyway.

[*Page 8*]

Give much love to Caddy and all over there, and Ma and all our household. I shall have more exciting particulars next time perhaps, but you know one has sometimes less to tell than at others, & yet may be having just as good a time{.} It is time to go out and get our daily bread and butter so I must depart, but I send love enough to make up for all the deficiencies in my letter, and am yrs affly

M.R.J.

Notes

16 June 1889: This letter precedes by a day Jewett's letter of 17 June.

women: Jewett may have written "woman."

'Beautiful isle of the sea': An 1865 song by George Cooper (lyricist) and J. R. Thomas (composer).

Dublin Bay: Of the several songs of this or a closely similar title, probably Jewett refers to "My Dublin Bay," a traditional Irish song about an exile's nostalgia for home in Ireland.

Liddy: Jewett's cousin, Elizabeth (Liddy) Jervis Gilman of Brunswick, ME. See Alice Dunlap Gilman in Key to Correspondents. Jewett's reference to the Duchess remains mysterious.

Mrs. Kelly ... Mollie: These persons have not yet been identified. That Mollie may go to a school in Dorchester, MA, suggests that her mother plans to enroll her in the Perkins School for the Blind.

Aaron: This person has not yet been identified. The name comes up again in Jewett's letters of 9 and 22 September.

Monday Eve

[*17 June 1889*]*

Dear Sarah;

Another pleasant day and a good time too if you please. We went off this morning in search of what we should eat, and having settled that important question we thought we would climb up to the old tower on the top of the mountain, and accordingly you might have seen me and Mary Harriet mounted on two donkeys about as big as calves, and Mrs. Tyler was on a horse and off we went. I could no more steer my beast of burden who was most appropriately named Polly than I could the Great Eastern. The donkey boy said that they 'were very stupid ma'am about going on alone" and I came to the conclusion that they were when they had company too for either they would stop short or crowd back until they could see one another{.}

[*Page 2*]

However by judicious twists of the tail from the boys and whacks and loud shouts of "Prince" & Jim & Polly"* we were helped on our way, but long before we got to the top I concluded for the second time in my life that my two feet were good enough for me, and so did Hattie and we came down from our high estate, but Mrs. Tyler staid on a good while longer. It was a glorious view when we got to the top and way up there a thousand feet above the sea & about eight hundred above the river there are the ruins of a magnificent old castle, with its moat and great walls. You can trace the old foundation and some of the walls are still left, but no one knows much about the history of the place or just when it was destroyed. We came down much faster than we went up of course,

[*Page 3*]

for we made short cuts by sliding down over the grassy places. I wish you could have seen Mrs. Tyler go it. We all got convulsed with laughter and I wonder we didn't break our necks it was so slippery in places but it was hot and the regular path carried us a good deal further round. After dinner we went to sleep for it was warm and we were tired, and later went out for a while, and then to what was called a Psalmody Festival which was held in a Methodist chapel{.} It was very nice to see the people come for they evidently were mostly farming people, but they have such nice faces and then a lot of ministers arrived and sat in some high seats under the pulpit. The singers were in the gallery and there must have been several hundred of them, and among them boys and girls no larger

than Theodore, but such voices as they had. They had

[*Page 4*]

a capital director who made the most of them, & the way they rolled out those Welsh hymns made me think more of the singing we heard in Montreal than anything I ever heard. There was an address and prayer all in Welsh too and it seemed so funny to hear it all going on and not understand one word, but it was enough to hear the music. I do like the Welsh people for they seem so quiet and well bred, and they have such pleasant refined voices that they win your heart the moment you speak. Think of those donkeys Sarah. I kept expecting I should be stuck on the points of those great ears for they were all that I could see of my charger. I thought how Ma would laugh if she had seen me on my way. [*deletion*] ^Tues^ night. Such a feast as I had this morning when I went downstairs and found four long letters on my plate and some papers too. I could hardly eat my breakfast I was in such haste to see what was in them. I had yours and Caddys and thank you kindly for both, and Miss Johnson wrote a pretty plan which was just what I had planned and written

[*Page 5*]

her, and besides a lovely long letter from Jennie Sewall. Only think of all that coming on your birthday.* Dont you think when I first started off somebody asked when my birthday was, and Mary Harriet overheard the answer, and she and Mrs Tyler gave me such lovely photographs of some things here, thinking I would like to remember where the birthday was spent. Only think of their remembering the chance word all this time and giving me the pleasure. We are just home from a long days gadding, and I ought to be stepping to bed, but want to finish this in time for tomorrows steamer if I can. We went off at ten o clock and got down to Barmouth by the Sea at noon. It is such a queer English sea side place with a wide stretch of sand and the tide goes way out and leaves areas of it bare, and there are long rows of houses and bathing machines and donkeys and donkey carts and donkeys with panniers carry two children in at once, besides

[*Page 6*]

boats of every kind, and all the things you read of seeing at such places. The cliffs are very high, and the houses are all perched round on them just as they are in Quebec. There weren't a great many people about for the season has just begun, but there were apartments to let by the dozen. We didn't care much for the place especially as there was a land breeze and it was hot and dry{.} Even the grass was brown which we havent seen before except on some hill top. Coming home we took an earlier train and stopped over at a queer little town called Dolgelly which looks as if it dated from near the flood* and we had heard that it was nice{.} We didn't get home until almost ten, and yet it wasn't dark.

There was a funny old man in the carriage with us coming up who tried to be so friendly but his stock of English was quite small and he laughed so to hear us try to say the Welsh names as we passed the stations. Did you know that you must

[*Page 7*]

say ['Thangolthlin' *?*] if you wish to speak of this place? A good deal of the way today was like going through the mountains as we went to Montreal before you get to Rutland by the Fitchburg R.R. so you can know how pretty it was, and then we came to a poorer country where we went miles through a valley with great hills without any trees on each side and such old stone houses and very few roads, coming out in a better country near the sea.

We are not going away from here tomorrow as we at first intended but wait until Thursday morning for we have to start early and it is a very round about way to get there, though it is only 33 miles. We thought we would drive but the road is so hard and hilly that the stable people told us we had better not try it, and we don't care for we can see several places while we wait for trains, as we did coming here. What a good time John and Thidder must have had in Concord{.}

[*Page 8*]

Ask John if he didn't like Will's horse. I am sorry about the boat if you wanted it, but I doubt if it was what you would get any good of in our river, for it was so frail that it had to be very carefully dealt with. I hope you had a good time at the [moving *?*]. The place must have been lovely now that everything is so green. I hope no harm came to [brother *?*] Thomas* I'm sure. I thought of him when I when I found that the flood was in that valley{.} Wasn't it nice that you got [Ma honey *?*]{.} I hope I remembered to tell you where the [leather *?*] was, for it was scattered round so, but it seems to me that I did. My compliments to Ma and Caddy and the two gentlemen, and Posy and Annie & John and Minnie & Nora* — Tell Jane Sewall what a lovely letter she wrote me. Tell all my friends what a good time I'm having if that is any pleasure to them. Good night and much love from yrs affly

O.P.

Notes

1889: Jewett began this letter from Llangollen the Monday before the party departed that town, and completed it on her birthday, Tuesday 18 June..

Polly: Jewett has so placed her quotation marks.

birthday: Sarah Orne Jewett's birthday was 3 September. Mary Rice Jewett's birthday was 18 June.

the flood: Jewett refers to the Hebrew myth of Noah's flood, told in the Bible, Genesis 6-9.

Thomas: Which Thomas this is has not yet been discovered.

Nora: Presumably Nora was an employee of Carrie Jewett Eastman. No further information about her has yet been uncovered.

Betws-y-Coed

June 21st 89

Dear Sarah:

How good you were to send that telegram. I found it waiting at the office when I came last night and it warmed up my heart splendid for it seemed so direct. This morning such a handful of letters came, from Ma & Caddy & Thider and Miss Johnson and that Miss Hardy,* and I straightway had a feast of good things. To go back where I dropped the thread of my discourse, we passed our last day in Llangollen in peace and quietness. Hattie & I went off for a walk in the morning and came to Llantysilio Church and such a funny little old woman appeared to let us in and to our surprise brought us face to face with the tombstone of two women who were successors to the two "Ladies,"* having bought the house and lived there 25 years after

[*Page 2*]

the first ones died. Strange to say no one ever told us anything about them, and yet they were well spoken of when we asked about them. There were the finest yew trees growing all around, and the stump of one was said to be 1000 years old. In the afternoon we went up to the old house and had a talk with General Yorke who evidently is a little gone off but so clever like and in the evening we trotted out again for a little turn along our beloved canal path. Yesterday morning we started off at ten and had such a long journey round to cover 33 miles here, but we had such pleasure that we didn't mind the extra distance, and changes. The road runs along the mountain sides for miles and miles and we got such views down into the valleys. Sometimes it seemed as

[*Page 3*]

if we hung in mid air, the little shelf for the track was so narrow, and then the train would almost double up the curves were so abrupt, but in spite of all we came at last to a place called Festiniog, and then to a junction just beyond called Blenau F. [*Blaenau Festiniog*] — which last made me think of all the stories I had read about the dreariness of mining towns. Everything was given up to the slate quarries, and their piles of refuse reached way up the hill sides, and gave such a look of dreariness to everything that not even the full sunlight could make it cheerful, and we gladly retreated within our "carriages" when the train came, and [eat *so written*] our luncheon with our backs turned to the view. Just as soon as we left the station we came into a horrid tunnel that seemed endless, but I believe we were only

[*Page 4*]

six minutes getting through though it is more than two miles long. We had a beautiful view of Snowdon as we came on our way, and after we started from Blenau we came into a tree country again, and here it is as green and beautiful as you can imagine a place. It is entirely different from anything we have seen, for it might be anywhere in America. Indeed it makes me think of the Gloucester road only there are very high hills besides the lovely woods. A small river goes down through the town and makes a great noise over its rocky bed, and you see [groups of people *?*] sitting all along the shore under the trees reading or sketching. Indeed the whole place is given up and made for the summer visitor, & great brakes with four horses are going back and forth to the different points of interest{.} We were rather tired today after our

[*Page 5*]

journey yesterday & took this morning to get ourselves settled and our letters written up, and this afternoon we are going for a drive somewhere. Ed McHenry wrote me this morning in rather a low frame of mind, for he can't get 'Mary Cox' started on any plan, & is having a stupid time [evidently *?*] but hopes to meet me in Liverpool on Tuesday. He says that Sadie is very poorly indeed & the Dr has ordered her away for three months without the children, & he didn't know what they would do, for there seems to be no one to come to the rescue. Perhaps you know all this already though. I was so pleased with Theodore's dear little letter and am going to answer it at once so as to get another please — I was so sorry about poor old Roggy. What could have been the matter with him do you suppose for he looked so well when I last saw him. After all it is always a comfort when an animal is saved the

[*Page 6*]

misery of growing old, much as one hates to lose them. I never saw anything so pathetic as that poor old dog of the McHenrys, all of which talk perhaps seems but cold comfort, but I am really very sorry for you. Miss Johnsons letter was only to tell me about meeting her, and I am going to send a letter tomorrow to meet her at Queenstown on Monday. One feels so pleased [to having *so written*] a letter

by the tug don't they? They must be pleased enough to be so near the end of their voyage. I hope you did stay on in Manchester and see them off so they can bring particulars of you up to the last. Alices cousins the Miss Curtises* are coming here on Tuesday to join Hattie & Mrs Tyler for a few days, and then they are going to Bangor or some place near the sea for July, & I believe that the Dennys are coming to be near them, but I dont see that they seem to want to live with them

[*Page 7*]

again exactly. This isn't a place where books can be bought so I am afraid I must put off Mr. Arnolds book* until I get home with many more about [Engla *so it appears*] that I promise myself to read. I have been taking frequent pulls at Greens History* which we have, and what a difference it makes about reading things like that on the spot. It is so aggravating to keep writing about things that I am so wild to have you all see for yourselves, but I will gladly tell as well as I can about all I see. This [landlady *corrected*] is one of "lil scrat"* kind and drops a curtesy every time you speak to her{.} We haven't tried her cooking yet, but the rooms are nice and she is willing, poor little soul. We have great fun over our bill of fare, for when we decline mutton they offer us lamb in great triumph, for the market affords little else, and I must say that the Welsh mutton deserves all the praise it ever has had. Today we are blessed with salmon by way of variety and strawberries are coming at last{.} Thank Ma & Caddy for

[*Page 8*]

their nice letters, and they must take a share of this in return. Tell Posy that I'll do the best I can at the 'Hail Marys' but I'm afraid she hasn't brought me up very well for I am not very sure about them{.} Weren't you glad how old Miss Mary Barrell* died? I wonder what will become of things there now. I suppose the nephew will scatter them far and wide{.} I should think Mr. Freeman* would feel bereft. Did you see him when you went down the other day? I'm glad Mr. Sewall [could *corrected*] go to the funeral for she would have been so pleased!

Tomorrow we are going on an excursion somewhere, but haven't named the place yet, perhaps it will be Conway [*Conwy*] LLandudno which are [lost *for* less] than an hour away by rail, but of that I will tell you later. My love to all the family in both houses, and a deal for yourself from yrs affly always O.P. I 'm so glad the chairs look so nice. The arm chair must be stunning in its new cover —

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

Tell Caddy that I have been looking out for a [shower today *?*] for it is dusty and needless to say that there has been none! Mrs Tyler & H send love to [*several obscure words*] more of mine.

Notes

Miss Hardy: This person has not yet been identified.

Ladies: Wikipedia says "The "Ladies of Llangollen" [*Wales*], Eleanor Butler (1739-1829) and Sarah Ponsonby (1755-1831), were two upper-class Irish women who lived together as a couple. Their relationship scandalised and fascinated their contemporaries." After their deaths, ownership passed next to Miss Charlotte Andrew (d. 1854) and Miss Amelia Lolly (d. 1861), according to "The Ladies of Llangollen" at *Early Tourists in Wales*.

Alices cousins the Miss Curtises: The Curtis sisters are likely to be Isabella Pelham Curtis (1832-1917) and Mary Greely Curtis (1835-1913), Boston and Manchester neighbors of Annie Adams Fields. Find a Grave.

Mr. Arnolds book: Presumably Jewett's sister has recommended another useful book to read while traveling in England. One might expect that she refers to a book by British author Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), but it is not immediately obvious what that would be. His father, Thomas Arnold (1795-1842), also was an historian, but none of his titles leaps out as suitable for the occasion.

Greens history: Probably John Richard Green (1837-1883), *A Short History of the English People*, 4 volumes (1880).

lil scrat: Jewett's reference has not yet been discovered.

Mary Barrell: Mary Barrell died on 6 June 1889. See Elizabeth Barrell in Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Freeman: This person has not yet been identified.

Betwsy Coed

Sunday June 23

Dear Sarah:

I've been wishing I could talk instead of writing as usual for there is so much saving up that I am afraid I shall forget half there is to say before I get home. We have had our usual meetin' privileges this morning and eaten our dinners, and the street is as quiet as if we were miles back in the country. Very few people can be accused of Sabbath breaking in Wales as far as driving is concerned. Theres a pretty new church here and it was well filled this morning and such good singing for they put in on some familiar hymns. It is cooler today and a better air but the roads are getting very dusty so that we come in with our boots all white with the

finest power from our walks. After I sent my letter off on Friday we went for a

[*Page 2*]

drive to a lovely waterfall a few miles away in such a romantic place, and later after we had had our supper we went to find a queer old church which is only used now for Welsh buryings and had the pleasure of seeing some of the finest old yew trees that have fallen in our way. I am so surprised to see them spread out so, for I always thought they stuck up straight like poplars. We climbed over a stile and went through the fields till we came to the river and wandered along its banks a good way it seemed to us but presently we met a friendly soul who was glad to talk with us, as we walked along, and to our surprise we found we had been coming in a great circle, and were nearly back at our starting point. Our friend was from Chester, having come here for years every summer she

[*Page 3*]

said, and seeming to belove the place being a friendly old maid who looked as if a breath would blow her away. Yesterday we stepped to the station to find out about the trains and saw that we could go to Conway and get back before tea so we came back and snatched Mrs Tyler and started. It was lovely up there for there was a strong sea breeze so we came home feeling like new creatures. Bettws y Coed being in a valley like No. Conway [*New Hampshire*] only gets the wind in certain quarters, so we were quite pleased to find the wind had changed when we came back. Conway Castle is a huge old ruin with eight great round towers each with a smaller tower joined to it and connecting walls. It is not half as beautiful as Raglan or as Goodrich but I suppose this was meant more as a warlike place and those more for homes, for only a small part of Raglan was

[*Page 4*]

made for defense apparently. You go right under the walls of Conway coming from Holyhead, & I wonder if you remember seeing it as you passed? We walked across the long suspension [bridge *corrected*] over to another station where we were to take the train and it was so salt and nice that we wished the walk was longer. The little junction was such a busy place that we were greatly interested in watching the people come and go, for several through trains arrived while we waited. Just as we were seated in the car a woman came along with [baskets *?*] of strawberries one of which we bought and had such a feast as we came along. My! weren't they big ones though, with sweetness all the way through, and do our very best, we had to stop eating before the basket was empty. After we had our suppers we went for another stroll along the road and came out at another place by the river

[*Page 5*]

which we crossed on great stepping stones, which brought us out again at the place where we were the night before. So we were soon at home again{.} It is such fun the way we go off not knowing where we shall come out but we have always had luck so far. There is such a funny old Welsh woman living close by with whom we have made acquaintance. She is as funny and straight as Aunt Susan* with a nose and chin that nearly meet. She can't talk English so we exchange bows, and you would die laughing if you could see the curtesy she drops whenever she sees us pass. We made friends over her flowers first and there was a little girl who acted as interpreter that time. Miss Isabella Curtis* and her sister are coming here tomorrow to be with Mrs. Tyler and Hattie for a while. Don't you know them and didn't I drive over with you once to call on them in Manchester? Mrs Tyler and Hattie

[*Page 6*]

are going up into the neighborhood of Bangor they think this week, for while this is very lovely one can find the same thing at home, and they want something more like England or Wales. The grass is growing so rife now that I'm afraid it will not look as pretty to Abba as it did to me, but anything that approaches greenness is lovely after ten days of ocean. We found the news papers from home on the table yesterday morning and planted ourselves for Mrs Tyler had an Advertiser & Transcript & I the Journal & Herald and the two home papers, so it "kept us still" a good while. Don't for pity's sake let the Rickers* put anything more about me in the paper. I'm willing to do my share at helping them along, but they ought to give me a rest now. I hope Lizzie Walker is getting better by this time. That must have been a wretched hole where they went last winter for them all to be so miserable

[*Page 7*]

afterward. I see that Mr. Fall* has the contract for the new courthouse in Dover which will be nice for him won't it. I'm so sorry to have that old Hale house pulled down though, for it seemed to be the redeeming feature in that part of the town, and I shouldn't think Sarah Low* would sell it for love or money. When Abba comes I hope I shall find out whether Will or Uncle Will are coming over, for I can't think to ask, and nobody has thought to say anything about it since the very first letter. I haven't heard from Exeter at all, but dare say I shall have a letter soon. I hope to get my letters before I go off Tuesday morning for otherwise I must wait for several days before I get any. Now I shall not get them as regularly as I have, because we shall be moving about more. I'm pleased that you are going to see Mrs Agassiz*

[*Page 8*]

for you will have a good time.

Don't you think that pretty soon Mr Tucker had better prod the Capn up about the coal, for we have had such a time for two years, and perhaps if he is well stirred up he will get at it earlier. I find I have taken a sheet of paper on which I drew the outline of a big strawberry yesterday.* Wasn't it a dear little one? Did the peach blossoms ever come to anything? I keep thinking of so many things I want to ask about that I'm afraid my letters sound very trifling, but you'll have to forgive them if they do. My best love to Caddy and family, and to Tucker & all the girls{.} Im waiting for fresh materials hoping to send a nice letter to Ma which she deserves after the dear one she wrote me, and Caddy shall also have her due presently, and I send love enough in this to make up all the lack in this being yrs affly

Mary R Jewett

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

I wish you could have seen the sweet brier on the top of the castle wall yesterday, it was so sweet.

Notes

Aunt Susan: Susan Jameson Jewett (1788-1883).

Isabella Curtis ... sister: The Curtis sisters are likely to be Isabella Pelham Curtis (1832-1917) and Mary Greely Curtis (1835-1913), Boston and Manchester neighbors of Annie Adams Fields. Find a Grave.

Rickers: The Rickers were a South Berwick, ME, family; it is not yet known how any particular member contributed news about Jewett to a local newspaper.

Mr. Fall: Probably South Berwick mason, contractor and Civil War veteran, Captain Isaac P. Fall (1830-1909). Old Berwick Historical Society.

Sarah Low: Sarah Low (1830-1913). The Old Berwick Historical Society's article on "Dr. Nathaniel Low," says: "Sarah Low, born in 1830 in South Berwick, later became a nurse and devoted three years in Army hospitals in and around Washington during the Civil War. Her letters and photograph have been preserved at the Woodman Institute and documented by Robert Whitehouse." Residents of Dover, NH, her parents were Mary Ann Hale Low (1798-1882) and Dr. Nathaniel Low (1792-1883).

Mrs Agassiz: Elizabeth Cabot Cary Agassiz. Key to Correspondents.

yesterday: This word passes through Jewett's small line drawing.

LLandudno [Junct *?*]

Tuesday June 25th

While I am waiting for my train I will [begin *?*] a few words to you though writing in ones lap isn't pretty! I left [Bettys Y Coed *so it appears*] at 10 30, & expect to be in Liverpool at 2. The Catalonia will probably be in before we arrive for which I shall be sorry for I wanted to see them come sailing up, but one cant have everything in this world, & I certainly have had my share of good luck all the way along. I was so sorry to part with Mrs T & Hattie for they had been so good to me. I had to come away this morning without getting my home letter for which I was sorry, for I shall have to wait until I get somewhere now, but I got the dearest one that ever was from Rebecca which was the next best thing. Nobody has been so faithful to me as she has, & "[I knowed *?*] it of her". It seems funny to go sailing off alone in a foreign land, but I rather like the experience as far as I have got! So far I have had no cares about tickets or

[*Page 2*]

any of the details for Hattie likes to do it, and so I have felt as if I had a courier! Now the stern realities of life will have to begin. The Curtises* came yesterday and isn't Miss Isabella funny{.} Her clothes moved Mrs T & H almost to tears they laughed so. Miss Mary has been very ill with malaria and looks very frail now, but she is the image of Roxalene, hair and all. They were going into my room after I left, not liking the hotels and I think Mrs T & H were a good deal taken aback at having to cater to them, they being very particular about their [feet *?*]{.} Sarah [*several obscured words**] { — } what mood I shall find Abba in. I hope [she *?*] will take life by the right end in travelling, for as you well know it is not all rose leaves even in foreign lands, though I must say I have found singularly few thorns & those inevitable ones. E. M H* wrote a note this morn to say that he was giving up on the Clydes for Aunt M. had moved at last, so I shall just miss him in Liverpool where he had to go on Sat on business. Chester Tuesday pm, I got to Liverpool

[*Page 3*]

all right and went down to the docks and found them in the custom house{.} We had a great rejoicing of course and they both looked as bright and fresh as could be. Miss J. hadn't been sick but Abba [*several obscure words*]. We gathered our belongings & came right out here to find nice rooms and such a good house apparently.

We are going down now to get something to eat and later for a walk, so that Abba can see the town in the twilight. I had a most comfortable journey most of the way being along the sea shore and so pretty. You remember it dont you. I'm so glad to get back to Chester again and shall trot Abba round with deep joy. I never saw her niece and she is so enthusiastic that I am fairly astonished at her and the two seem to have found each other very congenial. I must send this letter half finished to catch the steamer tomorrow but I will do better next time.

[*Page 4*]

Thank Becca for her letter which I will answer soon and give my love to everybody.

Affly MR. J.

Notes

Curtises: The Curtis sisters are likely to be Isabella Pelham Curtis (1832-1917) and Mary Greely Curtis (1835-1913), Boston and Manchester neighbors of Annie Adams Fields. Find a Grave.

Roxalene was a distant Jewett relative, daughter of Sarah McHenry and William Howell. Key to Correspondents. How the Howells were connected with the Curtises has not yet been determined.

words: The quality of this photocopy is uneven, rendering some parts difficult. Those needing a more exact transcription should consult the original.

E. M H: Jewett relative Edward Orne McHenry (1855-1910).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908.

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Leamington Sunday

June 30th, 89

Dear Sarah;

This morning brought me two letters from you and one from Caddy{,} one from Annie B. & from Fanny Hale, besides some papers, and be sure and thank John for the one he sent. Wasn't that a terrible flood.* We didn't believe it much at first because every English paper one takes up has a horror in America in big letters{.} I sent a letter to Caddy from Derby while we waited for the train for Lichfield which came in due season and took us there to find it a quaint old place with some lovely houses. The inn was so comfortable that we had a longing to stay longer, and Tabby and I had a prowl about the town before we slept. Such a beautiful cathedral as it is with its three spires, and all the front is decorated with the saints and martyrs standing up in niches though I couldn't precisely see why Queen Victoria* was set up among them. We happened along for the morning service

[*Page 2*]

and there was excellent singing, & afterwards we got an engaging verger who showed us some queer poke holes, but was so funny about it, for there was a childrens festival on hand, and he said "I want to show you some things but we gather such a tail", so we waited a few minutes and looked another way and then he opened a door and took us into some curious little chapels. It really is a lovely place and we were all glad we stopped there. Back of the cathedral is the Bishops Palace if you please, and the deanery and the vicarage in a solemn row, beautiful old houses every one. We viewed the house where D^{r} Johnson* was born and saw his monument in the market place, and his tablet in the cathedral & there was also one to David Garrick* and good busts of both of them. How near it makes all those people seem to be walking about in the towns where they were raised and seeing the things they used to see. Where else do you suppose our wandering feet led us but to Coventry, and to see the place at

[*Page 3*]

Griff where George Eliot* lived, and then we came back and saw the house where she used to visit the Brays.

We found we had plenty of time to stop off at Coventry, so we got a carriage and drove off through the country roads and finally came to this pretty place, half farm house and half gentlemans place in a queer little village. The house was over grown with ivy, but so pretty and well cared for, & I believe her brother still lives there. I can tell you it made her seem very real to go there. We had a lovely drive for it took two hours to go and come, and then the driver took us round Coventry which is such a delightful place. There are lots of ribbon factories there, and they weave those book marks which used to be so much the fashion, but we couldn't go in any of those places everything being shut up [Saturday *corrected*] afternoon.

[*Page 4*]

We saw Peeping Tom's statue up at the top of a building, and some of the old gates, and it was to remove the tax for entering them that Lady Godiva* rode. The old part is awfully old, but the new part is much like parts of Portland with nice wide streets and so many flowers. We got some strawberries and cakes and had a nice supper, for we didn't get here until too late it being nine o clock when we arrived, and we should have been quite starved before that time. We got such nice rooms here in the big hotel, for we were tired and warm and threw economy to the winds and made ourselves comfortable. This morning we went to church like good people, & you would have laughed to see the row of Bath chairs drawn up beside the church porch, & more were on the high road. Tomorrow we are going to Kenilworth & Warwick, and the next

day to Stratford, and Wed to Rugby & London, Rugby being quite

[*Page 5*]

on our way so we are going to stop off [over *?*] a train and gratify my hearts desire. I wrote Grace* today that I am coming, and hope I shall find her there. Fanny Hale wrote me again about coming soon, and told me of some nice place to stay, and so we have concluded to go directly from London next week, Wed the 9th being the appointed time, I believe, instead of taking in Devon as we at first intended. Mrs. Tyler oft advised the same thing so we can go to Devon on the way back after we have been [to *?*] the Continent. I don't mean to miss it, but Paris is getting more and more crowded, so I think it is best to go now. Susy Ward* is going home or has already gone. Fanny Hale said she thought that Hetta needed her, and had decided to go so I shall not see her. I thought Hetta was pretty tired in the spring for she takes life hard you know, and really had had a good deal to contend with. I keep wondering like the little old woman "if it be I" when I think of being here, and am tempted to step home to the little dog to let him decide. It gave me such a queer feeling when I saw Rugby

[*Page 6*]

on a car yesterday, and to stop at the [Kenilworth and Warwick *?*] stations was too strange to be believed. I laughed so at Caddy's account of Aunt Mary Ann Abbots* ride. I dare say it will do her good, but I wish I had seen her. I did go in Oxford into Queens College [quad *?*], but was told that it was not open to the public so I stepped out again but isn't it queer and dear though? I didn't go into the Ruskin Museum for I was so tired that I knew I shouldn't know what I saw by the time I got there, and mean to go to Oxford again if possible. What a good time we shall have talking things over when I get home. It seems very near now that you answer back about the letters. I wish [Ma *?*] could hear the lovely bells that are ringing now, and I think of her so often when the music is specially lovely in the churches. Miss J. & Tabby are in great spirits and enjoy everything. They send much love to all at home{.} I had to read my letters to them this morning for they haven't had any yet themselves. Tell Annie Barker that her letter was very nice{.} I wrote her one which I hope she received, and to Mrs Rollins too. My love to all at Caddys and Ma & you & Tucker & Hannah & Annie. Poor Gard Spencer.* It is queer how all that lot went{.}

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

It is so nice to hear about the little one and the [price *?*], and you might mention Princess & [Tuky *?*] some day. Love to Rebecca and Mr Walker and all.

Notes

flood: The Johnstown, PA, Flood of 31 May 1889. Wikipedia.

Queen Victoria: Alexandrina Victoria (1819-1901) was Queen of England (1837-1901).

Johnson: British author Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) was born in Lichfield.

English actor and playwright David Garrick (1717-1779) was Johnson's pupil and friend. Wikipedia.

Lady Godiva: Wikipedia says of this 11th-century English noblewoman: "Today, she is mainly remembered for a legend dating back to at least the 13th century, in which she rode naked – covered only by her long hair – through the streets of Coventry to gain a remission of the oppressive taxation that her husband, Leofric, imposed on his tenants. The name 'Peeping Tom' for a voyeur originates from later versions of this legend, in which a man named Thomas watched her ride and was struck blind or dead." The Wikipedia entry on Coventry notes that a bust of Peeping Tom looks "out across Hertford Street shopping precinct, and overlooking Broadgate and the statue of Godiva is a clock where, at every hour, Lady Godiva appears on her horse while being watched by Peeping Tom."

George Eliot: British novelist Mary Anne Evans (George Eliot, 1819-1880) had her childhood home at Griff House near Coventry UK. Her surviving brother was Isaac Evans (1816-1890). One of her closest friends was Caroline Hennell Bray (1814-1905). Wikipedia.

Kenilworth & Warwick ...Stratford ... Rugby: Three of these locations were of interest because tied to famous United Kingdom authors, notably Scottish author Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), Kenilworth, and English writers William Shakespeare (1564-1616), Stratford, and Thomas Arnold (1795-1842), Rugby. Warwick remains a cultural center with multiple points of interest.

Grace: Probably Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden. Key to Correspondents.

Susy Ward ... Hetta: Susan and Hetta Ward were sisters. See Susan and William Hayes Ward in Key to Correspondents.

Aunt Mary Ann Abbots: The Jewetts were acquainted with Mary Abbott Gorham Sawyer, but whether this Aunt Mary is connected with Sawyer is not known.

Gard Spencer: South Berwick resident Gardner G. Spencer died 11 June 1889, at the age of 41.

Leamington July 1st

A poor crazy with joy bobbling sister who has heard a skylark and been to Warwick and done everything this day, and wished over and over again for her whole family. We took ship early in a nice go cart with such a pleasant driver who told us everything by the way, and presently were landed at Warwick at a little cottage by the riverside to see the view. I wonder if you went there? It is a mass of ivy to the chimney tops and such a pretty little garden down to the waters edge, and as soon as I got down there and saw those old cedars, I wanted to do everything but behave myself I was so pleased to see them knowing them from their photographs. You can see the castle and both the bridges and the place is lovely as a dream. I hope you saw it. Oh isn't the avenue from the castle gates to the castle something beyond anything you imagined, all cut out of the solid rock and every yew tree and ivy growing on top and elm, and the same queer light over everything that the yew trees made at

[*Page 2*]

Haddon Hall. You could see all the teeth of the portcullis sticking out when we got to the second gateway, and we were presently in the inner court with every peacock strutting about, and the place looking as if any moment a Knight in armor might ride that way or a fine lady in ruffs might appear at a window. The first hall as you enter is full of armor, and such things, and do you remember the horse and his rider both in armor and the big punch bowl and armor that belonged to some great giant of an ancestor{.} From there we were marched along all too fast through several drawing rooms the walls of which were covered with beautiful old paintings of lords and ladies, and there was beautiful old furniture and bric a brac that you fairly longed for hours of time to examine but we happened on a crowd and they hurried us along. Do you remember the grand state bedroom with Queen Elizabeths bed that reaches up to the moon with crimson [*unrecognized word*] hangings, and the wonderful old tapestry and the satin damask bed cover? Queen Annes* trunk was there with AR on the

[*Page 3*]

cover in brassheaded nails looking as fresh as if they had been there only a year or two. There were beautiful inlaid tables and cabinets and a world of old bric a brac that I mustn't stop to tell about now. Do you remember a dear little picture of Henry the VIII when he was a little boy, and not far off is the great coarse face of him as a man with which we are familiar. I wish I could have stayed an hour at the window in the end looking out at the cedars and the river, but the guide opened a door in the partition that no one would believe was there who did not know about it, and we went down a long corridor covered on each side with every sort of armor. Shirts of mail hung on the walls, and queer weapons of every age and country it seemed to me from the old crossbows to the modern revolver, and there were funny little brass cannon that I thought Theodore would go wild over if he had it for 4th of July.* At the end of the place there

[*Page 4*]

was a great painting of Charles 1st on a big gray horse on which there was such a strong clear light that it seemed almost to make it alive. A queer cast of Cromwells* face was hanging in a glass case, and looked so much like his pictures that one would readily recognize it. We went into the garden to see the great Warwick rose, and then tore ourselves away to go to Kenilworth which was a few miles further on{.} We stopped to lunch at a little hotel where Sir Walter Scott* is said to have written part of Kenilworth and then we went to the castle, which was so beautiful, and we climbed up and looked off into the meadows below the banqueting hall, and it was such a lovely view under the soft English skies. The walls of the strong tower are so enormously thick that one can readily believe [the *corrected*] story that they held out against a six months siege. The great windows in the big banqueting hall were so beautiful and though there was neither floor nor roof to the place we couldn't help

[*Page 5*]

peopling the place again in our imaginations and thinking of all the gay doings that had been in the place. A part of the castle is still lived in but it is a separate building and was one of the last to be built for a gate house. In some way it seems to have escaped the general destruction in Cromwell's time and is leased now so cannot be seen. We came home by Stoneleigh Abbey where we saw a fine old gate tower with its oak gates still hanging on their hinges and an old oak bench just inside that looks as if at some time it had been a rack to hold arms. The house is handsome, and has fine old oak [*deletion*] [panelling *so spelled*] which has grown mahogany color with age, and there are very fine old pictures by the old masters, and a queer little chapel where the family assembles every morning for prayers. There is a good view of the [Avon *?*] from the [windows *?*]

[*Page 6*]

of the drawing rooms, and such queer gardens with elaborate designs in [little *?*] box borders mixed with the flowers. The park is lovely being partly very wild, and full of ferns and laurels and big trees, and the rest is much like any park. We stopped in the road for a look at Guys Cliff where Mrs Siddons* used to live, and it has such a lovely straight path leading from the house to the road between the trees where the wall is cut away. I wonder it is not done oftener, for I should think it would grow a little tiresome to live always behind high walls{.} Close by there is such a picturesque old mill where we

went and got such pretty views both of the house and down the river. As we drove along in the morning

[*Page 7*]

we heard a lark singing away like everything and saw him come down from the sky singing still. I have never heard one before, but I am afraid I shall be disappointed about the nightingale for the old man at the castle said they were done. A big one lived in a bush near the river, but he had stopped singing he said. Funny old women were at Kenilworth gate selling strawberries & we bought three baskets and gorged ourselves with them. I wish you had seen us. Some of them were as big as apples — more or less, but that was no matter. Did you know that Leamington is the very center of England. The driver pointed out an oak tree and said that was the center by exact survey, and queerly enough it stands in the middle of the street. Tomorrow morning we have set for Stratford which will not be such a busy day as this has been, but after our good days

[*Page 8*]

rest yesterday we feel very fresh tonight after all our goings. I feel so discouraged when I try to tell what I have seen for it does not seem in the least to say what I want it to, but it will be a good text for you to tell the rest perhaps. I wondered over and over today how much you saw of what I did, but I remember you beloved the old cedars. Nobody can tell how lovely it is can they? I believe I will never laugh again at anybodys going wild over things this side of the water, for I have done too much of it my self, and I expect you all grin, but I cant help it, we had such a lark all the way going and coming, we being in high spirits, Tabby cracking a joke at Miss Johnsons expense is a splendid sight{.} You would never know that girl as I just remarked to Miss Johnson — My love goes in great abundance to each and all. I hope I shall not wear you all out with my much speaking, but I cant keep still when

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

I have such a good time.

Affly

MRJ

Notes

Queen Elizabeths ... Annes: English queens, Elizabeth I (1533-1603) and Anne (1665-1715). Jewett also mentions Elizabeth's father, King Henry VIII (1491-1547), and King Charles I (1600-1649). Wikipedia.

July: 4 July is the United States Independence Day holiday, typically celebrated with fireworks.

Cromwells: Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658). Wikipedia.

Scott: Scottish author Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) published his novel, *Kenilworth*, in 1821. Wikipedia.

Siddons: Wikipedia says that Welsh actor Sarah Siddons (1755-1831) in her early life served as maid and then companion to Lady Mary Bertie Greatheed at Guy's Cliffe, near Warwick.

Leamington

July 2nd. 89

Dear Sarah:

Before I forget it I will say that I got the check which I forget to tell you yesterday. We have had such a beautiful day that I must speak about it before I forget it, though it will make the letters on this mail crowded!

We went off this morning for a days drive to Stratford, going through Warwick and seeing the castle on the way, and having such a good time every inch of the nine or ten miles. First we drew up at the Shakespeare* house and saw that and the garden, but I didn't care much about it after the first look did you? After that we went to the Red Lion and ordered a lunch and then went to [the *corrected*] church which is undergoing repairs at present. We stayed there for a while and then went out in the church yard and sat down on a bench by the river and listened to the

[*Page 2*]

larks that were singing away like everything in the meadows opposite{.} Isnt it a pretty place. I thought of you rowing Mrs Fields along the Avon and then stepping in to the afternoon service which must have been such a lovely thing to do. The organ is all pulled to pieces now and they are putting it up in another place apparently. Then we went to Ann Hathaway's cottage which was to me the most interesting of all, and the old woman showed us the queer little chambers and the old bedstead which according to the tale was old when Ann Hathaway was alive. She was sitting in a chair in the chimney corner, and insisted upon our sitting down and looking up to see the daylight up the chimney. I asked her if she remembered your going there one Sunday, when she was at dinner, and she couldn't quite but seemed quite sorry! That was the

[*Page 3*]

place where the banquet of bread and lettuce was going on wasn't it?

After we had parted in the most friendly fashion she followed us out and gave each of us a sprig of rosemary and a sweet pea, and we drove off to get our luncheon which was such a nice one at the Red Lion in the living room. Later we spent a season in the photograph shops, and started for home. Oh if you could see the road by which we came for in

places the big wheat fields were all on fire with poppies, there being acres of them literally. All the way there were such beautiful trees in rows, great elms and oaks, and one or two fine parks, one being full of deer. They were all lying down in one place and we saw the horns sticking up looking like bushes before we could see what they really were. I think it was the most beautiful road we

[*Page 4*]

have driven over yet, for there were such beautiful trees and green fields and queer little villages every little while. I couldn't find any Scotchman pens here or any of the other kinds except the Pickwick, some of which I will send. The man said that the other two kinds were of the same sort, and if you liked one make you would another. So you can report on these and I will send more of them or of the Scotchman when I get to London. Tomorrow morning we leave here at 10, and go to Rugby which only takes about half an hour, & then take the afternoon train to London reaching there at 3. You know it all seems like being in a dream to think of doing these things. Just think of my really doing them when I have thought about it all these years. I will not begin another sheet for I want to put in the pens. So I will only ask

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

you to give my special love to Ma & Caddy & all the family. I hope you will have a pretty time the 4th of July.* I wonder if the [walk *?*] will come over to sleep this year. Affly

MR.J.

Notes

Shakespeare: British playwright, William Shakespeare (1564-1616), whose wife was Ann Hathaway. Wikipedia.

Scotchman ... Pickwick: Flying Scotsman and Pickwick were brands of fountain pen.

July: 4 July is the United States Independence Day holiday.

London Thursday

[*4 July 1889*]*

Dear Sarah;

Only think of my seeing [*obscured name, probably* Grace]* and she looked much as she used only of course a little older and [grayer *?*] possibly. She expected me to think her changed a good deal but I was glad to be able to say she wasn't{,} certainly not with her bonnet on. I had a very pleasant half hour with her, and Freddy kindly kept out of the way and let us talk but I don't think I belove him any more than I did{.} Grace evidently manages him a good deal, for he seemed to be all of a tremble to be getting off. Grace was very pleasant and nice and hopes to go down and see you before she goes away. The book is to be published by subscription at last I believe, and if the cash comes in well they are coming back very soon to see it through the press. Otherwise they have no special plans that I could find out. A friend of theirs came to see them off and when he heard my name he said, why that name is very familiar to me, for I have read charming books by a lady of the name of Jewett! He is a funny little Englishman by the name of Litton & boasts loud and long of his friendship for Longfellow* and

[*Page 2*]

other well known Americans. He made friendly offers to do things for me, and hearing me tell Grace that we were going to see the Queen this afternoon as she goes to a reception at the Princess of Wales, he offered to take us to a good place to see it well, and so we are going out to meet him presently. He came home to the door with me chattering all the way like a magpie, and I expect will prove very tiresome if we are not careful, but Grace said he was very nice but [curus *so spelled*]. — Evening. I wish to take back what I said of our little man for Abba and I went down to Pall Mall and met him, & went to a little bookstore directly opposite the entrance to Marlborough House, and he got a chair and mounted Tabby & me up in it and there we stood for two mortal hours and watched royalty go by. I can't give you any idea how beautiful it was, for it was a succession of fine horses and carriages and coachmen in wigs and livery, and footmen with powdered hair and scarlet plush breeches, and black velvet, and some with gold lace garters and white stockings and in short they had coats of every color from white to black and the horses were the most beautiful creatures I ever saw in all my life.

[*Page 3*]

There was every kind of a carriage too, and then every kind of a person riding in it. Some of the men and women were so handsome and ever so many got out and walked in at the gates, only a chosen few of the carriages being allowed to enter, and nearly all the ladies walked out, the entertainment being a garden party. Presently there was a great looking and stirring in the crowd and then ever so many soldiers came riding along on black horses with great sheepskin blankets to their saddles and lots of white belts, and caps with white plumes headed by a man in the Queens scarlet livery, and then four horses with two postillions and no driver but two Highlanders sitting up with all their finery in a rumble behind and in the ^carriage^ was the Queen and two ladies with her. We got a first rate look at her for they had to pull up a little just opposite us to make the turn into the gates. The Queen is a big woman with grey hair but she is

rather better looking than* I thought she was, and she smiled most cheerfully on the crowd as they welcomed her. It really was such a sight to see the big carriage

[*Page 4*]

and its escort before & behind it, and then several more of the royal carriages with people in them. After a little while there was another great going in the mulberry trees, and another escort appeared and another big carriage with four horses and postillions, and the Shah* sitting up and gocart after gocart of his suite and another lot of soldiers behind them{.} Then there was a lull for a few minutes and a great noise as Gladstone* and his wife drove along. I was so glad to see him and beside that there were ever so many people whom I had seen caricatures of in the papers, and I saw [Lossing *?*] sailing along some, and we saw the Duke of Portland and his pretty new wife and Lord Salisbury, and lots more. There was such a crowd outside that we had to stay until everything was over, and then we saw all the great doings all over again, and they all went off to drive in Hyde Park where I wanted to follow them but it was so late, and we were half an hour late to dinner as it was. Wasn't that an experience for one afternoon{?} Friday p.m. This morning we went down town and tried to do some shopping but

[*Page 5*]

didn't have any special luck. Tabby got a waterproof and I got a hat for mine was all faded out by wind and weather. We also went round to Barings and I got two letters from you and one from Caddy{,} & one from Auntie. Then we came home and I made a dive into my reserve of good clothes & arrayed myself and started for the Bennochs* with Mrs Fields note. It is quite a distance from here [but *corrected*] I didn't mind it for I had a cab with a clipping horse. I found Mrs B at home and such a cordial welcome as she gave me, and then Mr. B. came and isnt he nice{.} In fact they both [are *corrected*] only she is so deaf that it is hard to make her understand even with the trumpet for she forgets and sets it down! Mrs B. said she had been sick but she was nicely again, and they both sent love and said such pretty things of you, and I had a very pleasant call and tried to behave pretty so as not to do discredit to you and Mrs. Fields, to whom they also sent love and kind messages{.} They made all manner of kind offers, but fortunately our time will be all taken up, for I didn't want them to think I went only to get something from them, but sister is asked to come again in the fall if you please — They

[*Page 6*]

said that Jessie* has been very sick and was up in Edinburgh under the doctors hands now{.} I understood them, but they had lately seen her cousin and she was reported as better and hoping to go to Germany in the fall — I believe that was all the news I gathered by the way, but I thought you would be glad to hear that I had a good time, but what a brisk young man Mr Bennoch is for one who is 77 years old as his wife said he was{.} We laughed so over your account of the v'yge to York and not knowing why you didn't like Hannah Brown.* Cora was making the most of her fleeting chances wasn't she? I condole with you about the worms, but your trials in that line must be bravely over by this time and the jelly made. I wonder if you are going to Mouse Island with Alice.* I hope so for you will have a good time I am sure. Don't pay that tax bill until winter for they always bring them round that way, and we never do anything about it. Caddy says that Helen Walker is sick and I don't believe but what there is some trouble with that house, for they have

[*Page 7*]

had so many things that seemed like the effects of bad drainage since they came to live there{.} Dear me Im so sorry for them, but that does not seem to be much use when I am too far off to do them any good. I had a pleasant letter from Auntie which I will answer soon, but just now time is the scarcest thing I have, and I am afraid I shall not find much time for any but home letters after this{.} Tabby is well and having a good time and so is Miss Johnson, & they both send love. Tomorrow we find that we can see the Parliament houses, and we also want to see the Grosvenor Gallery and anything else that comes in our way. And Monday we want to go to Westminster Abbey again, for I did not half see it along of going to see Grace. I had a letter from her from Southampton just before she sailed giving me some addresses &c. You needn't name anything about the Catalonia being "buggy' for I never saw a sign of one, and wondered I didn't. Auntie wrote me that Cousin Maria* had a bad fall, and was in bed with a nurse and Will had given up his ship for the summer since he was sick, & was on some yacht. Perhaps you know it all

[*Page 8*]

before though. What a streak of ill luck they have had in that house havent they? Don't you want me to bring you some more silk flannels or does Caddy want any more or Ma. Be sure and tell me if there is any thing you need, because I don't in the least mind shopping if I only know what to get. I did ride the donkey as doubtless you have heard before now, but it may be a satisfaction to your mind to be told it again. I asked today at Barings where Ed Mch* was, & they said in Scotland so Mary really started at last. We went "into the city" this morning by the underground road, and "I tell you I dont love it", it is so hot and stuffy but you do get there so quiet that it is a comfort. Did you ever try it? It has been very warm today, and I hate the air of London

for it seems to lack spirit, but make me think of Philadelphia. Have you ever heard anything about Sadie Howell* being sick except what I told you? I should like to accept your invitation and come home to spend a day, for it seems so far off when I begin to think how long it will be before you can get the reading of this. Two months today since I sailed, and the time has surely gone very much faster than I supposed it would.

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

Im pleased to hear about the hay crop, and indeed about everything that you will please to mention. Tell Rosy and Annie that if they dont have a good supper the night I come they'll catch it. So they better be thinking up the matter. Ask Tucky to dress up Ticky and come and take [one out in the park *?*] tomorrow{.} My best love to Ma & Caddy and all and I hope you had a good Fourth of July.

Affly MRJ

Notes

4 July 1889: Jewett's letter of 2 July was from Leamington, and her letter from 9 July was from Canterbury, and there she mentions her recent visit with the Bennochs. In the 2 July letter, she announced the party would go next to London. Almost certainly then, this letter was composed on Thursday 4 July 1889, Independence Day in the United States.

Grace: The identity of this "Grace" remains a mystery. Jewett correspondent Grace King spent time in Europe and had a brother named Frederic, but he seems unlikely to have been a problem. Further in 1889, King may not yet have met the Jewett family, much less been on a first-name basis. Jewett correspondents Grace Norton and Grace Gordon Walden would seem more likely possibilities, but neither is known to have been connected with a problematic Fred.

Graced Norton published on French art and literature, but WorldCat lists her earliest book appearing in 1904.

Litton: This is not certain, but American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1897-1882) reported in 1864 meeting at dinner "young Lytton," British politician and poet, Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton (1831-1891). Wikipedia and Samuel Longfellow, *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* v. 3, p. 39..

than: Jewett appears to have written "when" and then written "than" over it.

Shah: Naser al-Din Shah Qajar (1831-1896) was the first Shah of Iran to visit Europe. His last visit was in 1889.

The reference to mulberry trees suggests that at the time of Jewett's visit, mulberry trees were to be seen in the Marlborough House grounds. King James I of England had arranged in the 17th century for mulberry trees to be planted in royal gardens in London in the hope of bringing silk worms and developing a local silk industry.

Gladstone ... Lossing ... Portland ... Salisbury: The transcription of "Lossing" is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified. The others named were:

British liberal politician William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898);

William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish-Bentinck, 6th Duke of Portland, (1857-1943), who married Winifred Anna Dallas-Yorke on 11 June 1889;

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil, 3rd Marquess of Salisbury (1830-1903).

Bennochs: Francis Bennoch (1812-1890) was head of a wholesale silk business, a member of parliament, and a patron of authors and literature, a mutual friend of the family of American author Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) and of James T. and Annie Adams Fields. See also *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, Volume 33 (1887), p. 897.

Hannah Brown ... Cora: Brown has not yet been identified. Cora probably is Cora Lee Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Alice: Alice Longfellow. Key to Correspondents.

Ed Mch: Jewett relative Edward Orne McHenry (1855-1910).

Sadie Howell: Sarah (Sadie) Jane McHenry Howell. Key to Correspondents.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Sunday afternoon

[*7 July 1889*]*

My dearest Fuff.

I just wondered if Alice* were there now an{d} if she came this morning on her way from church. It [must *corrected*] be a lovely day on the hill* I am so glad, and I hope that you have had a dear time with your Mrs. Spofford and Mrs. Hopkins.* How delightful and interesting they must be — It is the place to see everybody at her best — I think — not a bit of fretting, and — well Fuff knows how I love Manchester but when I think that my darling

[*Page 2*]

gets tired of making it what it is to these people I dont feel so glad about it. I have been writing to Marigold* to tell her how sorry I was not to see her anymore but I did indeed think much [about *corrected*] having another night and perhaps two at Manchester until I found Mother so poorly. I am not going to start before Wednesday as I told you and I hope that Mother will be pretty well then. She has

had that miserable white look that always makes me anxious but it is gone and she seems like her well self today only poorly still. I dont mean to

[*Page 3*]

stay many days at Mouse Island{.} I would rather be here again and then get to Manchester the sooner. I must get after the Bit of Color work* if I mean to do it this summer. Sometimes I [think *corrected*] that I will let it go for what it is worth — but I was heartened up [*deleted letters*] in Gardiner by finding that the young Richards girls* liked it so much — Carrie is coming in to tea so I must stop writing and dress myself. Oh I was so sorry about Marigolds not going to the wedding.* It must have been very hard for you to go off without her{.} I love to hear about it and the beautiful

[*Page 4*]

girl. I am so glad that you have seen Katharine again, dear old Katharine! She is to my mind the best of the flowers of Florida!* Do tell a nice Pinny* a few things about the oak tree and the cedar tree ^(all covered with flowers)^ as soon as you go that way —

Yours always

P. L.

I send you one of three [pens *?*] which Mary* sent me, with green little turned up toes. & I think perfectly delightful moral characters! This note* should have gone back to you before

[33 *circled in another hand, bottom left corner of page 4*]

Notes

1889: Fields wrote to John Greenleaf Whittier on Monday 8 July 1889 that Mrs. Spofford and Mrs. Hopkins ended their stay in Manchester on that day. Probably, then, this letter was written on the Sunday of their visit.

Alice: Probably Alice Greenwood (Mrs. George Dudley) Howe. Key to Correspondents.

the hill: The Fields's summer home, Gambrel Cottage, in Manchester-by-the-Sea stood on Thunderbolt Hill.

Mrs. Spofford and Mrs. Hopkins: Harriet Elizabeth Prescott Spofford. See Key to Correspondents.

Louisa Parsons Hopkins (1834-1895) as an American educator and poet. An advocate for progressive education, she wrote several books on this subject. Wikipedia.

Marigold: Mary Greenwood Lodge. See Key to Correspondents.

Mouse Island: A small resort island east of Southport and south of Boothbay, ME. See below, a letter to Fields from Mouse Island.

the Bit of Color work: Jewett's "A Bit of Color" appeared in a three part serial in *St. Nicholas*, April, May, and June, 1889. In 1890, Jewett published a novel for younger readers, *Betty Leicester*, developed out of this material.

Gardiner ... the young Richards girls: These are the daughters of Laura Elizabeth Howe Richards of Gardiner, ME. See Key to Correspondents.

the wedding: In July 1889, Sarah Wyman Whitman wrote to Jewett about the wedding plans of her protégée, Minna Elisa Timmins (1861-1897) to the author, John Jay Chapman (1862-1933). Timmins was the adopted child of Martin Brimmer (1829-1926), first director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The wedding took place on 2 July 1889.

See Report of the secretary by Harvard University. Class of 1884 (1899), p. 31. Whether this is, indeed, the wedding to which Jewett refers is likely, but not certain.

Katharine ... the best of the flowers of Florida: Almost certainly, Jewett refers to Katharine Loring, the older sister of Louisa Loring. See Key to Correspondents. She and Fields met the Loring family while traveling in the South for Fields's health in the spring of 1888.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

This note: Fields and Jewett frequently send each other letters they have received from other correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 40 letters to Annie (Adams) Fields (no date). Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (117).

Canterbury July 9th

Rose Inn.

Dear Sarah:

I have been struggling to remember whether you came here or not, and I can't think, but I hope you did for it is so beautiful that I can't bear to think that you didn't see it.

We came away from London this morn and I can't say that any of us were very sorry. Somehow London is so big and endless that it made me feel oppressed very much as it did when I knew I was in mid ocean, and I found that it seemed the same to the other two, and to my surprise Mr Lewis said the same without our saying anything to him about it. We had a good time there and saw a great deal in the short time we stayed but I never should get fond of it, and we were all glad to be free from the smoke and be out in the blessed country again. It is such a pretty country isn't it, and

[*Page 2*]

just now it must be at its best, for the needed rain came last night and everything was so green and lovely{.} We came down through the hop fields of Kent and they were so pretty as never was, and there were plenty of poppies all the way, and the green fields and trees were that beautiful that it kept us exclaiming all the time.

We had a good look at the Crystal Palace* as we went through Sydenham and I thought of the time you told us about going out in that region to dine and seeing all the fireworks in the evening. I believe the first thing I read after I get home will be your letters to see what you really saw that I did. I only wish I had done it before I came. We got here at 12.30 and when we lighted down from our coach we met the Great Falls parson and wife & the Goodwin girl* who stopped as we did for a night on their way to Paris{.} We went immediately after [lunch *corrected*]

[*Page 3*]

to see the cathedral of course, and it fully justifies all that I have ever heard about it from anybody. We were shown about by the verger and then were allowed to wander by ourselves, and found a gardener who for a consideration let us into ever so many more places, for which I hope he will not lose his head! Do you remember how the steps are worn by the pilgrims feet? The other flight they had to go up on their knees is not worn so much, as the one they were allowed to walk down. The Black Prince's tomb* interested me so much, with his armor that he wore at Cressy hanging over it, from an oak beam that was black with age. His helmet and scabbard and gloves and the gold embroidered coat that he wore over his coat of mail. Dear me I want to go back and see it all over and mean to do a good deal of it tomorrow{.}

[*Page 4*]

There was the place where [*deletion ?*] Becket* was killed and the ^where^ {a} spot of blood on the pavement was carefully cut out and sent to Rome. There was such a beautiful new tomb to Archbishop Tait,* and right above it in the wall were three funny little 'squints' where the Prior used to look through and see if the monks were doing as they ought. There are not as many tablets and monuments there as in some cathedrals, but perhaps it is because there is so much more space to be covered, only Westminster is so brim full and running over that this place looks empty by contrast. Down in the crypt there is lovely work and in one part of it the French refugees used to have their looms and various works going on, and there is still a French service held in a part that has been fitted up as a chapel. We saw a door where Oliver Cromwell* rode

[*Page 5*]

in at the head of his soldiers to take the place. The gardener showed us that, and it surprises me more & more to see the interest that people like him take in such places. He really told us a great deal about it all, and showed us some places that the verger had not time as the service began. The music was beautiful as we heard it from outside, but we were too full of the spirit of [poking *?*] round, to come into the choir and hear it decently, but mean to go tomorrow morning again. We found such a lovely old staircase outside that has arches all up the steps like the one in Trinity Chapel, and it seems as if Richardson* must have got his idea from it. Just outside in the gardens, & close by some lovely arched ruins the linden trees were heavy with sweetness being in full bloom

[*Page 6*]

and the bees were humming away like everything in the tree tops. We stayed forever looking and looking but finally had to go away, and just as we came out into the close the service was just over, and we saw the canons and dean in their robes stepping across the green. Didn't you always want to live in a cathedral town for I did. We took a go cart and went out of the town a little to see St Martins church which is said to be the oldest church in England for Queen Bertha got St Augustine to preach there, and they show an old font where King Ethelbert was said to have been baptized, and they show you Queen Bertha's tomb with great gravity. I hope it is real, but I doesn't matter so very much after all. There is such a pretty church yard with a lychgate, and up near the church Dean

[*Page 7*]

Alford is buried under a big yew tree and on his tombstone such a pretty Latin epitaph which means "the inn of a traveller going to Jerusalem{.}"

It really is such [a *corrected*] pretty place on a hillside with a lovely view of the town and the cathedral towers below and behind the hill rises higher and a big old fashioned windmill was turning round lazily in the bright sunshine, and the little old church seemed to have such a pretty setting in the trees & grass. Then we went to see the big west gate and through it we could imagine the Pilgrims coming. There is such a striking picture of Canterbury Pilgrims in the Duke of Westminsters house in Chester, where it is used as a frieze and goes round three sides of one of the large rooms the figures being about half life size, or perhaps

[*Page 8*]

three quarters. I have had such a delightful day and feel full to babbling, as perhaps you have already discovered. Do tell me next letter if you ever have been here{.} In one way I hope not, for you will be so bored with what I have been telling if you have. It is pouring outside now and we are so thankful that we did so much this afternoon, for now we can

see all the rest within doors tomorrow. I have only room to tell you that we are going on to Paris tomorrow at Noon and hope to reach there safely late in the evening{.} Won't it be funny to leave the English language behind. I'm going to practice my French on everybody I can and see what I can make of it, that is if my courage fails not. Please do not forget to tell Mrs F what a pleasant call I had on the Bennochs,* for I am afraid I shall not have time just now for a special letter. My best love goes with this for Ma & Caddy and all, and if I do not always send special messages you must be sure that I send it

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

in my heart for I surely think of you all often enough{.} I hope to find letters at Paris for mine didnt come last night & so were sent on{.}

Affly

MR. J.

Notes

Crystal Palace: Wikipedia says "The Crystal Palace was a cast iron and plate glass structure, originally built in Hyde Park, London, to house the Great Exhibition of 1851.... After the exhibition, the Palace was relocated to an open area of South London known as Penge Place which had been excised from Penge Common. It was rebuilt at the top of Penge Peak next to Sydenham Hill, an affluent suburb of large villas."

Great Falls parson and wife & the Goodwin girl: The parson and his wife have not yet been identified, though it appears in Jewetts 11 July letter, that their name was Dalton. In the 11 July letter, Jewett says that the Goodwin girl is a granddaughter of South Berwick neighbor, Alpheus Goodwin (1803-1875).

Before 1893, the New Hampshire town of Somersworth, about 7 miles from South Berwick, ME, was known as Great Falls.

Black Prince's tomb: British military hero, Edward of Woodstock (1330-1376) was Prince of Wales and heir to the throne of England when he died. His tomb is in Canterbury Cathedral. Wikipedia.

Becket: Archbishop of Canterbury Thomas à Becket (c. 1120-1170) was murdered in the cathedral after years of dispute with Henry II, King of England, over "the rights and privileges of the church." Wikipedia.

Archbishop Tait: Archbishop of Canterbury Archibald Campbell Tait (1811-1882) is entombed in Canterbury Cathedral.

Oliver Cromwell: British politician and soldier, Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658). Wikipedia.

Richardson: American architect Henry Hobson Richardson (1838-1886) designed Trinity Church (Episcopal) in Boston.

St Martins ... Queen Bertha ... St Augustine ... King Ethelbert ... Dean Alford: Wikipedia says: "The Church of St Martin is an ancient Church of England parish church in Canterbury, England, situated slightly beyond the city centre. It is recognised as the oldest church building in Britain still in use as a church, and the oldest existing parish church in the English-speaking world, although Roman and Celtic churches had existed for centuries."

It was the private chapel of Queen Bertha of Kent (d. after 601). King Ethelbert was her husband. Augustine of Canterbury (d. c. 604) brought a mission to Canterbury and converted the king. He established the monastery and was named the first Archbishop of Canterbury.

Buried in the churchyard is British author and theologian, Henry Alford (1810-1871).

Bennochs: Francis Bennoch (1812-1890). See notes for Jewett's letter of 4 July.

Paris July 11th 89

Thursday —

Dear Sarah:

Now they are in Paris, and have eaten their first breakfast chez Mlle [Auravon *?*], and we have all planted ourselves to wait with our pens in hand for Fanny Hale to come. I found such a kind note from her waiting for me, and a most beautiful bunch of roses as a welcome. Wasn't she kind and dear{.} She said she had been out in the country with Susy Ward,* and wasnt it provoking that I saw the very hotel where they were staying as I came through [Longhoé *?*]*, a suburb of Amiens. I find that instead of being in Avenue [d'Ilena *?*] we are at a sisters of Mlle [Auravon *?*], just two beds for Abba & me and another with one bed for Miss Johnson with a door between. Aren't the big French windows beautiful? To go back to the very beginning of the day yesterday [we *corrected*] went first to have another look at the cathedral and heard the boys sing like little angels and then we wandered off about the town until it was time to go to the station

[*Page 2*]

Oh, I hope you have seen Canterbury so we can be speaking about it later. We left about half past twelve for Dover and went directly on the boat which was very full of course but not crowded, and we found the Daltons* from Gt Falls there and came the rest of the way to Paris with them, and found them pleasant people. The Goodwin girl was with them, and if she goes to see you some day you will know who she is being grand daughter to 'Miss Alpheus'. She is a friendly little thing and I

asked her to tell you that I was well, seeing it would be a pleasure. A big shower came up as we crossed the Channel and before we could casually go below we got our shawls quite wet, but it came out hot and windy and we dried ourselves in the sun & got no harm. It was as smooth as a mill pond and we crossed without damage to our stomachs, and really had a good time. At Calais there was a fresh scramble for places, and I made early use of my small stock of French to have a handsome fight with a porter who was filling up our carriage with men kind and leaving some of our own party out, and was pleased

[*Page 3*]

to find myself understood. The way here seemed endless though we had a good time by the way, and we were glad to be set down at the custom house even by way of escape from the cars. We got through with only a little delay, and came here to find a nice dinner of soup{,} chicken stewed in some mysterious way{,} asparagus, roast beef with salad and ^melons^ and fancy cakes, but what was better than all some ice for our wine & water, and we fell to work courageously nine o clock at night though it was, and laid aside a square meal for we had had nothing since breakfast except some poor sandwiches and strawberries. I really was feeling very tired of the awful solidity of English cooking, and appreciated what somebody meant who told me that she had to come to France to get something to eat! We have always had enough to eat and it was well cooked, but in the smaller towns you have to ring the changes on so few things that you get very tired of them. I was so interested as we came across the country and I kept seeing one thing

[*Page 4*]

after another about which I had read and how pretty it all is most of the way. The wheat fields are ripening fast, and to my delight I could see so many poppies in the ripened grain and there are the trees and churches and houses and all the women in white caps working in the fields, and the road side crosses, and everything so different from England, that it is hard to believe that only twenty miles of water separate the two lands. We saw the famous Eiffel tower* as we came into the city, and it looked like a great crown in the sky for you couldn't see the framework much but the electric lights were all round the top. We are not far from the Exhibition being near the Arc de Triomphe, and in such a nice neighborhood I should think here our street like this [*drawing**] & Fanny Hales is like the upper part, and I shouldn't think we were more than a third of a mile apart though we may be. What a beautiful solemn thing that great arch is to see it at first

[*Page 5*]

as we did in the twilight with it standing out against the sky. I found that we have come on the eve of the great holiday* of the summer which is to be on Sunday and as we came up from the station we passed dozens of places where they were putting up tents & merry go rounds &c wherever there was room to set one down. I could wish that we had chosen another time, but still it will be interesting to see a fête day I suppose especially as it happens on a Sunday when we might not be doing much otherwise! I found a letter from you & Taddy to welcome me and had such a good time reading them{.} Im sorry for Mr Rix, but I am sure that he is not the right man for the place. He evidently failed in Cin* too, but what boy or girl could be expected to stand such an endless nagging as they get from him? It will be hard for them to pull up stakes and settle again and I'm heartily sorry for them, but — only think of Frances.* I keep thinking of it, and wondering what they will do without her. Tabby says at present that

[*Page 6*]

they have [piously *?*] resolved to never leave Exeter, but wait until Mrs Dudleys prospects will be better and see then. I'm sorry for Uncle Will & Auntie, but Tabby says they seem delighted with it. Uncle will may have inherited Grandpas pride in having his family marry off in proper season and not stay on the shelves like goods out of season! Im so glad you had such a good time in Nahant, & I want to see the present from Mr. Shaw.* Dear me how much we shall have to see and talk over after our Summer has ended. Where is little Mary Gilman going, if not to Rye! Somewhere with the Perrys I suppose. Poor thing I am afraid her life is pretty much spoiled, but I don't know that we ought to be much surprised. Poverty is such a hard master sometimes, but it does make people rise up and walk sometimes when riches made invalids of them. I think John Jewett will feel for that babys death a good deal, for Carrie V.* told me that it was a beautiful child & that they were so proud of it. After F. Hale has

[*Page 7*]

been here { — } we are all going abroad to view the town and the shops a little. How funny it is to see all the little tables set on the sidewalk and the people eating and drinking as if they were in their own houses{.} I do not know when I have been so entertained as I was on our drive up from the station last night. It seemed to me that it took half an hour to come and we were gazing out all the way. Luckily for us M^{lle} Auravon speaks English remarkably well, and seems so kind and hospitable that we felt at home at once. Our rooms are only one flight up from the street which is very nice, and we are so well satisfied so far, and already love Paris better than London. Perhaps when we get back there we shall like it better, for it was hot and

stuffy and like a dog day and a most uninteresting crowd at the house where we were. Later. Just after I stopped writing this morning Fanny Hale appeared, so pleased and glad to see me, and after [*deletion*] making a pretty call she took [me *?*] home to breakfast with her. [I did *?*]

[*Page 8*]

have such a good time. She has such a pretty house at the corner which give lots of light, and she keeps house so pleasantly that I felt at home in a moment. We had a pretty little breakfast and every particular over it, and afterward I was asked up in the studio which takes nearly all the upper story and is crowded with interesting things that they have collected in their travels and Mr. Weeks* sketches and some large pictures on which he is at work. I wanted to stay hours but of course I couldn't, but I must see it all again soon. They have a couple of funny little dogs very like those that Mr Hale has, and it all seems so homelike and pleasant that I forgot that I was a 'stranger and a foreigner', and we raked up everybody we could think of for both Mr. Weeks & Fanny remembered everybody they ever had heard of.

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

I must say to be continued and sign & send this for it is late, but I send my love to everybody just the same as if I had more time{.}

Affly

MR. J.

Notes

Auravon: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified. I have not noted as uncertain Jewett's repetitions of this name.

Susy Ward: See Susan and William Hayes Ward in Key to Correspondents.

Longhoé: This seems fairly clearly what Jewett wrote. Perhaps she recorded what she heard for the Amiens suburb, Longueau.

Daltons: The Daltons have not yet been identified, though in her 9 July letter, Jewett indicates that Dalton was a pastor in Great Falls, NH, a town near South Berwick, ME, which since 1893 has been called Somersworth.

Here Jewett says that the Goodwin girl is a granddaughter of South Berwick neighbor, Alpheus Goodwin (1803-1875). There are mysteries in Jewett's reference. Alpheus was male, but she clearly says, in quotation marks, "Miss Alpheus." Perhaps she refers to his wife, Elizabeth Goodwin (1810-1888). Their only granddaughter named Goodwin at Find a Grave was Grace Amanda Goodwin Hooper (1878-1940), who would have turned 11 years old in 1889.

Eiffel tower: For the 1889 Paris Exposition, Gustave Eiffel (1832-1923) designed and oversaw the construction the Eiffel Tower. Wikipedia.

drawing: Jewett includes a small drawing within her line, with a circle labeled "Arc," with a line angling slightly upward from left to right. The left segment before the circle has a jog in it, and the right seems to have a couple dots below its right end.

The street Jewett expected to be on, Rue D'Ilena, indeed, connects to the Arc de Triomphe.

holiday: Bastille Day falls on 14 July.

Rix ... Cin: "Cin" may be an abbreviation for Cincinncati, where several members of the Jewett family resided. According to *Berwick Today* (Summer 2016), William S. Rix was head of the Berwick Academy in the 1888 academic year. Though this is not certain, it seems likely that he was William Stone Rix (1845-1929), who was living in Cincinnati, OH, when his son William was born in 1880. His wife was Sarah Taylor (1855-1919). In 1889, they had three young children, and a fourth was born in 1890. Find a Grave.

Frances ... Mrs Dudley: Probably this is Frances Perry Dudley, who married in 1890. Her mother-in-law was Josephine Lamson Dudley (1837-1917).

Mr. Shaw ... little Mary Gilman: Which Mr. Shaw Jewett refers to has not yet been determined. Little Mary Gilman probably was Mary G. Gilman, daughter of Alice Dunlap Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

John Jewett ... babys death ... Carrie V.: Probably Jewett refers to her cousin, John Woodman Jewett (1853-1892). He and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Yeaton (1851-1826) lost an infant son, Elisha, in 1888.

Carrie V. probably was Carrie (Mrs. Charles) Varney (d. 1910) of South Berwick. See Pirsig, *The Placenames of South Berwick*, p. 22.

Weeks: American artist Edwin Lord Weeks (1849-1903). Wikipedia, "Edwin Lord Weeks papers" at Smithsonian Archives of American Art, and edwinlordweeks.org.

Paris Thurs

July 11th

Dear Sarah:

I've just finished one letter to you but before I sleep I must tell you that we went to the Exposition* this afternoon with Fanny Hale and had such a good time. We went in at a grand entrance called the Trocadero and it just fronted the great Eiffel tower { — } we could see the elevators going up and coming down continually and the top seems way up in the clouds. I wouldn't go even up to the first landing where the great arches join for

anything and the rest of the way is more than twice as far I should think. The people are going in in crowds all day long and I suppose there is another stream just as

[*Page 2*]

big at each of the entrances, as at the one where we were. There is a sort of pond into which several [fountains *corrected*] are playing all the time and the water is allowed to run down over several high stone steps into another basin where there are more fountains so it is very pretty & the noise of the water is so refreshing, all the way from the gate to the tower{.} You walk alongside the pavilions of exhibits, and on the other side is a grand display of roses and such cockscombs as you never saw and other flowers, and then at the foot of the incline you come to the tower and on the back sides and below there is a wilderness of buildings great and small

[*Page 3*]

but all gay and bright with color and banners. We only went into the building where the paintings and sculpture were, and were there all the afternoon and yet didn't begin to see half the things in part of the rooms. It was the most tantalizing place one could imagine with so much to see on every side, and a feeling that you couldn't begin to see anything. There was such a beautiful little picture of Alma Fadema's* there, and it stays by me so, a little bit of a marble terrace wall and a pretty young girl sitting there with a branch of pink flowers over the top of the wall, & the loveliest blue sky. It doesn't sound like much to be sure when I tell of it, but it was like a gem among the great paintings close by, the whole thing being little larger than this sheet of paper opened. You would have been proud and pleased to see the American things

[*Page 4*]

for they seemed to mean so much more as a whole than most of the other collections, and I was a good deal interested in the Norwegian collection for it seemed to promise a good deal for the years to come. It was so nice to be with Fanny for we didn't need to hunt for the best things but she knew them so well that we had only to follow her. Wasn't it good in her to go with us{.} Mr Weeks* has several things there, and they are so interesting. They are all scenes in India of course, and I wish you could see them for yourself{.} "Elizabeth Gardner' has two pictures there, but they werent the kind I care for. One was a girl feeding chickens which I liked best, and another had two little girls one of whom was supposed to have been just rescued from the water in token of which she had two yellow cow lilies beside her, but we concluded that her petticoat looked too dry for her to have had a very

[*Page 5*]

bad soaking! Somehow the things she paints are like careful copies of things with all the spirit left out to me.

There were huge pictures of the Spanish School, one being a life size of a visit of a lot of medical students to a hospital ward, and it was wonderfully real even the poor little patient whom the head doctor was examining. There were great broad sides of battle scenes and pretty murders and any other horror that you could name, and of course some very different subjects, but the horrors seemed to be uppermost in that lot. There was a horrible picture of a man, about which Fanny told me such a pitiful story for she said that the man who painted it nearly starved, and had to live in his studio with his sick wife up endless stairs, but that lately he had gone to Florence where living was less expensive and was doing better again. It is useless to try to tell anything of the beauty of some of the pictures, for words won't do it any more than you can tell anybody how beautiful it is over here

[*Page 6*]

and make them really understand it{.} Tomorrow we are going early to the Bon Marche{.} Fanny told me that it was almost useless to try to get any clothes over here for the shops and dress makers were in despair, as the [workwomen *so written*] had mostly gone into the exhibition service in some capacity & things were sent home all wrong, and people delayed constantly{.} I am going to see what I can do, and then I can see what the best thing is for I know I can get attended to in London. I wish Thider could have seen the big balloon that is fastened over the exhibition and goes up and down, and there is one over the Hippodrome too only I think that has nobody in it. It is perfectly hopeless to think of seeing the exhibition but we shall go once or twice more I think and then pick out some nice part of it and let the rest go, for we should use ourselves up for all summer if we attempted to do the thing as it ought to be done.

We keep running [to *corrected*] the window to see

[*Page 7*]

funny things go by. Abba called me a while ago to see a flock of goats driven by with a boy along who talked to them very much in the fashion of Heidi.*

Ma would laugh so to see the black [poodles *?*] all trimmed up wouldn't she? I saw a little one going by this morning who evidently hadn't been trimmed many times{,} he was so little Sarah. All the town is agog with preparations for Sunday's fête* and I imagine there'll be no stirring abroad on that day for the crowd. There seem to be very nice people in this house and we like it so much so far that Miss Johnson just suggested that she should like to take our two rooms along with us on our travels. I wish we could for I doubt if we are as comfortable again until I sleep under the canopy top in my room at

home. We are all deep in letters for Saturday's steamer and I hope you will get this without delay{.} Tomorrow we hope for more for I suppose the steamer will be in sometime today. Tell me about the trip to

[*Page 8*]

Gardiner won't you for I shall want to know every particular. Tabby bossing Miss Johnson is a sight I never expected to see, but it is frequently before my eyes, you may be surprised to hear. If only you and Ma & Caddy could be along how glad and thankful I should be, though you might remark that it was a little warm just now, but we shall soon be where it is cooler — or hotter { — } I don't know which! Aren't the white shiny hats that the coach men wear funny? Tomorrow we are going to take a chariot and go gadding to see the sights as much as possible. Fanny Hale is busy so I shall not go to see her until Saturday again. We had a cheerful time eating ices and cakes together after we came out of the exhibition this afternoon, not that the former were extra good though, only cooling. Be sure and give my love to all friends, and tell Minnie Weeks how many inquiries were made for her, and tell Mrs. Hale what a good time I have had already with Fanny. My love to Caddy & family and to you & Ma{,} John

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

and the girls, and tell Jane Sewall that I havent forgotten her letter, but will answer it as soon as I can surely, but I don't have time as I did for letters. How much I would give to see you all if only for a day just to tell some of the particulars that I am hoarding up. I never see a nice thing that I don't wish for you all.

Affly

M.R.J.

Notes

Exposition: The 1889 Paris Exposition. Wikipedia.

Alma Fadema's: Dutch painter Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema (1836-1912). Wikipedia.

Weeks: American artist Edwin Lord Weeks (1849-1903). His sister, Minnie Lord Weeks Goodwin, of South Berwick, probably is mentioned below. Wikipedia, "Edwin Lord Weeks papers" at Smithsonian Archives of American Art.

Gardner: Jewett has clearly placed a quotation mark before the name and a single quotation mark after it. Elizabeth Jane Gardner Bouguereau (1837-1922) was an American expatriate painter, born in Exeter, NH. Jewett describes "The Imprudent Girl," a painting shown in the Wikipedia article on Gardner.

Heidi: Swiss author, notably of children's stories, Johanna Louise Spyri (1827-1901) published *Heidi* in two parts, in 1880 and 1881. The first English translation appeared in 1882.

fête: Bastille Day fell on Sunday 14 July 1889.

Monday July 15

Dear Sarah:

A tired sister this night but must [write a *?*] a word about all the good time today, and yesterday too for that matter. I believe I [left *?*] off the tale to Caddy at noon so I will begin by saying that the rain came down in big showers and soused the [review *?*] and we didn't even get up to the Arc de Triomphe to see the troops come home, but in the evening we did go up there to see the illuminations{.} It was well worth crossing the ocean to see, for as far as we could see there were long lines of gas lamps and the trees were hung with colored lanterns and the great arch was all surrounded with lights at the top, and the great Eiffel Tower had electric lights at the top and a reflector with which they turned these strange rays of light all round. All the way from the Bois to the Bastille was illuminated

[*Page 2*]

like this and in all my life I never saw anything so magnificent. All along the side streets there was every kind of a catch penny show some with music & some without but all brilliantly lighted, and there were thousands of people in the Place d'Etoile round the arch but every man woman and child so good natured & friendly that the three of us walked round without let or hindrance and enjoyed watching the crowd as much as we did the lights almost. I couldn't help thinking though how easy it would be to change those excitable people into a howling mob and how quick a barricade would be put up and blood shed if the least occasion offered. We did not stay out a great while though for everything was soaking wet after the heavy rain, but I think none of us will ever forget the sight it was so beautiful. This morning we

[*Page 3*]

set out for Versailles but found before we were ready to start fortunately that it was not a day to go there, so we went down to Notre Dame and saw that and all its treasures besides. Even to the gowns that two archbishops wore when they were killed in some of the wars. Some of the jewels were simply superb and the vestments too, but we didn't linger very long over that part of the show. What a beautiful place the great outside aisle is round the choir and all the little chapels opening from it. The church has been somewhat decorated for the fête* and there was still a red background to all the figures on the front{,} which gave rather a singular air to the place. Next we went to see the Sainte Chapelle, but found we had hit on the wrong day

there too, but that is easy to do again. While we were at Notre Dame a Cooks party or something of the kind appeared, & we saw them carted off in a great van, whereat Miss Johnson remarked that she had been over here

[*Page 4*]

twice but had never fallen so low as to go that way yet! I was so amused, for they did look so like dumb driven cattle as they piled into the van and went off. We came home to breakfast, and rested a little while and then went to the Exhib{.} in the afternoon where we had a [beautiful *?*] time. We wandered round the great building for a long time, and found it much like the Phila{.} show,* only of course there is a larger show of European things, and less American. Indeed it struck me that the American part which we saw was not specially interesting. Tell Ma that I saw the Tiffany Diamonds* after all, but I little expected when she told me of them that I should come over here for a look at them. There were such glorious colors in the silk department of the French Exhibit, and ribbons that would set one wild to see. Of course the clothes were gorgeous beyond compare, so that Tabby & I came

[*Page 5*]

to the conclusion that it was well that Caddy wasn't present to view them{.} Such ball dresses and court trains one never dreams of, for they were literally heavy with gold embroidery and flowers. I saw such a beautiful white dress perfectly plain except for a little lifting of the skirt, & both skirt and waist had a scallop about as big as you could make with half a dollar, just edged with dull gold thread{.} The scallops were very shallow ones and the effect was extremely pretty. I looked in the Russian dept{.} for that beautiful gold and silver work that we saw in Phil. but only saw two [specimens *?*] of it and one of those a poor one. I [mean *?*] the kind that looks like linen or some fabric. There was beautiful enamel but none for sale that I could see. Indeed there was very little offered for sale, and that little was mostly very poor trash we all thought. Some of the big expensive things were

[*Page 6*]

marked sold but you have to wait until the whole thing is over before they are delivered, and I should never expect to see any thing I bought unless somebody here would see that it was packed and sent. Such crowds and crowds of people were there, and sometimes we had hard work to get about, but everybody seemed good tempered and cheerful so nobody minded a little extra squeezing some times. It was great fun to watch the faces and the clothes, for there was an endless variety. So many peasants were there even men in the queer blue blouses they wear, and there was the whole distance from the cradle to the grave, even to the tiniest babies in arms. I saw a handsome array of twins in a baby carriage enjoying two bottles and the admiration of the passers by. There was the usual number of priests and arent they funny looking over here, for they don't have at all the

[*Page 7*]

prosperous air of their [bretheren *so spelled*] in America but what is even the church revenue among so many. Today has been so clear and cool with almost a touch of fall in the air, and I have fallen deeper in love with Paris than ever. We tried to come home from Notre Dame by one of the little river boats, but saw such a crowd waiting that we had to give it up and came by one of the handy little carriages in which we go anywhere for 30 cents for the three of us, and a pour boire for the driver, of five or six cents more. It does not seem hard to find ones way, & we go gadding all about without any trouble except sometimes a few minutes delay about getting a carriage for everything gets taken up so quickly certain times in the day. Tuesday & we are just going out on our travels which will lead us to the bankers & Bon Marche this morning{.} Tabby got a big haul of letters this morn and Miss Johnson & I were ready to fall on her and rend her because we

[*Page 8*]

didnt get any, but our time will come later probably, the F's being served before the J.s. It is cooler again today which is a comfort, but it also looks like rain which isn't. Such a chattering as is going on just under my window. It amuses me so to watch the people and hear the goings on they have. If you ever have had any doubt in your mind about the wisdom of sending me off I think you may set your heart at rest about it now, dont you? Truly I never had such a good time in all my life and as I so often say the only fault is that you & Ma & Caddy aren't along to have a share. Miss J & Tabby are well and in great spirits and you never would know Tabby{.} She is like another creature. Miss Johnson steps off like a girl and really looks years younger for coming. In all the good times you may be sure that I don't forget home and shall be glad enough to get back, but it is something I shall never forget, having come and seen all these things with my own eyes.

My love to all friends every where, and tell them how often I think of them all. I long to hear if you had a good time in [Augusty *so spelled*] so laugh if you never saw it after all. Love to Ma & Taddy and Ned & Thider* & John & the girls, & I am yrs affly O.P.

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

Miss J wishes you to know that she has kept her promise about the claret. I often laugh when I [think *?*] how you would grin to see me with [spirits *?*] twice a day{.} Tabby sends her love & so does Miss J{.} Do write me if you want anything bought

when I go back to London, because there must be things you need.

Notes

fête: Bastille Day was celebrated the day before this letter, on 14 July. Jewett evokes the first Bastille Day in her reflection on how easily the celebrants could be transformed into a mob.

exhib ... Phila show: Jewett refers to the 1889 Paris Exposition and the 1876 Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, PA.

Tiffany diamonds: Possibly Jewett refers to the Tiffany Yellow Diamond. Wikipedia.

Paris July 17th

Dear Sarah:

We are home from a long day at Versailles and such a beautiful good time as it has been, though when we started it seemed likely to pour any minute{.} We went off on the ten o clock train wh{.} seemed quite a natural time to be starting and it took us nearly an hour to get there{.} What an enormous place it is, and after you come away you have a sense of seeing acres of pictures and only a few stand out. We got an engaging guide who couldn't speak a word of English though, but we managed to gather most of his particulars{.} We wandered on and on until I thought the end of those rooms would never come, & so I asked if we couldn't see something else for we had come to the end of the interesting ones and we were taken to see Marie [Antoinettes *so it appears*]* little apartments and arent they funny

[*Page 2*]

being so little and so many in number{?} Arent those great halls beautiful{?} Do you remember the big one with the seventeen great windows on one side and mirrors on the other, and the Hall of Battles with the great historical paintings on the sides, little Mlle told us this morning that "here we would see all our history" and sure enough it was, all in pictures. Some of the old furniture is left, more in some rooms than in others, and lots of queer clocks and a great brass noon mark across the floor of one of the rooms so that one of the Louises knew how to set his clocks, for which articles he must have had a fancy. Some of the great rooms are all finished in colored marbles and the ceilings are wonderfully fine they are so highly decorated{.} The floors are waxed until they are

[*Page 3*]

so slippery that your life isnt safe walking about on them. The rooms in which the kings and queens had really lived were of course the most interesting but all the traces of their occupation except the bare furniture, and in one or two cases a few books and some tapestry{,} have long ago disappeared. The view from the windows of the second story is lovely especially the side toward the gardens where you look down over the terraces and pond and off into the country beyond. There is a wide terrace above the gardens, and on one side a long flight of wide stone steps leads down into the road and beside the steps is the old orangery where some of the trees are said to be 450 years old. The gardens are very artificial{.} Indeed the whole place was really made for the wide terraces were the work of hundreds of men and horses for months, & the supply of

[*Page 4*]

water was brought between 30 & 40 miles for all the ponds &c. We came upon a funny old woman who looked like a walnut doll selling cakes on one of the terraces and bought some lunch & planted [ourselves *?*] to eat it with much ceremony & politeness and "bien Madames" & Merci Madames{.}" She was knitting away & we had every particular about that, and very many other subjects & finally parted the best of friends at an expense to us of F7.40. Such a cheerful little old thing I havent met for a long time, but her wares were terrible all the same. We wished for you for you would have made such a pretty tale out of the little white capped soul{.} We fell to wondering while we sat there what poor Marie Antoinette would have said had she been told in the days of her glory that the day would come when cakes & eau sucrés* would be sold by old women in the very threshold of all that magnificence. We went to see Grand Trianon after we had seen the palace and I was greatly interested in that, for

[*Page 5*]

I had always wanted to lay my eyes on it. We were trotted about by a guide there and not allowed much time for meditation, but what a lovely place it is, and when you peopled it in your imagination it is really more interesting to me than the grand palace which has really become a grand museum or picture gallery now. Those great windows at Trianon opening into the garden were beautiful, and didn't you think of all the great people going in and out of them with their fine clothes and grand ways? The rooms of Napoleon* were so handsome with their yellow silk covered walls, and do you still remember the gallant bedstead & other furniture that was set in order for Queen Victoria? We went to view the state coaches and they were splendid to behold all painted a brilliant red and decorated with gold until your eyes were nearly put out by the combination. I wish John

[*Page 6*]

could have seen them and the harness belonging to them. I don't see how a horse could do more than walk with such a weight on him. All the

harness seemed to be covered with red morocco and such piles of gilt buckles and ornaments, and saddles for the [hostler *?*] besides. There were seven or eight I should think of the coaches, and then queer sedan chairs belonging to [Mmes Pompadour] & Maintenon & Marie Antoinette, some queer sledges also belonging to them. Then we went to Petit Trianon and through its grounds to the little Swiss village and the dairy where Marie Antoinette and her ladies used to play at farming. It was so beautiful out there that we stayed a good while, and hardly any place has interested me more for I have wanted to see it so much for years. When we drove down to the station the man took us by a

[*Page 7*]

lovely road leading through the part past Versailles again, and through the avenues of clipped trees, and we only got to the station in time to catch the train, but luckily we had return tickets, so we were back here at half past five, and I had a beautiful time reading Caddys long letter, and such a dear one besides from Mrs. Rollins. Do thank her for me. I hope she gets one I wrote her sometime ago. I'm sorry that Fourth of July didn't turn out a more brilliant [*unrecognized word*] but perhaps they will have a better time next year by ourselves. It's too bad that Mrs. Eastman is sick, but I hope it will not prove anything serious{.} Tabby & I laughed at Caddys remarks about Frances'* engagement, & your hoping the young man was hopeful [pious *?*]. Tell Caddy it was well that she spoke when she did about the night gowns, or I should have been gone{.}

[*Page 8*]

I looked for some the other day but didn't strike exactly the kind I wanted, and then forgot about them. We are going to the Bon Marche this very day so I will see about them, and then we are going on to the Louvre not the shop but the gallery. Later on I must gather F. Hale and hunt up Lizabeth Gardner* if possible, it being her day I believe. Saturday is now set for Geneva, alas that we must go away from Paris & our nice quarters. Did you ever expect that I would lose my heart to Paris? A clever letty off of M H.P{.}* this morning. They are still in Wales, but go to Scotland Aug 1st she says. Miss Johnson & Tabby send every love and be sure you give mine in abundance to all friends, beginning with Ma & Caddy. I hope to hear about the Gardiner visit. Caddy says that you had a good time there. My love to Mrs Fields when you write! Tell me every particular about everything. I think of you going off in the little gig, & wonder if you and Ma take a turn round Sligo in the evenings

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

after all as Mrs Fields said long ago. I dont see any thing more beautiful than in our towns tho of course there are beautiful views here too but I shall appreciate it all so much more at home for having seen these{.} Love to John & the girls, and a whole heartful for [yrself *so it appears*]

Affly

M.R.J.

Notes

Antoinettes: Marie Antoinette, Queen of France (1755-1793), who was executed during the French Revolution. Wikipedia.

eau sucrés: Eau sucrée is sweet water.

Napoleon: French military and political leader, Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1721). Wikipedia.

Queen Victoria: Alexandrina Victoria (1819-1901) was Queen of England (1837-1901). Wikipedia.

Pompadour ... Maintenon: Probably correct, still these transcriptions are uncertain. Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, Marquise de Pompadour (1721-1764) was the "official chief mistress" of the French king Louis XV.

Françoise d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon (1635-1719) was the second wife of the French king, Louis XIV. Wikipedia.

Frances' engagement: Probably this is Frances Perry Dudley, who married in 1890. Key to Correspondents.

Lizabeth Gardner: American painter Elizabeth Jane Gardner Bouguereau (1837-1922). Wikipedia.

M H.D: Mary Harriet Denny.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Mouse Island Saturday

[*20 July 1889*]*

Dearest Fuff

The company were much pleased with your suggestions of Thunderbolt Hill* — but the [*deleted letters, perhaps* fo] mist had departed and we had a [delicious *corrected*] day yesterday as ever was, rowing up the reach and into one of the narrow inlets between farms in the morning and reading aloud and sewing under the [fir-balsams *corrected*] in the afternoon and going out sailing again in the evening by the bright moonlight which was so enchanting that I wished for you more than I have at all. Fanny Stone* is a <u>perfectly</u>

[*Page 2*]

<u>delightful</u> companion, and Alice* is in her most jubilant estate — perfectly beaming and radiant. This morning I had a proof to do so that I stayed in for that & my letters and Mrs. Vaughan* had a headache so she stayed too and the others, Katy Wheeler* having arrived yesterday — have gone sailing — a cold white fog has caught them in its

meshes and I dont know when I shall hail them back — If there is adventure on hand I wish that I were along — but to tell the truth

[*Page 3*]

I was glad of the reason of proofs this morning being unable to continuously cope with the hardy Alice — She never gives in except at sailing in the sun, at rowing she never quails — and though I am tough I do sometimes ship my oars. Fanny cant row at all, but we have a dear light little boat. I should like to have it in the harbor at Manchester and we really must manage a sail now and then. Somehow we never get round to it but one of these days we will have a good time a seafaring. This is such a crabbed little pen though it pretends to be a stub that I shall be glad to get back to my

[*Page 4*]

Flying [Scotchman* *corrected*] — I have written to Mary* to get in some, but I have used and used mine and it is as good as ever — Mrs. Vaughan & Alice & Fanny send their love and speak of you so [*deleted word*] wishfully — I think they were ever so sorry you couldn't come. ——- I have been making more notes for a Bit of Color* and I do not believe that I shall be long about it when I once begin — I mean to call it Betty Leicester when it is published in book form. I think it is more attractive & says itself more easily —

Goodbye dear darling

from your

Pinny*

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

I am sorry about Alice Lincoln* — but I ~~only~~ never [formally *corrected*] accepted — she asked if I should be likely to be by Manchester this week & I said yes then but it was weeks ago and I did not know of this. I am sorry to have missed it, but I could have told her definitely

[*Up the left margin of page 2*]

if she asked me lately — I thought then that I should be likely to go right to Manchester after the Fourth.*

Notes

1889: The available letters regarding Jewett's July 1889 stay at Mouse Island, a small island resort near Booth Bay, ME, indicate that she arrived on about 17 July and departed before 23 July.

Thunderbolt Hill: The hill in Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA, upon which sits Fields's summer cottage, Gambrel House.

Fanny Stone: Frances Coolidge Stone (1851-1931) of Newburyport, MA, was the daughter of Massachusetts politician Eben Francis Stone (1822-1895), who served in Congress in 1881-1887. Among her closest friends was Alice Longfellow. See Key to Correspondents.

Alice: Alice Mary Longfellow. Key to Correspondents. She was a close friend of Fanny Stone and summer frequenter of Boothbay Harbor.

Mrs. Vaughan: Though this has not been established, it is possible that "Mrs. Vaughan" is Anna Harriet Goodwin (Mrs. Benjamin) Vaughan 1838-1919, wife of the Cambridge, MA businessman, Benjamin Vaughan (1837-1912). He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which provides a biographical sketch in its Proceedings for 1912, p. 105. They married in 1864.

Katy Wheeler: This person has not been identified. A likely candidate is Catherine Foster Wheeler (1853-1930), of Templeton, MA, daughter of Ezra Lovell Wheeler and Mary Ann Wilder.

Flying Scotchman: "The Flying Scotchman" in the nineteenth century was a London to Edinburgh train renowned for its speed. Hence, this pen writes very fast. (Research: Betty Rogers, Coe College)

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. See Key to Correspondents.

Bit of Color: Jewett's "A Bit of Color" appeared in three parts, April - June 1889 in *St. Nicholas*. Her novel *Betty Leicester: A Story for Girls* appeared the following year.

Pinny: Pinny Lawson (Pinny / Pin) was an affectionate nickname for Jewett, used by her and Annie Fields. See Key to Correspondents.

Alice Lincoln: This person has not yet been identified.

Fourth: Meaning the American Independence Day holiday, July 4.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Hotel d'Angleterre

Geneva Sunday

July 21st

Dear Sarah;

Do you see where we are and remember that we are just facing the lake with such a view of snow covered mountains before us? We came after nine o clock last evening and of course could see but little except that the lake was apparently

surrounded by Japanese lanterns, and looked like fairyland, but when I woke up this morn and looked out across the water and saw the snow covered mountains I nearly woke up the whole congregation. I dont believe you ever saw anything more lovely in all your life than that first glimpse was. It is a long pull from Paris here, but we weren't half as tired as we thought we should be. We packed up and started off about half past eight which meant leaving Rue Galileo about [7.40 *?*] as we had to go to the other end of the world to the station. There was a great crowd and for

[*Page 2*]

a minute or two it looked dismal for finding seats in the same carriage, but our usual luck prevailed and we came off in triumph and extra good luck two men and a woman got out after [the *?*] while, and so we had the carriage to ourselves except for two American women who were very friendly, & we stretched ourselves out, and [eat *so spelled*] and drank & were merry. M^lle^ gave us such a nice lunch and we added some peaches & cakes on the way, so we dined and supped in comfort. The last of the way was beautiful especially after we came into Switzerland and how it does look like the pictures. I have been trying to think which way you came here, whether on your way to or from Paris, but can't remember. We were tired this morning and didnt get up until late and so have stayed in the house all the morning, for the clear morning air changed to a muggy [shivery *?*] one, and there is no great temptation to go out. The band has been playing all the morning at some place across

[*Page 3*]

the lake and sounded so pretty over the water, and the steamers come and go every few minutes so it isn't exactly a New England Sunday, but for all that it seems very quiet there being few carriages about. I thought of you this morning when we went to breakfast and had a dish of delicious lake fish and some rolls & coffee & later a dish of honey which was like nectar, & since then I have been meditating a dose of salaratus* so I needn't enlarge as to the quantity consumed{.} We are divided in our minds as to our route from here, whether to go by the lake and see Chillon and two or three other places or to Chamouni{x}. I hope we shall go by the former route which is so much easier but we shall see — We left Paris with deep regret for we had such a good time there, but I say that every time dont I? Friday morning we went out to see about tickets &c, going from that to the Invalides which we hadn't succeeded in seeing before. I was looking over the railing

[*Page 4*]

inside when somebody jostled against us rather rudely making me look up quickly when who should I see a little way off in another part, but 'Edward' & Mary McHenry{.} You never saw anybody more welcomed than I was, and we had a little talk, bringing Edward home to lunch with us for another young man kindly offered to see 'Mary' home. They had had such a good time in Holland, and he looked better than I had seen him for years. Sadie is better & out with the boys at present he said, but is going away later on, if not already gone.

In the evening I went to dine with Fanny Hale, and who should turn up there but a young Perry who used to live in Brunswick and said that his name is Curtis Perry* and he has just come from Mexico where he has been painting. He seemed very nice, & I liked to hear him & Mr Weeks talk over the artists & their

[*Page 5*]

pictures, for he had lived several years in Paris & seemed very much up in such things. He told interesting things about Mexico too which I was glad to hear, and between whiles I had particulars with Fanny and had an excellent [dinny *so spelled*] and a good time beside. We sat at the table until [almost *corrected*] ten o'clock and I didn't get home until late, and expected they would think me lost. I wish you could look in upon us now, and see us all writing away for dear life, only stopping now and then for a look out at the mountains or at the people walking by, for they seem to be starting out for their Sunday afternoon walk. The near hills make me think of home, for they are so green and the trees are such a relief after the poor tortured ones one sees in France{.} I shall never forget how beautiful some of the views were from the railroad yesterday where the river had cut its way through the rock leaving cliffs

[*Page 6*]

so tall that it was hard to see the [river *?*] as we hurried along. You don't know how glad I was to see some corn growing{.} It was only about two feet high to be sure but it was meeting a friend to see some again. They were harvesting the grain everywhere, and men and women were hard at work getting it in. The poor poppies have had to suffer, but we saw a few left. There was a patch not far from here but the mountain air had dwarfed them all but their color which was brilliant as ever. How funny all the little patches of things look growing up on the mountainsides don't they? I dont think it is any great addition to the beauty, for it is too much like a gigantic crazy quilt to see grain and grass, and perhaps a place of newly ploughed red soil and then a different shade still all in little spots and I cannot say that I think there is anything picturesque in a vineyard as far as I [have *corrected*] seen them. Yesterday

[*Page 7*]

morning as we drove to the station we met whole families coming to market and it was such fun to

see the loads they brought. I wonder where July Stouts* produce goes to market, which way from Paris does she live? We have very nice rooms here only one flight up and with a door between which is pleasant and as I have said before a lovely view of the lake and the hills beyond. Perhaps it is quite as well that the showers are falling for we have had a busy week and have a hard one before us. Miss Johnson and Tabby are peart, and astonish me by the way they hold out. I never have seen Miss Johnson so well and vigorous, and such a good time as she has.

Do ask John to look after the furnace for fear it will get too rusty{.} It ought to be all cleared out, and cleared out behind so as to get the soot out from ^between^ the outside & lining before we begin to use

[*Page 8*]

it again. Perhaps he has thought of it but I thought it would do no harm to speak about it. Tomorrow morning we are going to make a round of the shops and see what there is to be seen. I suppose we shall go on our way Tuesday morning but we have not decided yet. I'm afraid we shall not see much of a rosy tint on the snowy mountains tonight in which case we shall probably employ our time with a table d'hote dinner from which we usually flee.

My love to all the family please. Tabby says that life is happier because of the Satchel Guide for we flee to that daily even with Baedecker* at our backs. We do not expect any more letters for a week which will be a cross, but it is better to have them delayed than lost so we are going to wait until we settle down for two or three days again. Love to Ma & Caddy, and all the rest of the family, and how I wish you were all here.

Affly

MRJ.

Notes

salaratus: Saleratus in the 19th century was bicarbonate of soda. Wikipedia.

Curtis Perry ... Mr Weeks: America artists Curtis Perry (1864-1931) and Edwin Lord Weeks (1849-1903).

July Stouts: This person has not yet been identified.

*Satchel Guide ... Baedecke*r: Satchel Guides and Baedeckers were series of tourist guides for travel in Europe. Wikipedia.

Geneva July 22

Dear Sarah;

We have just finished dinner and are planted for the evening after a charming day. This morning we went out to the shops and wandered round a good while. Such fascinating jewelry shops as there are with every sort of thing to tempt the money out of ones purse, and then we went to see the old cathedral which took us round through the older part of the city which we were glad to see{.} Did you ever see anything so beautiful as the water is where the lake rushes out under the bridges? It was the brightest light blue this morning, like the sky in winter sometimes. Just between two of the bridges I heard a great splashing from a boat and looked down to see dozens of women washing. They stood in the bottom of the boat and rinsed the clothes in the boat too for there was a fire. I should think they would freeze for the river water is like ice people say. You would laugh to see all the washboards sticking over the boats side. This afternoon we had a [carriage *?*]

[*Page 2*]

and went over to the other side of the river and then to see a Russian church which is a curiosity. It had ever so many queer little domes with crosses on them just as you see in pictures of Russian villages and inside it was queerer still for there were no pews and only a few chairs. I believe that the service is mostly prayers so all the people kneel. There were pictures and no end of queer symbolic things{,} some of them richly [jewelled *so spelled*], and at the end three doors shut off the sanctuary from the rest of the church, and we were not allowed in there. All the inscriptions were in Russian and it was so funny not to be able to read a word of anything. The driver told me that there were many Russian political refugees here, & so the church was built. After we had seen all we cared to we went for a drive in the outskirts of the town and saw such pleasant looking places, all along the way. I should think it would be a pleasant place to spend a summer shouldn't you? The trees and grass look more like England or America than like France. I was actually glad to see some

[*Page 3*]

syringa bushes this afternoon as we rode along. We came by the lake shore and had a lovely ride getting home just in time for dinner. We have been arranging for our journey and getting the tickets today. We have had forty minds as people always do about such things, & have finally come to the conclusion that we will try to go to Venice. I held back until the last minute for fear it might be too much, but finding that Miss Johnson was determined to go to Milan, & Abba's heart was also set on Venice we are going to try it. Tomorrow we are going by boat to Chillon and spend the night{,} going to [Brieg *?*]* next day & there we can take the train for Milan and reach there about noon, and if we choose go to Venice next day in the afternoon and there we can rest and do our sightseeing. I don't think as we have planned it there will be any very hard pulls, and I should be so thankful to have

seen Venice when I go home. At first we set out to go round by Chamouni{x} tomorrow, but that means a terribly hard day in the diligence so

[*Page 4*]

we thought we would take it easy at first especially as we are not likely to have a very clear day for seeing the distant mountains, and later on we shall have much the same sort of thing. I wonder if you will think us sensible? We all feel quite refreshed after yesterdays rest, and so much more ready for action than if we had hurried off today{.} I never would have believed that the hurry and drive would get so taken out of me as it has for I feel so contented and not in the least like moving on until the time comes.

We've been watching a man with some funny little dancing dogs under our window{.} They weren't bigger than your fist, but the{y} were knowing enough to make you laugh{.} One played a funny little piano while another danced, and did ever so many little tricks besides. While I am speaking of animals I will also mention that there was a boy in Paris who used to go by morning and night with a following of goats like the boy in Heidi,* and as he went along he played a little fife and the goats seemed to understand and trotted along the faster.

[*Page 5*]

It was really a pretty sight to see him with his blue blouse and queer shaped cap and these great goats, as big as calves going so solemnly after him. We have laid in some Gazes tickets* and are using them here for the first time, and surely this is a thoroughly comfortable place. They cost us #2.10 a day which is cheap enough for it covers board & lodging, and as you probably remember if you pay 1^{s} a day more you can have the best rooms, as we are doing now, because we were tired and didn't want to have to mount a great many stairs, but we needn't have worried because there is an elevator in the house. There is a concert in the Kursaal and we are getting the good of the music which is lovely{.} I don't believe the town is very full of people, so I suppose we shall catch the crowd in the mountains, but I would rather brave the crowd than lose the chance of seeing things, & with these tickets they are bound to take care of us. I wish you could have seen a boat going up the lake this afternoon with two sails like a gundalow only set wing and [and *repeated*]

[*Page 6*]

wing like a big bird. I never saw a prettier sight than she was on the bright blue water. Don't you go down river this summer? I haven't heard any particulars about it, and was wondering this [other *?*] day. Last year this time we were off on our travels do you remember? I long to hear if you had a good time with Alice* down at Mouse Island, and if you found the skipper and had every particular with him and another sail in the Lizzie Bell, Nickerson Master. Don't forget every particular will be gratefully received. It is aggravating that it is so long before we can hear anything from one another isn't it? [Have *corrected*] you done anything about the book* yet? I wonder if you liked any of the pens I sent from Leamington. I will bring more when I get to England when I can get the kind again. I'm ashamed to say that I forgot them in London. Mr. Lewis must be somewhere in this region for he started from London for Antwerp the night before we did and was just reversing our route. He sails for home the middle of August so that will soon be here and he will have to get back to [Glasgow *corrected*].

[*Page 7*]

I saw in the paper that the 'Cat' sunk a schooner in Boston harbor, so I am afraid how little Capt Atkin will lose his head and am so sorry, for a nicer little man never lived. If you see anything about it please tell me will you? The 'Cat' is unlucky for her other Capt ran her on a rock and got dismissed, so I'm afraid there's no hope for Capt Atkin.* Tell Ma that she might write one of her nice letters. I was so disappointed when I got letters directed by her the other day and found she hadn't written after all. I've met with a blow for my beloved pen fell on the floor the other day and broke the little point, and I can't get it mended here, but luckily Abba has two, and kindly lends me one. So I am not as badly off as I might be. Has anything more been heard of Frances engagement?* Abba and I laugh at the suddenness of it. Did Mrs. John Colcord* die, or has anything happened to her? Somebody told me she was very sick & then I never heard anything more about it? Where are the Rixes* going or haven't they any place ready? I am

[*Page 8*]

so sorry for them, but surely I don't think he is fit for the Academy. Did Mr Twombly* have much to say about the library this time? My love to Ma & Caddy and the two gentlemen, and to all the rest. This isn't a very good letter but you know I told all I knew yesterday, and so shall depend upon you to enlarge upon my text and tell the things that I am too sleepy to write tonight. You mustn't mind if the letters seem irregular for a while now because I haven't that confidence in these mails that I have in the English ones, but I shall write just as often and you will get some of them sometime! Miss Johnson and Tabby send love with mine, and I hope you are all as well and happy as this leaves us. I hope the sun will shine on our journey tomorrow for I think the sail up the lake will be lovely. There are fireworks and Im going to view them. I wish you could have seen them last night all up the shore and every colored light. Good night

Affly & truly yrs M.R.J.

Notes

Brieg: This is what Jewett seems to have written. Presumably she meant Brig, Switzerland, along the train route between Chillon, Switzerland, and Milan, Italy.

Heidi: Swiss author, notably of children's stories, Johanna Louise Spyri (1827-1901) published *Heidi* in two parts, in 1880 and 1881. The first English translation appeared in 1882.

Gazes tickets: Henry Gaze & Sons (Limited) of New York City published a monthly newsletter, *Gaze's Tourist Gazette*, with news and information about travel and offers of guided tours. The newsletter also included discount coupons. Apparently, Jewett's group purchased their discount tickets in England, as she reports paying in Pounds and Shillings.

Alice: Sarah Orne Jewett often visited Mouse Island in Boothbay Harbor, Maine. In her 1889 letters from Mouse Island, she reports spending time with Alice Longfellow. See Key to Correspondents. Information about the *Lizzie Bell* and her master, Mr. Nickerson, presumably of Boothbay Harbor, has not yet been located.

book: In the summer of 1889, Sarah Orne Jewett was working on her novel, *Betty Leicester* (1890).

little Capt Atkin: It is not yet known to what incident Jewett refers.

Frances engagement: Frances Perry Dudley, who married in 1890. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. John Colcord: The Old Berwick Society website lists Jonathan Colcord as a classmate of the Jewett sisters at the Berwick Academy, and notes that he was a South Berwick merchant. The Jewett Genealogy indicates that after the death in Utah of John Woodman Jewett in 1892, his wife, Mary Elizabeth Yeaton returned to South Berwick and married John Colcord, who at that time was established in Ithaca, NY. Whether both John Colcords are the same person is not certain, but the John Colcord of Ithaca was unmarried 6 years after this letter.

Rixes: William S. Rix. See notes for Jewett's letter of 11 July.

Mr Twombly: Horatio Nelson Twombly (1831-1896), a merchant who in 1886 became president of the Berwick Academy's Board of Trustees.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Thomas Bailey Aldrich

23 July 1889

South Berwick

My dear Friend

I saw in yesterdays papers that Mr. Lowell's goldfish poem* was in the August Atlantic and it reminded me that last spring when he came and read it to us, that he said I might have the manuscript after it had been printed and that he would tell you so — I dare say that it slipped his mind afterward but if you do not particularly care for it will you let me

[*Page 2*]

have it when you come home?

I have been meaning to write to you and Lilian* but you see that a piece of selfishness makes me take my lazy pen at last! I have been busy at home with writing and gardening and all sorts of things but last week I spent down at an island on the Maine coast with Alice Longfellow* & two or three other cronies and I had a most delightful holiday, and went off yachting with some other friends who came along. This ^has^ kept me from going to

[*Page 3*]

Manchester very lately but when I was last there three weeks ago our dear A. F. was well and busy, though I think she is more lonely than usual as I can only run over for short visits and no whole months now that my sister Mary is away. I do hope that you can go down for a little while by and by. You see that I am expecting you home very soon and very eagerly.

I called upon Miss Francis* the last time that I was in town, and she seemed to be very

[*Page 4*]

disconsolate in the absence of the Editor, and as if she had not been cheered by a little joke since he sailed — I do hope that you are having a delightful month in London, and I send much love to make up for such a dull little letter.

Yours always affectionately

:"Sadie"

28—

29

30 31 1 2 3*

Notes

Mr. Lowell's goldfish poem: American poet, James Russell Lowell. See Key to Correspondents. His poem, "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes" opened the August 1889 issue of *Atlantic Monthly* (pp. 145-50).

I: Apparently in pencil a beginning parenthesis appears here. The end parenthesis appears at the end of this paragraph in page 3 — after "very eagerly." Probably this was added by another person.

Lilian: Lilian Woodman Aldrich. See Key to Correspondents.

Miss Francis: Richard Cary writes: "Susan Moore Francis (1839-1919), graceful essayist and book reviewer, came to the *Atlantic* as editorial assistant during the incumbency of James T. Fields and served the five succeeding editors in similar capacity."

3: This looks like a calendar. It's purpose is not clear.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Baily Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Tuesday morning

[*24 July 1889*]*

(Dear Fuff —

Letters from Mary from Paris [*a period appears here, probably intending a comma*] a beautiful passage across the Channel and Paris most gay & delightful & such good times with Fanny Hale* who has a charming house. They went together to see the pictures at the Exposition* &c. Yes I will indeed bring over some letters — I had a busy day yesterday writing & taking somebody to drive and

[*Page 2*]

burrowing in the garden beside late in the day & after ten. And then I made a call and felt myself to have been unusually active!) What do you think I am reading but Middlemarch though I confess that I have to make skips often. How much more she dwells & harps than in Adam Bede and Silas Marner.* She draws her characters so that they stand alive before you and you know what they have in their pockets and then goes on

[*Page 3*]

for three pages analyzing them & their motives but after all one must read them with patience for the sake of occasional golden sentences, that have the exactness & [*deleted word*] inevitableness of proverbs. Perhaps I read my Middlemarch too late in the evening but I find very dull stretches in it now & then. But think of Mr. Casaubon being but 45 at the time of his marriage! I think of him as nearly seventy, — & old for his years at that, and indeed be must have been growing

[*Page 4*]

old since he [*deleted word*] was born & never have had a season of [merely *corrected*] ripening. It is a wonderfully drawn character to me, the pathos & reality of it. How I should like to go on talking about it. (Do ask [miss *not capitalized*] Eustis* about the Nun of Kenmare* & tell her your experience. Now I must say goodbye to my dear Fuffatee with a kiss for her — being summoned by Mr. Tucker* on some firewood business!

lovingly ever your Pinny)*

[*Down the left margin of age 4*]

Georgie Perry & Charles have just sailed for France for six weeks !!

Notes

24 July 1889: Fields penciled "1897?" in the upper right of page 1, but this letter clearly was composed when Mary Rice Jewett was traveling in Europe. The first letter from Paris in the 1889 collection of Mary Jewett's letters from Europe is dated Thursday 11 July. It would seem likely, then, that Jewett had her sister's letter by Tuesday 24 July.

Parenthesis marks in this letter were penciled in by Fields.

Fanny Hale: Ellen Day Hale (1855-1940), an American impressionist painter and printmaker.

Exposition: The Paris World's Fair (Exposition Universelle) of 1889.

"Middlemarch" ... "Adam Bede" ... "Silas Marner": George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans, 1819-1880) wrote the novels *Adam Bede* (1859), *Silas Marner* (1861), and *Middlemarch* (1871-2).

Eustis: It is possible that this is Elizabeth Mussey Eustis (1858-1936), a resident of Boston, who fortunately survived the *Titanic* disaster of 1912. See *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, Volumes 76-77, pp. lxxxviii-lxxxix.

However, another letter to Fields, probably from June 1889, indicates that this Miss Eustis probably is a visitor from abroad.

Nun of Kenmare: The Irish-born Margaret Anna Cusack (1829-1899), "known as Sister Mary Francis Cusack and Mother Margaret, was first an Irish Anglican nun, then a Roman Catholic nun, then a religious sister and the founder of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace, and then an Anglican (or possibly a Methodist)." In 1888, she published an autobiography entitled, *The Nun of Kenmare*.

Georgie Perry & Charles: Melissa Homestead of the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, probably has identified these people as Charles French Perry and Georgiana West Graves. "Charles Perry was a distant cousin of the Jewett sisters, on their mother's side." Georgie Perry was a socially active resident of Cambridge, MA in the 1890s.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Brieg. Wednesday

[*24 July 1889*]*

Dear Sarah;

I wonder if you ever came here to this place that seems as if it were cut off from all the world it is so surrounded by mountains? We came down from Chillon this morning or rather from Villenueve which is the nearest station to Hotel Byron where we spent the night. We started off at half past eight and came across the lake in a steamer to a little place that seemed to [*deletion*] consist chiefly in a railway station.

We had such a lovely sail for the wind had blown up the lake just enough to get quite a sea on and the little steamer went through like a race horse, so that sometimes the spray would fly all over us. I wish I could describe the way down here{.} We came all the way along the valley of the Rhone with high mountains rising on each side, and every little while a great snow topped mountain would come in sight over the tops of the rest. It was so interesting to watch

[*Page 2*]

the people as we came along. They were working in the fields and to my surprise I saw some quite respectable corn growing and real Yankee beanpoles and potatoes and it looked quite like home until I looked up and saw what was towering above me. We were very fortunate in getting a nice car, which was fixed more like our cars for you got in at the end and then two seats faced each other. Luckily for us there werent many passengers so we had seats first on one side and then on another as the view grew more desirable. We got here at half past two and had some dinner and then thought we would take naps for we got talking and writing and sat up pretty late last night which was quite stupid of us considering the long journey and the early rising this morning. The hotel here faces a funny little narrow street running uphill and at the end is the snow capped mountain of which I told you. It looks so foreign for just a little way off there is some building with lots of little cupolas on

[*Page 3*]

it like a Russian house, but I believe it is somebodys chateau. Tomorrow we are going over the Simplon Pass of [wh *so written*] Brieg is one entrance. It will be an all days journey, and we find we can have a carriage for ourselves & our luggage for only a little more than we should pay for the diligence, and as it will allow us so much more freedom, and we can rest when we are tired. I think we shall start out in that way. We shall spend the night at Domo d'Assola and then next day we shall go to Milan which is less than a hundred miles, 57 by rail and a few miles by diligence I believe. Miss Johnson & Tabby hold out splendidly so far, and we try to take it as easy as we can, for at the best travelling is not exactly easy work but I am sure we shall feel paid for going to Venice, and I think that will be the hardest thing we shall have to do. We can go in one day back from Milan to Lucerne and we can have good rests both there and at Venice. We waked up this morning early and

[*Page 4*]

looked out the window and could see the first dawn creeping over the hills and it was something that I shall not soon forget, but I was too sleepy to look at it long and went back to bed for another nap, and waked up in quite a rage because I dreamed that somebody had given Dicky something to eat that had spoiled him! Such beautiful waterfalls as we saw all the way along today. Some of them were two hundred feet high the guide book said, and they came down like a great veil, which the strong wind blew back and forth with such a lovely effect. Of course there were endless vineyards all the way, and chalets in groups and perched way up on the topmost rocks by themselves, and the men & women were making hay in little patches way up on the hillsides and bringing down the hay on their backs so that it looked as if the hay stacks had legs and were walking off calling on their neighbors. How they ever get up and down with such loads I can't think, for the paths look so steep.

[*Page 5*]

I seem to be quite frequent with my letters of late but I keep thinking every day that I may not have time to write the next and I want you to know all I do.

We had some of the little Alpine strawberries for dinner, and what queer little things they are with hardly a ghost of the strawberry flavor left in them, & yet such wild little things. Now we are going out in search of the post office and of a good chance to see the sunset. I wish it may be as beautiful as the one we saw last night. If we only have a good day tomorrow I think we shall have a glorious view and shall regret less that we couldn't see Chamonix yesterday, but one cannot have everything in one journey, & I am sure the two long drives would have been entirely too much coming as they do so close together{.}

I am so impatient to see Venice that I can hardly wait, but I also want to see the Milan cathedral which is the first cathedral I ever knew in a

picture{.} There is a 'hospice' on the way tomorrow where the monks give you refreshments

[*Page 6*]

which will be a new experience for us. I saw two brown monks or fathers stepping along the road this afternoon along with an old black coated priest. I dare say you saw them by the dozen but these are the first I have seen. Miss Johnson is ready and waiting so I must step myself and only stop to send our love and fond wishes to Ma & Caddy & all, and ask you to make up with love what the letter lacks in interest. Sometimes I think you would get better letters if I wrote less often! Love to John & the girls and to all friends. Yours affly

Mary R.J.

Notes

1889: This letter precedes Jewett's from Milan of 26 July. Jewett usually spells "Brig" as "Brieg," presumably because this spelling appeared in her sources.

Milan July 26th

Friday A.M.

Hotel Grand Bretagne

Dear Sarah:

Now they are come to Milan having arrived just long enough ago to get washed and dressed and rested, so I will take my pen in hand to try to tell you about these last days. I think I left off my much speaking at Chillon, so I will tell you that we rose with the lark Wednesday morning and had breakfast and a farewell look at the place and started off, but I wont tell that all over again having just remembered that I did tell it over, but instead will try to make you understand that we had a wonderful day on the Simplon{.} Did you cross that place? We went off with a landau and three horses from Brieg about eight o clock, and all our luggage with us, and we went up and up, always at a walk because even with three horses it was more than they could do to trot. We kept winding — round and round the mountains, coming

[*Page 2*]

out sometimes at the same place where we had been before only ever so much higher up. We got out and picked flowers and walked to rest ourselves and did just what we pleased, thanking our stars that we were not in the [diligence, *?*] especially when it came along covered with dust and the people looking so tired. After a while we came to one of the little villages away up on the mountain and the driver stopped to feed the horses. I wondered what John would have thought to give horses such a pull as that and then a feed of rye bread part of which was quite mouldy. We got some bread and butter and started on again, getting up by this time so that we could see the snow covered mountains all around us, and some of them even so near that we could see snow drifts and glaciers very plainly, and my little glass brought them very near. We went through several tunnels cut in the solid rock, and several more even made as a protection from avalanches, such

[*Page 3*]

beautiful waterfalls as we saw I can never describe for they came tumbling down over two hundred feet in some cases, and a big one came down over one of the tunnels and behind it was a [window *?*] so we could see through it as it fell just as if we had been under a dam. We got Alpine roses and lots of other flowers, until the carriage looked like a flower garden some times, and no garden ever could look prettier than the little patches where ever so many kinds grew all together. Finally we came to the end of the ascent and began to go down hill a little, very soon coming to the hospice where stray travellers are entertained. It is a great barren looking building but is in a comparatively sheltered spot I should think. We stopped and went in, and a boy appeared and rang a big bell which presently brought a priest in his gown, and shaved head, who asked us if we would have refreshment so I said "yes, some wine please" and he brought it and we took a little, & thanked him{.}

[*Page 4*]

They never take any pay you know, but we were asked to put something in the poor box of the chapel, and then we came away, with various polite speeches on both sides. Sister is very handy with her manners at present! On we went again, finally bringing up at a village a little way down the mountain where we ordered "trois dejeuners" and [eat *so spelled*] like famished people for the keen mountain air made us ravenous. After we were done Miss Johnson & Abba & I walked on a little way and then the carriage took us up. At first I thought that side of the mountain less interesting than the other, but it was only a little while before I changed my mind entirely for such magnificent scenery I never saw before, great [clefts *?*] in the rock and waterfalls rushing through them and rivers cutting their way through ledges until they had gone so deep that it was hard to look over and see where they were, and over it all the

[*Page 5*]

peaks towering way above us and we had to strain our necks to see to the top where the valley was narrow. Some times the road was just overhanging an awful chasm, & then it would go through a tunnel, so there was constantly something to see, to keep us from thinking we were tired. The wheels had a drag on and the horses trotted nearly all the way down, so we came down in less than half the

time it took us to go up. After a while we came to the Italian frontier, and had to declare that we had nothing dutiable and were allowed to go on our way without any further trouble. It was so different on that side from the other, for as we passed by the Italians were just coming home from the days [work *corrected*] and were so merry and noisy, and the Swiss had seemed so quiet the night before, that the contrast was more marked. It was dark when we finally rolled into Domo d'Assola, and planted ourselves for the night in a curious Italian [in *so spelled*], where we were quite comfortable nevertheless, only there

[*Page 6*]

[was *corrected*] such a [*deletion*] noise in the streets both early and late that Abba and I didn't pass any kind of a night, and somewhere in my travels I had met with such a hungry flea that it took a good deal of polite attention to keep myself comfortable! Miss Johnsons room was quieter luckily so she was quite brisk and superior when we met in the morning. We started off soon after breakfast and came by rail about an hours journey, and then took a diligence for another hour which brought up to Pallanza where we lunched in a funny hotel close to the shore of Lake Maggiore{.} We were requested to go up into the dining hall but stoutly refused and sat down by a table in the porch with people walking in and out, & had such a nice lunch of rolls & ripe figs & peaches and pears. I must say I think ripe figs are not what they are supposed to be, for I never have liked them yet! Presently the boat came along and we came down the lake to Arona where we took the train to Milan. We might have come all the way by rail but it was

[*Page 7*]

a great temptation to be a little longer on the way and have a lovely sail across the lake, which we enjoyed very much. We are going to see the cathedral tomorrow morning and then go to Venice by the one o clock train, and stay there until we have seen as much as we care to. We are going to take it easy for we have had a hard week, & it surprises me that we are not more tired with all we have done, but we needn't get very tired floating round in gondolas it seems to me!

We shall have to spend a night here again on our way back so we can see some things that we may not have time for tomorrow morning. We are all writing away for dear life so as to have the letters mailed tonight if possible so that they may get to England as soon as they can. Just think I saw Edelweiss growing yesterday, but couldnt pick it because it was on a dangerous place above the river, but the coachman got [it *corrected*] for us, and we bought some beside of a small boy on the way. Tomorrow must be a saints day for all the bells are ringing and it sounds so pretty, only there is a lively thunder shower going too which rather interrupts our enjoyment occasionally when the peals are extra loud{.}

[*Page 8*]

The fruit is just beginning to ripen now and I saw so many plums today as I was hurrying from the boat to the cars, & had no time to stop and buy some to eat for you. Tomorrow we mean to have some to eat as 'we go along', for we shall need some creature comforts before we get to Venice. It is a long pull to come down here, but one gets so entirely paid as he comes along that so far it has all been delightful, though I confess I dreaded the thought of it before I started. We have found great comfort in Gazes tickets* for they have helped us out a great deal already. We have both the railway tickets and the hotel coupons and wouldnt go without either. We found such a nice man in Geneva who was the agent, & not being so busy as they are in London and Paris he gave us such excellent advice that so far our journey has been a pleasure. I have filled my sheet without asking anything of how things are going with you at home, but I shall hope to hear tomorrow at Venice, and not having heard for ten days it will be so nice to

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

get the letters. My love to all in both families and all manner of good wishes go along with this and you may be sure that I think of you all often enough — Love to John & the girls & Mrs [Pray *?*]*

Affly

MRJ

Notes

Gazes tickets: Henry Gaze & Sons (Limited) of New York City published a monthly newsletter, *Gaze's Tourist Gazette*. See Mary Jewett's letter of 22 July.

Pray: The Pray family were Jewett employees. See Silverthorne, *Sarah Orne Jewett: A Writer's Life*, p. 102.

Sunday July 29th 1889*

Dear Sarah: How can one settle down to write with all Venice going by ones windows in every kind of a craft, for isn't there a grand gondola race which the Queen* is going to look at, and the whole pageant is going by our very own windows. I believe you saw something of the same kind here didn't you? Oh isn't Venice more beautiful than anything one ever saw? It seems to me that I should be content to go home without seeing any thing more now that I have been here, which is more than I have ever felt before you know. We landed here last evening from Milan after a cheerful journey down except the last hour when some noisy Italians got in and talked as if they had escaped from the lunatic asylum, but

then that was only a trifle after all compared with the great ocean of happiness at getting here. We went to see the Milan cathedral in the morning, and isn't it more beautiful than any of the pictures of it? I think all that delicate white tracing is [the *so it appears*] one of the most beautiful things I ever saw, and I was completely taken in by ceiling which I was sure was carved with stone, and even went the length of comparing the top of the nave with the [loft *?*] of the choir to the great disadvantage of the latter for I did not know that was painted. We happened in on a high mass with beautiful music and stayed as long as we could listening to it, but had to hurry away finally to get ready

[*Page 2*]

for our start, we were taken down into the crypt to see the tomb of St Carlo Borromeo* all splendid with silver and gold, and declined with thanks an offer to see his remains, thereby making a saving of 5 francs, which will come to bear you know! We have had such a day here, not exactly one's ideal of a New England Sunday though, but a day that I shall not forget. We went to St. Marks this morning, out of the little back door of the hotel you know for didn't you stop at the Grand Hotel on the Grand Canal? I was nearly [*unrecognized word*] when I first saw it all, and could not believe my own eyes. Was there ever anything more beautiful under the sun than all those buildings under the blue Italian skies?

We went in and found a service going on so we planted ourselves and there we stayed for three hours. First there seemed to be the regular service, and then an old bishop with most gorgeous gold embroidered robes and mitre went up into a sort of pulpit attended by a dozen or more priests all in grand clothes too. I wish

[*Page 3*]

you could have seen the lace and the bishops dress for it was nearly half a yard deep, and his jewels were beautiful. He read some proclamation evidently which took some time, and then the procession went back into the chancel again and the music went on, and in a few minutes I turned round to see a funeral was in progress right at my elbow for while I had been looking round they had brought in a great urn shaped thing into the church covered with a pall and we supposed it was a childs coffin inside. So all the procession came back again bishop and all only there were about thirty priests this time, and the services for the [dead *?*] were performed, and a few minutes afterward we found there was to be a confirmation. Lots of children were brought in, the little girls being splendid with good clothes and veils and each child had a candle trimmed up with tissue paper which was given to the church afterward. They [belonged *?*]

[*Page 4*]

to some other parish evidently, for their priest was with them, and presented them. I would give a great deal to know what the bishop said in his address to them, for he was an eloquent old man with such a strong good face that I was sorry that I could only catch a few words now and then just to get the drift of what he was saying. We came home after that, and I don't know but what they had a christening and a wedding after that for they had had almost everything else{.} While we were having our "dejeuner" we saw a gondola with lots of rowers in gay clothes and then another go by, and the waiters told us that there was to be a regatta & that the Queen would go by to see it, so we came up in our room and spent the whole afternoon watching the people going by in every kind of craft from a boat shaped like a pumpkin seed to the gorgeous gondolas with twelve rowers. I never saw anything equal the color of it all{.} Over on the steps of the church opposite the people looked like a vast flower

[*Page 5*]

garden, and the houses were decorated as far as we could see. The rowers of the big gondolas had such gorgeous uniforms on and when they came up escorting the Queen it was too beautiful for anything. The Queen is such a gracious woman isn't she, and the people were so glad to see her evidently{.} They all went up the canal and after a little while we heard a cannon and then the racing boats went past, two men on ^each^ little slender [gondolas *so written*] going like a flash and then after a little while the gondolas came back escorting the Queen home. The water was black with boats and bright with color at the same time, and bands playing, and people singing and laughing & chattering until it seemed like another world from the one I was used to. Over across the way there is a seminary for priests and they swarmed to the windows and looked so funny, with so many black

[*Page 6*]

heads all sticking out at once.

Just now I heard singing and looked out to see some boats lashed together coming down in the darkness all covered with colored lanterns, and guitars & zithers &c a playing, and so it has been over and over this eve. I supposed it was wicked but I could not help laughing tonight for we sat down on the steps after dinner, and I heard somebody raising a hymn in one of the parlors [and *?*] found that some parsons had evidently started a prayer meeting. The hymn nearly went to the bottom with all on board, they flatted so, when as if to teach them better, up came one of these boats with a half a dozen different instruments on board playing the liveliest jig you can imagine and drowned them out in a jiffy. I laugh now when I think of it. Just then we came upstairs and on the

way they handed me the letters. I believe I never was gladder to get them. I got two from

[*Page 7*]

you the last one being from Mouse Island where I was glad you were having a good time, and a dear one from Thidder & one from Caddy, and such nice ones from Mrs Doe & Mrs Goodwin. Miss Johnson had a lot and so did Tabby which was a pleasure, and not a word was said for a while. I was sorry that Ma has been sick, but I hope to hear next time that she is all right again. Tell Thider that I laughed at his "notis". Who does he suppose it meant? I hope he will have luck with his pigeons. Can't he get some young ones somewhere?

Tabby has great hopes that William will come, but he is not certain yet but she will soon know for he will have to start in August he said. I knew [you *corrected*] would be glad to know about Haddon Hall, for I am so pleased when I can do anything that you did, for I know that you can fill out the things I don't think to tell. I think of you here nearly every minute and I long for you so that I dont

[*Page 8*]

know what to do. Last night we were just in comfortable rooms but they were not front ones. So today I bestirred myself and got some better ones, and we have a nice parlor too and are so comfortable and happy as never was. I agree with Lisa* that Venice is "terrible splendid", and am so thankful that we came, for really it has not been a hard journey coming whatever it may be coming back. I was so glad of every word of both your letters and Caddys, and do thank Mrs Goodwin for hers too, and tell Mrs Doe that I had been thinking and thinking about her, and was so delighted to get her letter{.} Please read her this [or *?*] some other letter until I have time to write her. I am hurrying this off having been much hindered by the gondolas and the letters, & it is now late night & I must away to my bed, if we are to do anything tomorrow{.} Oh if you were only all here, I should have nothing left out of my cup of bliss I believe. Wasnt that a pathetic letter from Mr. Freeman?* I will send some pens as soon as I can get where they are, I am

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

glad you liked them, will see to Caddys things also with joy. My love to Ma and all

Affly

M.R.J.

Notes

1889: In this year, 29 July fell on Monday. In the Roman Catholic liturgical calendar, Sunday 28 July was the feast day of St. Innocent I.

Queen: Margherita of Savoy (1851-1926) became Queen consort of Italy when she married the king, Umberto I, in January 1878.

St Carlo Borromeo: Charles Borromeo (1538-1584) was Archbishop of Milan, a Cardinal, and a leading figure in the Counter-Reformation. The saint's tomb is in the crypt of the cathedral at Milan.

Mrs Doe & Mrs Goodwin: Edith Bell Haven Doe and, probably, Sophia Elizabeth Hayes Goodwin. Key to Correspondents.

Haddon Hall: Sarah Orne Jewett reported her visit to the English country house, Haddon Hall, in a letter to her sister of 11 July 1882.

Lisa: This may be Lisa or Liza, an Irish-born employee of Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Freeman: This person has not yet been identified.

Venice July 29th

Dear Queen;*

I finished my letter is such hot haste last night that Im sure I didn't half tell you what a joy and delight Venice is to me, & now I do not believe I shall do much better at it for the thing is quite beyond me! It does not seem like anything earthly does it to be here and live the life for a few days. I wouldn't have given up coming here for anything, for it seems more to me than almost anything else. We went out this morning in a gondola and went way up the Grand Canal to the station and then came back went into a place where they were making glass and of course went to the show rooms, and saw most exquisite things and lots of carved furniture besides. From there we came down to the Rialto and then walked home through the shops until we came to the St Marks Place shops where we entered, to the damage of our purses. I wish you were here to do some of the buying, for it is so hard to tell

[*Page 2*]

what to get. I am laying in a stock of photographs to give away, though I suppose I shall crope* every one of them later on! and I have been laying in a few things at a time all the way so I hope I shall not be found wanting at the last. While we were out I heard a bell ring at two o clock and to my delight saw all St Marks pigeons come from the four quarters of the town to the square to be fed, & they were so tame that it was hard work not to step on them. I saw a gentleman stooping down to see them & they would jump on his hands to see what he had for them. I wonder if you ever saw them while you were here? We were out the whole morning, and yet didn't come home very tired, for stepping about at ones ease in a gondola isn't very

tiresome work. The man rowed us up to the entrance of the Jews quarter where we had a good look, but didn't enter, but I mean to go in if I can. This afternoon is set for a go to the Lido if Miss Johnson wakes up from her nap early enough, but if not we can [take *?*] in some other

[*Page 3*]

direction. Im going to persuade my family to take a turn after dinner for I think it would be beautiful to float along in the sunset, and see the colors. You know how glad we were to get our letters last night for we had had none since a day [before *corrected*] we left Paris and it seemed such a long time. Now we shall have no more until Sunday in Lucerne. Never you fear but what I will go barberrying when I get home if there is one left on the bushes. I saw some huckleberries in a fruit shop this morning but they didn't look very good. We [brought *intended* bought *?*] some grapes and peaches and some queer kind of plums and have been stuffing ourselves ever since, & there was a kind of peach with a smooth skin that tasted excellent though a little sour at first. Are you knowing to the same? I am so pleased to find that I am not to be bereft of peaches, as I supposed because I came away this summer. While I am on the subject of eating I will name the fact that I don't believe I tasted home brewed at the Peacock Inn because my [first *?*] experiments with beer didn't

[*Page 4*]

prove happy in their results, but I take my drop of wine daily! We have been to the Lido and had a good time since I began writing. We went there in a little steamer and then took a funny horse railroad across the island to see the Adriatic, and came upon a village of bath houses, but we got a good look at the sea and a small breath of sea wind for the wind was off shore, but it was funny to see the crowds of people coming and going all the time, for there was some kind of a play going on later. We had a pretty sail, and were glad we went. We stopped on the way back to look at the Bridge of Sighs. Tomorrow we are going to see the Doges Palace, and some of the churches{,} the one over the way, della Salute* for one{,} and on Wednesday we mean to see the pictures in the academy, & Thursday we probably take up our line of march for Milan again, at least that is the plan now, subject to changes & improvements. It has been a lovely day, brim full of pleasure. I wish I could send you part of it. It was so nice to hear about the

[*Page 5*]

Mouse Island expedition & Gardiner. I hope you found a minute to stop over a train to see Aunt Helen* & I wish I knew how she is getting on with her sisters illness for it must be very hard for both of them. I hope Ma is all right again by this time and perhaps the better for the illness. Make her be careful now the damp evenings are coming on. You dont know how I treasure every word you & Caddy write, for I think so much about home in spite of all my good times, and wonder over and over what you all doing. It will be three months Friday since I left home, & how fast it has gone after the first week or two. Give much love to Rebecca{.} I hardly have a minute for writing these days so please let her have the reading of some of my letters, & Jane Sewall too{.} I have been trying for days to write the latter but you know how busy one has to be, & I am so tired nights mostly that a home letter is all I have mind for. A band has just arrived in a gondola with a singer and they are going it like

[*Page 6*]

mad right under our windows, which is somewhat distracting! Miss Johnson &Tabby send love to all of you. Only think of Thiders being 10 years old Sunday. I shall think of him. Thank him for his nice letter and I will write him very soon.

Dear love to Ma & Caddy & Ned and so much for yourself as never was. Wasnt Tucker funny to [keep *?*] the letter. Did the girls ever get the one I wrote them from Paris I believe{?} I wish I could go to ride with the [double *?*] speeders. My love to all friends please. Do give my love to Mr Clark, and tell him to save up something good in the front of the cart when I come! and my love to Mr Shaw* too, affly

M R J.

Notes

Queen: In her family, Sarah Orne Jewett was sometimes called the Queen of Sheba.

crope: What Jewett means is uncertain, for English dictionaries provide no meaningful use of this word.

Salute: Basilica Santa Maria della Salute in Venice.

Gardiner: Gardiner, Maine.

Aunt Helen: Helen Williams Gilman. Her sister was Jane Elizabeth Williams Judd (1819-1899). Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Clark ... Shaw: Clark has not yet been identified, and which Mr. Shaw Jewett refers to has not yet been determined.

Venice Wednesday

July 31st 1889

Dear Sarah;

We are packed and ready for tomorrows start, alas that it has to be made{.} I believe this has been the nicest of all, but then I say that of every place I suppose you will think. Today has been so crammed with delight that I must tell you about it before it fades at all. Last evening a boat came

under our windows with some musicians in it, and two singers with them, & they played and sang there until we were ready for bed. We really had such pleasure for the voices & music were both good, and then boat after boat came along and stopped with their bright lights until it looked as if a bit of the sky had fallen — This morning we took an earlier start than usual and had a gondola as soon as breakfast and went first to the lace factory where the girls were working away for dear life. Some of them were very

[*Page 2*]

young and just learning, & they told us that they had between 3 & 4000 people at work, many of them being in the prisons. The Queen* has been the prime mover in the enterprise, & the school is under the government protection. After that we went to the Academy to see the pictures, and I believe I never liked anything so much in my life as I did those. I was so delighted to find those that you had the photographs of, and they seemed like old friends, & then there is that beautiful great one of Titians* of the little girl walking up the steps of the temple. Do you remember it and the old woman sitting down at the side of the steps with such a full basket of eggs, and such a hard old face? I found some others that I beloved and found it so hard to tear myself away from, and kept going back to. We went by a round about way to see the Ch of St. Giovanni & San Paulo. I wonder if you went there and saw the gallant old

[*Page 3*]

monuments, to all the rich and great? I saw there what I hadn't come upon before and that was crutches and legs and arms hung up round the altars{.} I have seen stacks of silver & bead offerings but no [such *corrected*] things as I saw today. We went out into one of the chapels that had been burned some years ago but they are fixing it now, and we saw some beautiful carvings that had been near the altar. As we walked along I saw a bush over my head, & there were figs growing just as a wild apple tree would spring up at home. They were decorating the great pillars with [read *intended* red *?*] because next Sunday is a festa,* and there was to be great music{,} the usher told us. Just as we were coming away I saw one of those barefooted friars in his brown gown coming across the square, with only a handkerchief over his head to protect him from the broiling sun. He was such a fine looking man with a long grey beard, and I wonder what his history could have been for he looked

[*Page 4*]

twice the man that most of them do. We came home by the little canals which brought us all of a sudden to the Bridge of Sighs, and then home to dinner, and we rested ourselves for a while. After dinner we had to go out in a gondola again for it was extremely too pleasant to stay in the house. So off we went up the Grand Canal again, through the little ones until we came out again by the Bridge of Sighs. Then down along the Riva, and we [us *so it appears*] rowed about watching the sunset and the bright lights and over everything such a pretty little new moon hanging by one point in the sky. How we hated to come in and pack trunks and get ready to come away but you probably know all about that so I won't enlarge.* Now we are in Milan again safe and sound and not half as tired as one might expect from knowing how hot the day was as we came up from Venice. We left there at nine this morning and were fortunate enough to get a very comfortable carriage & not too many in it. Such a nice old priest came all the way with us, & we grew

[*Page 5*]

very friendly with the kind old soul. He treated us to candy, & we gave him fruit and finally he gave us his card, & we wrote our names for him, and at last he gave us each a little thing such as you sometimes see at the end of a rosary like a little medal & said it was blessed I believe, and we parted in the most impressive manner. He unfortunately knew nothing but Italian but we did our best, & carried on quite a conversation with Fra Lippi of Perugia, & the Benedictine Monastery there. Kind old soul that he is too! Part of the way was pretty hot but not suffering, but it is nice here and we go on tomorrow to cooler places still. We have views of breaking our journey tomorrow at Lugano, and the next day going to Fluelen by rail and then across the lake by steamer to Lucerne. In the morning we want to go to the picture galleries here, which we hadn't time to see the other day. Yesterday afternoon we went to St Marks again and to [Salviati's *?*]* but I was disappointed in the things I saw{.} I suppose it is in off season of course

[*Page 6*]

but truly I saw nothing that I wanted which was a disappointment. We stopped to have an ice at Florians as one of the proper things to do in Venice, and I wish I had another like it this minute. I can't believe that we have gone and done Venice, and was thankful that in the haste of departure this morning I had no time for sentiment, or I don't know what [I might *corrected*] have been moved to do! Everybody told us that it was such a terrible journey, but if one could have a cool day I don't see why it is any worse than going to New York since it takes about the same time from Milan, and surely it is well worth the time and strength it takes{.} We had a beautiful time, but if I were to choose my time I should go earlier or later of course, since the middle of the day is pretty warm there as it is everywhere. I am going to cut this letter short so as to send it out tonight that you may get it sooner.

Give love in large share to Ma & Caddy and everybody. We are going to "turn in" early so as to have a good nights sleep before our days work tomorrow{.} We are anxious now to get either to Lucerne or Interlaken and rest for a little while

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

before going on any further. I think it was by Interlaken but am not sure{.} We really got quite rested and set up at Venice with the sea air and not walking much. Love again to all.

Affly

M.R.J.

I have written almost every day for a week and if you get them all what a pile you will have{.}

Notes

Queen: Margherita of Savoy (1851-1926) became Queen consort of Italy when she married the king, Umberto I, in January 1878.

Titians: Italian painter, Tiziano Vecelli (c1488-1576). Jewett refers to his monumental painting in Venice's Academy of Fine Arts, "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple" (c. 1534-38). Wikipedia.

festa: In 1889, Sunday 4 August was the feast of St. John Vianney. One may wonder if perhaps the preparations Jewett witnessed were for another more significant event, such as the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary on 15 August.

Salviati's: This transcription is uncertain, but it seems likely Jewett refers to a shop of the Salviati family glass company in Venice. Wikipedia.

enlarge: Sarah Orne Jewett visited Venice three times. After her second visit in 1892, she published what appears to be a part of a letter describing a day in Venice. "From Venice to One at Home" in *The Pilgrim Script* (1: No. 2), January 1893; published by The Women's Rest Tour Association, Boston, MA.

Lugano Aug 2nd

Friday night

Dear Seddy [*unrecognized mark*]

Was this the place where you stayed when you were waiting for the bag to come? We landed here this evening at seven from Milan, heartily glad to get away from the heat and glare there, for it was pretty bad this morning as we drove about. We had a busy morning in Milan for we went to the Brera to see the pictures and you know that is always a long piece of work. Some of them I liked but none of them were so nice it seemed to me as the Venice ones. I found several familiar ones, and fell upon the Da Vinci* head of Christ that you brought the photograph of. There was such an elegant looking old man, tall and handsome, with a long grey beard painting Raphaels picture, and he was so well dressed that he must have been doing it for pleasure I think. Do you remember all those things

[*Page 2*]

like frescoes that are in one of the corridors as you enter. Some of them are so curious and I wished I had time enough to look at them all. I really care more for those pictures in Venice than for any I have seen it seems to me except for some of those in the Louvre. Today I found a photograph of such a pretty Madonna that I do not remember having seen before and I do not remember the picture in the gallery either. We went out to see the Last Supper, and isn't it wicked that it should have [*unrecognized correction or deletion*] literally fallen to pieces, though there is still enough left to show how beautiful it must have been. We went into the old church close by and viewed the [red *?*] decorations they were putting up in preparation for the fête Sunday, and there were queer old frescoes there too, but nothing very interesting{.} Then we went to St [Ambrose' *so it appears*] Church which is the oldest in Milan and the stories about the Saint and the church would make a book they are

[*Page 3*]

so endless. Wasnt that a good mornings work. Then we came back to lunch and started away at four to come here. When we came to Chiasso which is the Swiss frontier we had to change carriage and have our trunks put through the custom house which was a trial for we were so comfortably settled with only ourselves in the car, but it is only a little more than an hour here, so we didn't take it as hard as we might. We came though a tremendous thunder shower, and the way the thunder crashed over head would have been terrible if the cars hadn't been making a noise too. We had our long tunnel and various shorter ones, and for a wonder they couldn't light the lamps, so we had utter darkness. Tomorrow we get one nine miles long I believe and I hope the lamps wont fail then! When we got here it seemed deliciously cool, and the green fields and trees

[*Page 4*]

were delightful after the hot sun of the morning, & Lugano is surely beautiful for situation. We have lovely big rooms looking out on the lake, the [corner *?*] toward Milan. There seems to be no one about and it was almost the same at Milan though I suppose we shall find more people as we go north. We were told that Switzerland was packed but have seen no sign of it yet, though perhaps we haven't touched the right spot yet. We were tired & warm when we got here tonight and we fled to a bottle of vino d'Asti, and you never saw three people so set up and refreshed. Did you ever taste anything more

delicious than that is? I was so amused to see one of those boats with hoops on it for an awning pulled up on the shore just as it was in the Lugano picture on the old theatre curtain in Boston which you must remember!

Saturday morning and a lovely one too, and we are waiting for breakfast and our start

[*Page 5*]

for Lucerne, which we hope to reach this evening early. The lake here is beautiful and we have been watching the people come and go. I hope we shall have a cool day for our journey. It does not seem so hot but one cannot tell in the house.

We go to Fluellen by rail which will take until about three o clock, and then get the boat the rest of the way which will be such a nice change from the cars. We hope to find some letters waiting for us which will be a pleasure having had none for a week now. You will be tired of hearing me say that the only thing lacking is that you cant all be here too, but that fact is uppermost in my mind the most of the time. My love to all and Miss J's & Tabby's too.

Tabby is perched in the window watching the [boats that *?*] [*unreadable words*]* the lake, & it is so pretty. Love to John and the girls [*several unreadable words*]

[*Page 6*]

the jelly jells* well this year!

Miss Johnson laughed so because I was sighing for corn bread yesterday, but it is a great while to be without any! This isn't a good letty but it will carry my love just as well as a better

Affly

M.R.J.

Notes

Da Vinci: Italian polymath Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) painted a mural of "The Last Supper" in Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan, depicting the final meal together of Jesus and his disciples before his crucifixion. Da Vinci's chalk and pastel study of Christ's head for this mural is in the Pinacoteca di Brera in Milan. Wikipedia.

Raphaels: Italian painter Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino (1483-1520). His best-known painting at the Brera is "The Wedding of the Virgin." Wikipedia.

words: The final lines of this page are very lightly written in the photocopy from which I have worked. Perhaps they would be readable in the original manuscript.

jells: This page also is lightly written, and much of the transcription is guesswork.

Saturday eve

Aug 3d.

Lucerne —

Dear Sarah:

Miss Johnson is deep in the study of the guide book and time table in which Abba is assisting by reading up the 'references'. So I will take my pen and tell you that we are settled here again. I wonder how many times we have gone through that process since I landed on these shores.

We started off from Lugano this morning and had a wonderfully beautiful day for coming over the mountains. Part of the way it was pretty warm but nothing like the heat we should have had at home in August. We had such lovely views all the way, only once in a while in the very prettiest place a tunnel would come and spoil our look. Do you remember how you go up and up until it seems as if the end was cut off? After a while we came to the St. [Gothard *so spelled*] tunnel, and were half way through it before I took it in that we had come to it at all so it wasn't so bad as I expected you

[*Page 2*]

see. I thought it was on the other side of the station when we stopped for dinner so was not prepared for it in that spot. After we stopped [for *corrected*] dinner we began to descend and the way the railroad doubled on its self was curious to see, in some places it [it *repeated*] went round mountains like this O* only coming out lower down each time of course. Once I looked down and saw two windings below me, and dare say there were some above besides. I think we went past one church three times within a few minutes, and after awhile I gave up trying to keep account of anything about it. We came down to Fluelen a little town on the lake, and there we got a steamer and came here. I wonder if you came across the lake. I hope you did for it is so pretty, and so much easier than the cars, for it seems to me that they must have come nearly all the way through tunnels as we watched the road from the boat as we came along. When we arrived here we found the town crowded, and our letter to the hotel for rooms was only good

[*Page 3*]

for rooms outside because they were so full{,} so here we are in lodgings but very well settled we think just round the corner from the hotels & lake. I believe the street leads out to where the 'Lion'* is, but it was late when we got established and I was too tired to investigate further. We can have our meals at a nice restaurant close by or at the hotel, & have made an agreement with the former to send in our "plain breakfast" for us — mornings. We had a dinner sent over tonight being tired but tomorrow I think we shall feel quite like stepping ourselves.

Having dealt with French & Italian friends before we have a German woman now. And my mind is fast getting a muddle with the struggle to make my stock of sentences go round. I shall always bless the Meisterschaft* though for I don't know how I should have gotten on without it — Sunday. Such a feast as I have had this morning for I got two letters each from you and Caddy, and a dear one from Rebecca and one from Jessie who said she was going at once to the Rhine hoping to meet Eva* there. So I suppose she must be [nicely *?*] again. The Bennochs* told me that she had had some

[*Page 4*]

kind of an operation I believe, and was said [to be *?*] doing well then, and evidently is nicely again [& *?*] the teller was most cheerful. I am so sorry about the Aldriches,* but I looked at your letter about them and found that I had just missed them in London or I should have sent them word surely, and of course it is too late to see them in Paris. Please tell them how sorry I was when you write, won't you? I laughed to over Stevy and Addy* for I hadn't thought of them, but didn't you have a good time at Mouse Island, & wasnt it nice that you could [*unrecognized word*] Liddy* with you?

Poor Grace she must have felt that life was hard to get home just in time for Helens last moments. I am so sorry for her, and now what will they do, for after all Helens life solved the question of poor Mrs Gordons home. Not that it can make much difference to her poor thing. I hope you will see her soon and that I shall hear about her when I get the next letters. Do tell me about Frank Lords* love affairs for [Re-becca *so written*] told me that Caddy had written about it, but I think she must have forgotten to speak of the subject. Tabby has a clever letter from Frances,* much given over to love, which is a new spot in her life and it is nice to see her so happy. She spoke with great enthusiasm of the letters from Berwick, & John Fiske said he had such a lovely letter off of Ma also, & if she dont write

[*Page 5*]*

me soon I'll feel bad so there now! Thinking of me off a gadding & Mrs. Keeler present with you, You know Parson K.* asked me if I could remember when he preached there [*punctuation may be semi-colon, exclamation point, question mark*] only think what would have been the result if Capn Sam Harding* hadnt been to see Mary [*unrecognized abbreviation and perhaps punctuation*] I laughed myself tired about Jane Morrill* but I did think she knew about the Atlantic Ocean after living so near it all her life! Such a dear letter as I got from Rebecca, and tell her how I love to get them won't you. We are "passing the [Sabbath" *?*] in the quietest possible fashion. I got nearly ready to go to church this morning, and then suddenly remembered how tired I was after the heat and long journey yesterday & so pulled off my things, & haven't been outside the door since the meals are sent in from a restaurant across the way and served by a girl in Swiss costume, black velvet bodice silver chains and starched linen sleeves but so dear and pleasant that we love her. We are so glad to have escaped the noise and crowd of the hotels here. They are stuffed full, and I suppose we shall meet similar fate when we get to Interlaken [and *corrected*] indeed everywhere else in Switzerland, so I shall not be sorry when we are back in England again. I am so glad if my letters give you all pleasure, for I love to write them, only I have to hurry so that I do not always get things as I wish I could.

[*Page 6*]

Caddy must set another stamp on her letters for they come with extra postage which makes a little bother sometimes. I don't grudge the money in the least, only I don't want to lose any of the letters you know. I dare say that some of mine even open to the same accusation for I didnt find out for some time how much I could send. It was nice that Thider & Tucker* have such a good time at the Navy Yard and circus, but werent they half dead when they came back. It goes to my heart to hear that you have lost Mr. Thomas Butler* after all the years we have had him. I wonder who will have the old house now. As for Mr Lewis'* going to Rome, I do think it would have been foolish for if it was hot at Venice{;} it would have been worse there and with the extra disadvantages of not being able to be out in the evening at all one could really see very little, for the heat at noon is so white and intense. I shall never cease to be thankful that we went to Venice, but it was pretty hot for all that. I shall like London better when I see it again I am sure, but we happened on a most tiresome time there like the worst of our dog days when it was hard to get enough air to breathe, and we were very tired{.}

[*Page 7*]

We left the National Gallery on purpose until we go back because that is open always and I wanted to see the pictures right and knew I had not time then. I don't wonder you grinned about Wales. I expect I have given you a chance for many a laugh, but no matter. I'm here and having a good time thanks to you. Sometimes I'm ready to hide my face at my ignorance of history, and then I reflect that this is a pleasant way of studying history, and that I can build up on the foundation when I get back. So many things have grown clearer to me since I came over here, and Miss Johnson is such a help, for she knows so many things by the way that would have escaped me entirely. We have not made our plans exactly for our journey to London yet, but I think we shall go to Interlaken on Tuesday, and after a [little *?*] stay there go to Bole*, Berne{,} Cologne{,} Heidelburg and Holland, but we shall know in a day

or two now. I said that I had received Susy Jewetts* letter at least I thought I did, but I have a half written letter in answer, so I will finish and send it off at once. I got the check all right thank you, but you needn't have bothered with it. Now of course I have to spend a good deal more for we are going about so much faster, and I get things by the way whenever I can. I laid in some things in Venice, and see nice things in the shops

[*Page 8*]

here. I hope to get a letter written to Uncle and Aunt John,* because they will not love me if I do not{.} Tabby wrote when she first came over, or I shall have done it before. We hope to hear if Ma had a good time at the party, so do have the goodness to send the particulars. How could you tell me about setting down alone with the little one at the end of the barn, and here it is Sunday afternoon and I might be sitting there with you. I wonder if I have ever told you that I have been picking up photographs all the way along so I can show you something of all I have seen and wont we have a good time with them? This is Thidders birthday, and I hope he has had a good one. Think how old we felt when we were ten years old. I was thinking last night of the Sat night we went to York before he was born. Do you remember? It makes me heartsick to think of the poor Walkers,* but no one can help them as you say, and if he cannot live I hope he won't be left to suffer a great while. Grandma Hobbs is broken a good deal I am sure, and no doubt they had a break up. My love to them always, and to all other friends. Don't forget to tell Mrs. Goodwin & Mrs Doe that I beloved their letters will you? My best love to Rebecca and thanks too for the pleasure I got this morning. Love to Ma Caddy [& her *?*] and Theodore, and keep much for yourself from O.P.

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

I'm glad Mrs Eastman* is better and hope it wont be long before she is all right again{.} Didn't you all have a good time at the [*unrecognized word*] ?

Notes

Meisterschaft: *The Meisterschaft System*, "a short and practical method for acquiring complete fluency of speech in the German Language," by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal.

O: Jewett has drawn a loop that looks like a circle with a line across the top, presumably to indicate that the train route completely circled a mountain while descending.

'Lion': Jewett refers to the Lion Monument, a relief sculpture in Lucerne. Wikipedia says it was "designed by Bertel Thorvaldsen and hewn in 1820-21 by Lukas Ahorn." Sarah Orne Jewett reports seeing it in a letter to her mother of 14 August 1882.

Jessie ... Eva: Jewett correspondents Jessie Cochrane, and Eva von Blomberg.

Bennochs: This transcription is uncertain, but probably Jewett refers to the family of Francis Bennoch, a friend of Annie Adams Fields. Bennoch (1812-1890) was head of a wholesale silk business in London, a member of parliament, and a patron of authors and literature. See also *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, Volume 33 (1887), p. 897.

Aldriches: Lilian and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Key to Correspondents.

Stevy and Addy: These persons have not yet been identified.

Liddy: Jewett's cousin, Elizabeth (Liddy) Jervis Gilman of Brunswick, ME. See Alice Dunlap Gilman in Key to Correspondents.

Grace ... Helens ... Mrs Gordons: In Key to Correspondents, see Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden. Her sister, Helen, died on 14 July 1889. Their mother, Katherine Parker Sleeper Gordon, died on 22 November 1889. Find a Grave.

Frank Lords: The Lord family in the South Berwick, ME, area was so extensive that identifying this person is nearly impossible.

Frances: Probably this is Frances Fisk Perry Dudley. Key to Correspondents.

John Fiske: Probably John Taylor Fiske. See William Perry Fiske in Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Keeler ... Parson K.: Presumably these are wife and husband. They have not yet been identified.

Capn Sam Harding: According to *Hardings: history of the Harding Family* (1936) by Alena Brown Hartwell, "Captain Sam Harding of Chatham, Massachusetts, is 96 years of age. He sailed the seven seas in command of Clipper ships. His portrait by Harold Brett was on exhibition at the Boston Art Club at the opening of the 1933 season." This may be the person to whom Jewett referred.

Jane Morrill: FamilySearch identifies a likely Jane Morrill: "When Jane Morrill was born on 6 April 1816, in Eliot, York, Maine, United States, her father, William Morrell, was 30 and her mother, Mary Emery, was 21. She died on 10 April 1898, in South Berwick, York, Maine, United States, at the age of 82."

Thider & Tucker: The Portsmouth Naval Shipyard was founded in 1800. Wikipedia.

Thomas Butler: Which Thomas Butler who died in 1889 this is has not yet been determined. Find a grave lists several.

Susy Jewett's: Probably this is cousin Susan Jameson Jewett (1857-1964). Find a Grave.

Bole: This transcription is uncertain, but it seems likely Jewett refers to Bôle, Switzerland, a former municipality.

Uncle and Aunt John: Probably Dr. John Taylor Gilman Nichols and Helen Williams Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Goodwin & Mrs Doe: Edith Bell Haven Doe. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Goodwin probably is Harriet Judith Goodwin. See George Ichabod Goodwin in Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Eastman: Carrie Jewett Eastman's mother-in-law, Abby O. Smith Eastman (1823-1897). Key to Correspondents.

Interlaken Tuesday

Aug 6th

Dear Sarah:

Don't you wish you were here too? You never half told how pleasant it is here did you? We came here from Lucerne this morning and it was lovely every step of the way. We started off in a steamer and came on for about an hour and then we took the train and came up over the mountain and down the other side. I wonder if you came that way? Such magnificent [visions *?*] we had all the time, and as good luck had it they divided the train into sections which left our car the last so Tabby* & I stood in the doorway and looked back so getting every particular. You remember the Swiss cars are more like ours so one can see much better than in the English carriages. We had our dinner on the top of the mountain and then the descent began which didn't take very long. We took another steamer which brought us within a few miles of Interlaken, & then we came by rail the rest of the way. Isn't it pretty coming down the valley? It seems to

[*Page 2*]

me that this is more Swiss than anything we have seen. I dont mean Interlaken itself so much for that seems to be given up to the summer boarder, but the little houses in the outskirts. We went to drive this afternoon in a funny chaise like thing with a seat for the driver on the dasher and another for a person facing the back seat. Do you remember them? We are at the Hotel des Alpes which is the last big one of the long row, and as we drove out of the gate we turned to the left and went across the rail road and along the road for a mile and a half I should think, and then crossed the river to a little village of such old looking houses. Every thing seemed to be going on over there{,} We met three women harnessed into a cart and they were dragging a load of pea vines &c home from the field. And women were lugging water and spading the gardens and working harder than the men did a good deal. We drove along under the mountains a mile or more until we came to another little village which was most interesting and then past more fields, and an old woman came

[*Page 3*]

out to sell plums. So I bought some big ones for your sake, and in a few minutes we were back in Interlaken. The tops of the mountains were covered with mist so there was no chance of a sunset, and we came meekly in and went through the slow length of the table d'hote dinner{.} Now we are settled for the evening. Miss Johnson & Abba are busy with a game of solitaire and squabble gently at times {—} Tabby bossing shameful to my amusement for Tabby has broken clear out of her shell{.} I wish I knew where you lived when you were here. I have looked at every house and hotel, but can't [see *or* set] you yet.

Yesterday morning we went to see the old bridges in Lucerne where the pictures are and aren't they funny? I don't think the three [cornered *?*] ones are as interesting as the Holbein* ones where the skeleton is in every one. Was anything ever more beautiful than the Lion* is, and how charming the surroundings are, but it has been raining and was as damp as could be, so we didn't dare to stay a great while. We walked and drove about Lucerne and in the evening went to hear the great

[*Page 4*]

organ in the old church. You know I can hardly wait to know what things you saw and what you didn't. I never heard such playing before, and wish I could hear every note of it again. Just [entering *?*] the church there is the queerest [great *?*] ^figure^ in wood carving let into the wall, which is the idea some person had of the garden Gethsemane. There is such a queer old cemetery [round *?*] the church, & we wandered round after that music was over to see what it was like, and then stepped home to pack our chests. For the first time we met that glorious German institution of the feather bed to cover yourself in bed with. Did you ever meet one on your travels? I begged to be excused having them, & the woman looked so astonished and sorrowful at my lack of sense, but meekly trotted them off out of the way. One thing we have [have *repeated*] had for our comfort is good beds. Ever since we left England. I dont think much of them in England though. Billy Fisk* didn't rightfully know about coming in the letter Tabby had on Sunday but I have an idea he will. We shall be back in England by the time he gets there

[*Page 5*]*

I wish he would bring some water out of our well, for I should like a good drink of water that didnt make my throat feel like a newly whitewashed room{.} The rivers are so full of lime that they look like milk and water, but aren't the lakes a lovely color? I wish we could settle upon our course long enough beforehand to let you know where we are to be, but I think we shall be back in London in about two weeks now. So you can be thinking of us there. The bundles of papers came yesterday which gave us occupation for a good while — We heard today in Lucerne that the Eiffel Tower* had fallen, and the same story is here but the papers have not come yet from Paris and no one really knows. I hope it isn't true, for we heard that 250 people were killed, which I can believe if any accident really happened, for there was always such a crowd all around it.

It was such a lovely journey here, and in spite of all the changes not half so tiresome as some of them have been, for it was cool and comfortable, and the views

[*Page 6*]

we had of the valleys [were *corrected*] lovely. Tonight I am too sleepy to write any more, but I will do better next time but a long day out of doors isn't a very good thing to make one brilliant, so [I'll *?*] say good night, and send the love of all of us to all at home. Tomorrow we hope to go gadding in this region and the next day go on our way again to Bole stopping at Berne on the way to view the bears* &c, and get to Cologne for Sunday. How I would like to step in and see you all, and perhaps I should find you at tea, it being bedtime here. My respects to Ma & Caddy* & family and much for yourself. I wish you would take the fly powder and come over here and take me in hand, for I get one flea nearly every day, though they are not quite so vicious to me as they were. This is a mean letty but forgive it, and love the [giver *?*]. Love to John and Rosy & Annie. affly

MRJ.

Notes

Holbein: Jewett refers to footbridges in Lucerne, some of which were decorated with paintings by German painter Hans Holbein the Younger (c. 1497-1543). The paintings are of a Danse Macabre or Totentanz, thus containing skeletons. See Spreuer Bridge in Wikipedia.

'Lion': Jewett refers to the Lion Monument, a relief sculpture in Lucerne. Wikipedia says it was "designed by Bertel Thorvaldsen and hewn in 1820–21 by Lukas Ahorn." Sarah Orne Jewett reports seeing it in a letter to her mother of 14 August 1882.

Billy Fisk: William Perry Fiske.

Eiffel Tower: This Paris landmark opened for the 1889 Paris Exposition in May. The rumor that it had fallen around 1 August was, in fact, false.

Bole: This transcription is uncertain, but it seems likely Jewett refers to Bôle, Switzerland, a former municipality.

bears: Because of a legend about the city's name, live bears have been kept on display in Bern Switzerland. Wikipedia.

Interlaken

Wednesday Aug ^7th^*

Dear Sarah:

Such a beautiful day and here we are still for we couldn't make up our minds to go this morning without seeing the Jungfrau, for all last evening and this morning it was cloudy, but later on we got a go cart and started off for a drive to Grindelwald, & oh my wasnt it beautiful. Did you ever step yourself there? I dont know how far it is but it took us three hours to go, but only two to come home. We went up through the valley and along by the river, sometimes one side of it and sometimes another, and we went through two or three little villages, and such an endless lot of people came out to sell things, such funny little girls and boys and old women, some with edelweiss

[*Page 2*]

and some with carved things and more with fruits and flowers, and carved things. We spent our substance in one thing and another and had great fun with them. Grindelwald is a funny little village close to the Jungfrau apparently but which is really a good way off{.} We had a lovely view and saw the glaciers close by. We set out to climb up to one & then concluded we hadn't time. We went for a walk in the village and met two funny little girls selling strawberries in baskets made just like the ones people carry on their backs and we had great dealings with the funny little souls. They were no bigger than humble bees but so long headed and funny. It was beautiful [driving *?*] home and when we got almost down we turned round suddenly and

[*Page 3*]

saw such a view of the Jungfrau as I shall never forget. All the mist rolled away [from *?*] the lower part, and left it with the sunshine on it, and a big full moon in the sky overhead. I hope you have been up there for then you can tell Ma and Caddy about it. We got home about seven to find the house filled up with a "personally conducted" party the members of which looked as if brains were lacking in a marked degree! I hope they had a good time but I should hate to be one of them all the same.

The clerk told me tonight that they expected still another party this evening, and I am afraid we shall have the large party for our fellow travellers tomorrow when we go to Berne. We are going to Berne for a few hours and then to Bole to spend the night, and to Heidelberg next day.

[*Page 4*]*

It will make easier work for us to divide the journey up that way than to go direct as we at first intended, and we shall get to Cologne for Sunday we think [*unrecognized marks*] and take a days rest or perhaps two. Interlaken is very full and yet not so crowded as Lucerne apparently. Isnt it a beautiful place, and how little any photo [*unrecognized insertion*] does it justice. Abba & I went out [raking *?*] this evening and looked into the shop windows like two children. One of those gypsy bands was playing in front of one of the hotels which had drawn a crowd of course and the electric lights were so bright and made the trees looks so lovely that it was great fun to be strolling along. I should be quite contented if I only knew

[*Page 5*]*

where you lived but I think it must have been nearer the station than we are, for you to have the whole view of the Jungfrau* from your window as I think you said you had. I hope it will be clear, and we shall get a good look at it as we go away tomorrow.

Thursday morning. It is a lovely day and we are just ready to start for Berne. The mountains are lovely that we can see so I hope that we shall get the full glory of the Jungrau as we go down the street. Do tell Ma & Caddy the particulars to make up for this hasty letter [but I truly *?*] haven't had time for anything better{.} Such a glory of mountains I never saw in my life, for it is clear as a bell, and I am so thankful

[*Page 6*]

to have seen it. Now we go on our way, as soon as breakfast is over. My love to all.

Yrs affly

MRJ.

Notes

7th: I have inferred that the date is 7 August, for Jewett's handwriting is not clear.

Jungfrau: The Jungfrau ("maiden, virgin") at 13,642 ft, is one of the main summits of the Swiss Alps, located near Interlaken. Sarah Orne Jewett described her time in Interlaken in letters of 14 August 1882, to her sister Carrie and to Georgina Halliburton.

Berne Thursday Aug 8

Dear Sarah:

We are waiting for the train to take us to Bole where we are to spend the night, so I will begin my letter here{.} We have had a lovely day, first coming by rail down to the lake then a [lovely *?*] sail across it and such views of the snow mountains all the way, and then we came to Thun and the cars again{,} reaching here at half past twelve. First we went to the Cathedral where we saw the funny old carved pews, and the coats of arms [cut *?*] into the backs, and in the middle of the church were benches with the names of the owners carved in the seats in big letters & some times the coat of arms. It looked so funny to see it all, for sometimes the persons maiden name was added also{.} I dare say the owners had been dead a

[*Page 2*]

century of more. The place was old enough to make me believe it might have been built before the [flood *?*],* & we looked on the narrow seats with thankfulness that we hadn't to listen to long sermons from them.

We went out into what used to be the old churchyard I believe and looked down on the river which runs with a tremendous current just there, and is so pretty to look at from the high wall. Next we went to see the funny old clock, and got there just on time to hear it strike and see the performance{.} A cock crows & flaps his wings, & then a procession turns round, and a man turns an hour glass, & last of all a man in armor way up in the top of the tower strikes. We wanted to be here at lunch but couldn't, but after all we saw enough of it. We went to see the bears* of course and laughed enough at their queer actions{.} Two of them got playing by the edge of their water tank, & one deliberately

[*Page 3*]

[raked *?*] the other over into the water and held him under until he was well soaked and you have no idea how funny it was. I wished Theodore* had been there to see them. We saw the queer fountain* of the ogre with the bag full of children that he is just going to eat. Do you remember the one he has in his mouth? and there is one who has broken through the side of the bag and is looking out. I should think it would be a cheerful neighborhood for frightened children. Bôle. Here we are all settled down again for the night. We had a pleasant journey from Berne, and the last of the way was particularly pleasant. The country is more like home, and but for the houses being so different one would think it was York or Eliot, for we came through such lovely green fields and hills. We got here about eight o'clock and found nice rooms waiting for us at the hotel. Bôle is such a pretty place and so much larger than I had any idea it

was. Tomorrow morning we start for Heidelberg at nine, reaching there just after one, and we can have time

[*Page 4*]

to see the Castle in the afternoon, and if we don't feel too tired we are going to Cologne Sat morning and get rested, and washed. We are on the German frontier now which means another custom house tomorrow but if this isn't any worse than the rest have been I shall not be troubled! Some times they have not even opened the trunks but you have to "go through with just so much" always. Did you see any of those curious old streets in Berne that are all downhill and the rows of shops like Chester? I saw women sawing wood in the streets just as men do here, and met a woman and a dog dragging a cart along. I cant get used to seeing women working at a man's work but yesterday we passed a woman dragging a cart full of hay home and how she could do it is still a puzzle to me. We were so glad to find ourselves parted from the Gaze's* party this afternoon for it was hard to elbow ones way against such a crowd, and they certainly were not agreeable people. I don't wonder that people have a queer idea of Americans over here judging from some of the queer specimens we have fallen in with. There was a man in the crowd today whom we concluded was

[*Page 5*]

a parson from some country town. His hair was all plastered down and he talked through his nose about his "umbril"* which was a cotton one I am sure. I hope you are all well and happy 'as this leaves me', and I surely hope to send you better letters than I have for a day or two, but you know how hard it is to send decent letters when one is moving about so fast. We are looking forward to seeing Heidelberg tomorrow{.} Every day seems to bring us fresh pleasure and it seems to me I never heard of anybody having a better time. I've had the Furbers* in mind for a day or two. Do you suppose they are still over here and that I shall fall in with them? I'm sorry Nora is taking this early date for getting married. Has Caddy anybody in prospect? Tell Rosy & Annie that I'm [clemmed *?*]* with hunger for some thing [to *corrected*] to eat at home, and am already counting up what I shall demand the first thing.

We have been very fortunate in getting good eating, but home cooking tastes best after all and now I must step to my bed being quite tired and having a 'drove' day before me tomorrow{.} My love to Tucker & all [inquiring *?*] friends and much to yourself from yrs affly

MRJ.

Notes

the flood: Jewett refers to the Hebrew story of Noah's flood, told in the Bible, Genesis 6-9.

bears: Popular history says that Bern, Switzerland, received its name because the city's founder vowed to name it after the first animal he encountered during a hunt. As a result, the city's coat of arms features a bear and live bears have been kept on display. Wikipedia.

Theodore: Theodore Jewett Eastman.

fountain: Wikipedia says that the Kindlifresserbrunnen or "Child-Eater Fountain," is a painted stone fountain in Bern, showing an ogre devouring a naked child.

Gaze's: Probably this is a tour organized by Henry Gaze & Sons (Limited) of New York City.

"umbril": Presumably, an umbrella. In the later 19th Century, quality umbrellas would have been made of steel and silk.

Furbers: The Jewetts were in regular contact with some of their Furber relatives, notably the family of Henry Jewett Furber and Cynthia Elvira Irwin Furber. Key to Correspondents.

Nora: Presumably Nora was an employee of Carrie Jewett Eastman. No further information about her has yet been uncovered.

clemmed: An English dialect word meaning "hungry." *OED*.

Cologne Aug 12

Monday eve

Dear Sarah:

I wrote you last evening from Heidelberg and I haven't much now to tell except of our safe arrival here this evening. I found a letter from you and one from Mrs. Tyler waiting for me which was pleasant. Tabby had a letter from William in which he says he may come by the 28th Aug steamer or the 4th Sept{.} I hope it will be the first & then he can come in time to go about with us for we shall be just going to Scotland or rather just arrived in [Edinburg *so spelled*] probably. Mrs. Tyler was in E. and full of its delights{.} I'm sorry things worked out poorly about Hatties visit, but it is only what I should expect. I'm afraid she will prove a trial to Will & Tabby. Tabby is just as dear and sensible about her as she can be, and we had a good laugh over the particulars. Do tell me about Grace* for I long to know how she looked to you, and what she said about coming home. It was nice to hear about Mrs Knights* visit. I wish I could have been there to have a share in the good times{.}

[*Page 2*]

We came down from Heidelberg in peace and comfort except that a disagreeable man crowded into the carriage before me this morning so I had to come to Darmstadt in another carriage, but I fell in with some pleasant people and didn't grudge it particularly. After an hour I got back with my party, and we came on our way with great serenity. We were glad that we came by rail instead of taking a good day longer by boat. The Rhine is beautiful in spots, but do you think it is as a whole to be compared with the Hudson or some of the scenery at home? Of course we can't bring the old associations and castles but except them I don't think I should ever care to see it again. I saw all the famous old places that I had heard of all my days. Even to Ma's favorite Bingen.* I thought of her when the train stopped there. Didn't you go up by train. So many of the places looked exactly like the pictures, and I looked out of the windows until my eyes feel like dropping out tonight. We were from twelve o'clock until seven coming down here, and close to the river nearly

[*Page 3*]

all the way, so we really had a good look at all the interesting things. Luckily we had room enough in the carriage to move about so we saw the things over our heads too! When we got to Bonn which is about 3/4 of an hour from here we left the river and came across a low flat country, mostly wheat fields, and the great stacks looked like the Hampton marshes in the distance. When we got out at the station here a crowd of people made a bee line for the Hotel du Nord 'bus' but we stepped into another and found our two rooms ready for us, and we thankfully entered in, and took possession and our supper. Did you stay here? It is close to the Cathedral which is a pleasure, and tomorrow Miss Johnson expects Fraulein Frohn* who is the present incumbent at Bradford for a visit, and perhaps she will show us the town! Only think of a sister being in Cologne, and tomorrow as ever is going to buy a bottle of 4711* just for the saying she did it.

I don't think the bones of the 11,000 virgins

[*Page 4*]

will tempt me after refusing San Carlo Borromeo,* though they may prove too much for me in the end. I dare say I can find a photograph of Canterbury for Mrs. Knight in London, though I did have something else for her. I didn't have much luck at the Exposition for there was such a crazy jam there, but I laid in some things in Venice & Switzerland and already had a few in stock. I'm afraid our fate will not takes us to Clarges St,* for the people at the other place have stored our trunks and received our bundles &c all summer so I think we are a good deal beholden to them as they do it without charge and we were comfortable there. I did see Clarges St which looked very pleasant but all London seems alike grimy to me. We are only going to stay there long enough this time to get some clothes started and do a little sight seeing before going to Scotland{.} Madame Tussauds and the Tower* are still before me, & much as half London besides. I had it in mind to step to the Kensington Museum grill room for a chop though there have been times this very blessed summer when I considered that I

[*Page 5*]

never wished to look a chop in the face again{.} I laughed so this afternoon to see men ploughing with an elderly cow to pull the plough and wondered what John would say to see the piece done in that style. So many times I have seen people in the fields who made me think so of the Millet pictures,* and I am sure I know just what the atmosphere of those pictures really is from seeing things as I go along. To think that in just two or three days I'm going to see every wind mill and dyke. You know even now I don't believe I am here, and some how the story book places still stand off separate from the real ones. I was thinking today of the time years ago when we read the Rollo books* about Geneva and the Rhine? It was nice to hear about Miss Grants* being in the little blue room and I hope you kept her long enough to rest her. It was too bad that Sister Keeler* was laid low, for now she will be afraid to come again, and I shall not see her! I was quite proud and happy to be missed

[*Page 6*]

at this late day, but your consolation is not far off at the [rate *corrected*] the days are flying past, and you might comfort yourself and the little one. Miss Johnson is doing a sum in reduction trying to bring refractory francs into marks and pfennigs and at present her efforts do not seem to be crowned with success. Tabby has just stowed herself in bed and I'm going in a minute, but must stop to send my love to a nice Ma. I've been hoping she would favor me with a few words, but haven't been blessed lately. I'm glad Miss Betty* is proving pleasant, but don't let her tire you out please. Dear me how glad I shall be when three weeks cease to come between our talking about things. I don't wonder that people who live abroad get out of relation to their old homes and friends. I wrote you yesterday about seeing Miss Adams' friend who reported her and Mrs. Beal* as well and having a good time together, but I will speak of it again for fear of the letters straying. I long for you to know what a good time we had in Venice, though you probably will long before this reaches you. Love to Caddy and all, and much for yourself from an aff. sister, who wants to see you shameful —

Notes

Mrs. Tyler: Augusta Maria Denny Tyler. Key to Correspondents.

Grace: Probably Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden. Key to Correspondents.

Knights: Helen Cross Knight. Key to Correspondents.

Bingen: See Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett of 14 August 1882. One of their mother's favorite songs was "Bingen on the Rhine," with lyrics by British author and social reformer, Caroline Elizabeth Norton (1808-1877). The poem was set to music in 1847 by German-American composer Herrman S. Saroni (1824-1900). Wikipedia.

Frohn: According to *The Year Book of the Congregational Christian Churches of the United States of America* (1894), Miss Marie H. Frohn taught German language and literature at the Bradford Academy, in Bradford MA.

4711: Wikipedia says: "4711 is a traditional German Eau de Cologne by Mäurer & Wirtz. Because it has been produced in Cologne since at least 1799, it is allowed to use the geographical indication Original Eau de Cologne."

virgins ... San Carlo Borromeo: Wikipedia says that Saint Ursula is a legendary saint from Roman Britain, said to have been martyred near Cologne along with her 11 thousand handmaids.

Charles Borromeo (1536-1584) became Archbishop of Milan and later a cardinal. He is remembered for his activities in the Counter-Reformation. After his death, he was canonized. Jewett declined to view his remains while in his crypt in the cathedral at Milan. See her letter of 29 July and Wikipedia.

Exposition: The 1889 Paris Exposition, during which the Eiffel Tower opened.

Clarges St.: Sarah Jewett stayed at 10 Clarges St. in London in October 1882.

Madame Tussauds and the Tower: Jewett refers to Madame Tussauds Wax Museum and the Tower of London, two popular spots for sight-seers in London. Wikipedia.

Page 5: Printed up the left margin of the photocopy of this page, but not on the original: Miss Grant. See note below.

Millet pictures: Jewett refers to the peasant farmer paintings of the French artist, Jean-François Millet (1814-1875). Wikipedia.

Rollo books: Wikipedia says that Jacob Abbott (1803-1879) was a Maine writer of children's books, a graduate of Bowdoin College, like Jewett's father. Among his famous series of educational "Rollo" books were *Rollo in Europe* (1866) and *Rollo in London* (1859).

Miss Grants: Olive Grant. Key to Correspondents.

Sister Keeler: Mrs. Keeler has not yet been identified.

Betty: At about this time, Sarah Orne Jewett was expanding her short serial, *A Bit of Color*, into a novel, *Betty Leicester: A Story for Girls* (1890). This may be the "Betty" to whom Jewett refers.

Adams' ... Beal: Miss Adams was one of the sisters of Annie Adams Fields, either Elizabeth or Sarah. Their youngest sister was Louise Jane, who married James H. Beal. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

Brussels, Aug 14

Wednesday

[Hotel d'l Empereur. *So it appears*]

Dear Sarah:

Here we are again, having arrived a couple of hours ago from Cologne and had our dinner which we sorely needed, having sat down to our breakfasts at half past seven, and we didnt arrive here until [two *corrected*] o'clock. We had a pleasant time on the way for we had three pleasant people with us, and grew very friendly. She was such a nice English girl who had been governess in a Russian family, and told us such interesting stories of the life there. Then there was a lady and her daughter who were also charming. And when she presented her card to Miss J she proved to be a Danish baroness from Copenhagen on her way to visit another daughter near Liege. The two latter got out and their place was taken by some people not half so nice, but by that time we were glad to keep silent for the pangs

[*Page 2*]

of hunger [were *corrected*] upon us! It was a moment of delight when we viewed the first windmill and we kept seeing them all the way along. I long to get where they are thicker, which sounds as if we were berrying. What a good time we had in Cologne yesterday, for Miss Frohn* appeared just as we had finished our breakfasts, and away we went to see the sights{.}

We did the duty nearest us, of course and went to the Cathedral, having a good look at it inside and out, even to the treasures. What a beautiful place it is, isn't it? Then we went to St. Ursula and the 11,000 virgins,* and me and Tabby seed 'um at an expense of a mark for the two of us, considering the money well laid out. The old church is very queer in its architecture inside and I was so disappointed not to get a good photograph of it. The bones are set up in glass cases along the walls, and are not at all [grewsome *so spelled*] to behold. I did not care for the mortal remains, but one didn't get a sight at the interior without

[*Page 3*]

that thrown in. We got quite interested in the Sexton who was so pleased with his church and its legends and facts. We drove on and saw another old church, and walked in there to find three small children, two little thin anxious looking girls as if the cares of life had already taken hold of them and a funny little roly poly boy saying their prayers with great solemnity, but they had to stop to view us. Somebody proposed giving them a treat, so we got Miss Frohn to carry the money to them, and she came back laughing like everything to tell us that she "told them to pray well for us and then to step for some candy." I wish you had seen the three faces, and I must tell you that the prayer seemed to hasten to an end, and they departed giggling in a few minutes. We went to buy some cologne of course for it would be a clear flouting of Providence not to buy some when we were on the spot, and we had our dinners in a German restaurant which was recommended by Miss Frohn and so we avoided going back to the hotel{.}

[*Page 4*]

We had a delightful drive about the city later, and so saw both the old and the new parts of it, the new being very handsome, and promising great things{.} I wish I could have seen it when it was a walled city though for the towers show that it must have been a pompous old place. Later on we went to some shops, and I laid in a good basket like the one you lost in the fire, for our goods and chattels were getting rather tiresome to pack and unpack in our small trunks. I think I shall have a stiff cover put on in London like the one I have of yours, though it has a waterproof lining already. I expected they would snatch me up in the Custom House on account of it, but they never looked at it, & only looked inside the little one to my deep joy, for I heard they were rather troublesome about little things sometimes & overhauled a good deal{.} Now we have two overhaulings more before we set our weary feet in London. We seem to have fallen on a showery time at last though it has not troubled us yet. There was a great

[*Page 5*]*

downpour yesterday while we were at lunch, but we did everything we chose before and after and tonight it is drizzling again & sent us in after we started out for a walk. We did a great days sight seeing yesterday and then had five hours coming down here so we thought we wouldn't undertake any more this day! It is after dinner now and the Angelus is ringing from various steeples. One is such a booming great bell that I believe I never heard the like. How it makes you understand the books and pictures you have read and seen to come over here. I couldn't help thinking of it as I came across country today, for I have seen so many bits of just such scenery painted. I must say that it is a pleasant way to study up your history. Tomorrow we hope to start bright and early and view the town, and go to Antwerp either in the early evening, or morning of Friday. We are in such a nice hotel again, one of Gaze's list,* for we have enough coupons left to take us to London{.} We have found them very cheap and so [conscientious *?*] in this time when some places are crowded, and the hotels have apparently been as good as the plans afforded. Yesterday I found some more letters at Cologne, one

[*Page 6*]

very nice one from Caddy with interesting particulars, one from Jennie Sewall and one from each of the family at Little Boars Head, Nelly Bell & Judge Chamberlain* included. Wasn't that nice. Nelly B. said that she was going to Sugar Hill & Nantucket for August, but couldn't you get a visit out of her before Maud comes back? Last evening kind little Miss Frohn came for us again & Tabby and I went out with her across the queer old bridge of boats and looked back at the city. It made me think of ^the view from^ Mrs Fields house, only it was the same on both sides, with the Cathedral towers and another high tower standing up so high above everything around them. Did you see the old bridge? Why the strong current does not sweep the whole thing away is a mystery to me, which [seemed *?*] a great pity though for it is such a picturesque old thing. Did you go to St. Peters Church and see Rubens* picture of him, and do you remember how queer the entrance is through those cloisters? Was anything ever funnier than buying cologne in Cologne with forty shops each proclaiming itself

[*Page 7*]

to be the only original one. We tried two places but I don't feel in the least sure that we got the right place after all our efforts.

I had a letter off of Mary Harriet & Gusty Tyler* both this week. They are in a state of bliss in [Edinburg *so spelled*] but come to London Sept 1st, so I expect we shall just miss them for we shall be stepping to Edinburg ourselves about that time probably. My woolen [gowns *?*] are beginning to show the ravages of time and travel and I want to stay long enough in London either to buy one, or set one a making against my return later on. I hope you had a good time in Boston where you had gone at last accounts, and do tell me about the Gordons* if you know anything. [Katechen *?*] will be fit to kill Grace if she goes away and leaves her with the sole care of her Mother won't she? I don't wonder much if she does{.} It seems funny that when you wrote you had just had my letter from Paris, for it seems months ago since we were there, when we think of all we have had since. I think it is this week that Mr. Lewis is going home. Mrs Tyler and Hattie haven't taken their passage

[*Page 8*]

yet, and didnt say anything about their brothers coming over either. His wife and children are going to spend the winter in Germany I believe, but they haven't gone there yet. I was amused at Caddys tale of [Tickys *?*] new skills in opening doors.

Tell John it's too early to begin to shine him up yet for it is two months before I shall get sight of Boston Light. Be sure and tell me if you want anything that I can get in London for you for I shall only be too glad to do it you know. This started to be a good letter, but in the midst of it I had to go to my dinner and lost the thread of my discourse. I wrote "John & Sarah"* the other day, and now I believe my relations haven't any special cause to complain of my neglecting them! My best love to Ma and Caddy and both the gentlemen and always a deal for yourself. I should like to look in and see you all you may be sure. Miss J. & Tabby send their love always. They are both writing away for dear life, and presently we are going to bed for it is late & we are tired{.} Love to John and the girls, and I hope they are well and happy. Have you any recent news

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

of Alice* to relate{.} When does Miss Betty Leicester* appear in the world? You might tell her age and size and the color of her dress, for I don't know anything about her. Good night, & my love to all again

Afly MRJ.

Notes

Frohn: According to *The Year Book of the Congregational Christian Churches of the United States of America* (1894), Miss Marie H. Frohn taught German language and literature at the Bradford Academy, in Bradford MA.

virgins: Wikipedia says that Saint Ursula is a legendary saint from Roman Britain, said to have been martyred near Cologne along with her 11 thousand handmaids.

Gaze's list: Henry Gaze & Sons (Limited) of New York City published a monthly newsletter, *Gaze's Tourist Gazette*, with news and information about travel and offers of guided tours.

Nelly Bell & Judge Chamberlain: Probably Jewett refers to Jane Sewall, a South Berwick neighbor. See Pirsig, *The Placenames of South Berwick*, p. 75.

The Little Boarshead family belonged to Jewett's aunt, Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell, including Nelly Bell. Among their close friends was Mellen Chamberlain. Key to Correspondents.

Maud: One person named Maud among the Jewett acquaintance was Maud Howe Eliot (1854-1948) — see Laura Elizabeth Howe Richards in Key to Correspondents. Perhaps, however, this is a nickname for a member of the Bell family, such as Mary Bell's recently widowed sister, Maria Gray Soule (1829-1911). Find a Grave.

Reubens: Wikipedia says: "St Peter's Church is a Roman Catholic church in Cologne, run by the Jesuits. The painter Rubens was baptised in the church and his *The Crucifixion of St Peter* is on display there." Jewett refers to the Flemish painter, Peter Paul Reubens (1577-1640).

Gordons ... Katechen ... Grace: The family of Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden. Key to Correspondents. Probably Katechen is Grace Walden's older sister, Kate Hoffendahl. Their mother, Katherine, died on 22 November 1889. Their younger sister, Helen, had just died on 14 July 1889.

"John & Sarah": Jewett indicates that these are her relatives, but which ones has not yet been determined.

Alice: Probably Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents.

Miss Betty Leicester: Jewett's novel, *Betty Leicester: A Story for Girls* (1890) appeared in late 1889.

Antwerp Thursday

Aug 15th 1889

Dear Sarah;

Your nice sister is so full of plums & nice green gages, that I am afraid ideas will be lacking but I must tell what a good time we have had today before I forget any of it. We began the day with a good breakfast and then stepped ourselves in a cab to see the sights. We went first to a place where they were making lace and it was more than ever a puzzle to me how they could keep track of all those bobbins. One woman had 500 and more, and that didn't seem to be in the least a troublesome number for she whisked them about as if it were nothing to do. Then we went to see the Cathedral and found a high mass going on because it was a great holiday here in Belgium. We waited for awhile hoping to see the interior of the church, but it was interesting to see the people coming and going, for they didn't seem to stay through the service but came and went as they pleased.

It was the feast of Sainte Marie and there was a great figure of her standing in the [choir *?*] and dozens of candles and beautiful flowers [round *?*]. After a little while we

[*Page 2*]

went away and went to see some of the shops and drove about the town for some time. We went to the [Hotel du Ville *so it appears*] and saw some splendid old tapestry and then to see the new

Palais de Justice which is a beautiful building on high ground commanding such a fine view of the city and surrounding country{.} Near by it were the monuments of two men who were executed on account of some political trouble, & the [grounds *?*] round it were so prettily laid out. There was an interesting old church near by, but being a holiday and by this time afternoon things got shut up{.} We went back to the Cathedral and saw the queer pulpit of carved wood made to represent a big apple tree under whose branches Adam & Eve* stood and she has an apple in her hand, & above her an angel with a drawn sword & on one side of her Death is waiting to snatch her off. Do you remember the big serpent coiled in the branches and then on the top of the canopy the infant Christ & his

[*Page 3*]

mother are holding down its head so that it can do no harm? I was greatly interested in such a strange old thing, for what a piece of work it must have been to carve it at all. There was much in Brussels that made me think of Paris of which it seems to be a smaller edition.

We saw the Royal Palace and some fine old houses besides, and pretty parks and fine buildings, and what greatly interested us also were the old houses belonging to the various guilds. The Skippers house had a top made like the stern of an old man of war with the models of several guns sticking out, and each house had some design peculiar to itself. We like the whole place and I can imagine having a very good time there, & was sorry that we happened on a day when some things were closed. It was so pretty coming here, less than an hours ride which we thought it was wise to do tonight rather than wait until morning, and we are so pleased to find there is also a fête here with an illumination of the

[*Page 4*]

Cathedral and a grand procession going by here later in the evening. So I am hurrying up my letter to be prepared to view it.

All the country between here & Brussels looked as green as England did when I first arrived and after the dried up looking fields we saw in Italy it was lovely to see such freshness. We passed such pretty houses and gardens beautifully laid out. Even the rivers seem to be well conducted here. It was fun to see the people for being a holiday was enough to set all the world outdoors, & there were crowds hanging over every gate at the railway crossings, & they were sitting in rows before the houses in queer clothes sometimes. There were great herds of Dutch and Jersey cattle and flocks of sheep and everything looked so well cared for and prosperous that it was a pleasure to watch passing as we came along. There was an enormous Botanical Garden in Brussels that I would like to see if we had the time but we crowded a good deal into the day as it was, and I dare say it might have been closed if we had tried to get in.

[*Page 5*]

We are going out for a little walk I think to see the illuminations presently though it is hardly dark enough for them to be really fine yet. I couldn't see much of the town as we came from the station of course but it looked more modern than I had imagined it, but perhaps I shall sing a different song tomorrow. We are at the Hotel St. Antoine which is near the cathedral I believe, but I haven't yet seen what it is near for myself. I don't hear any bells ringing however, though there may not be a fashion of it in the cathedral here as there is in some places. The streets seem to be full of people going to and fro. We passed crowds as we came up from the station. The omnibus was full of people and they piled trunk after trunk on the top until the horses could scarcely start the load & we bumped on the axles all the way until it was like riding in the blue cart, and we all got laughing together. I think Tabby must be pretty strong to stand all the shaking up we have had at one time or another since we started on our travels. Tomorrow we are going sight seeing and probably to Amsterdam some

[*Page 6*]*

next day, and then our long railway journey will be done for some time. It surely is a far cry from Paris to Venice and back to London, but I believe nothing ever has seemed quite so long as the day we went from Calais to Paris, for it was hot and the car full of people and everything strange and new, and we have had twice the length since and minded it less. It is time for us to be going out to see the show now, so I will send this off without waiting to finish it, and perhaps it will catch the Sunday steamer, and you will have one letter more. I shall be so interested to see how many of the letters I have written have really reached you, for I have sent at least three every week and sometimes four or five, when facts were plenty!

One thing we are delighted about it that we seem to have left the lime water behind, and tonight we really had some cold water that tasted good for the first time in many a long week. Give my love to [the *corrected*] family in both houses* please, and to all friends besides, and I hope you are all well and in spirits. Miss Johnson & Tabby send much love. I wish you could see the larks that Tabby & I have with Miss Johnson. She gets black in the face with laughing sometimes we tease her

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

so, I sometimes think she will live years longer for coming over here, and having such a change & it is

[fun alive *?*] to see how Tads dread of her has vanished.

Affly

M.R.J.

Notes

Adam & Eve: The pulpit presents the "Fall of Man" as narrated in the Bible, Genesis 2-3. Wikipedia describes the pulpit of the Cathedral of St. Michael and St. Gudula in Brussels: "The nave also contains a Baroque pulpit from the 17th century, made by the Antwerp sculptor Hendrik Frans Verbruggen in 1699. The base represents Adam and Eve expelled from the Garden of Eden after plucking the forbidden fruit. At the top, the Virgin and Child piercing the serpent symbolise redemption."

both houses: Sarah and Mary Jewett had recently moved into the "Jewett House" which today is the Jewett House Museum. Their sister Carrie and her family resided next door in what is now the Jewett House Museum Visitor Center.

Antwerp Aug [16 *corrected*]

Of a Friday [Noon *?*]

Dear Sarah:

While we are taking a 'nooning' between two outings I will begin a few particulars for the daily letter{.} After I finished last nights letter we went down to the parlor to look out at the procession and of all people who do you supposed faced me when I opened the door but "Lyd" Gordon?* I must confess that I was a little dashed not knowing what form her greeting might take in its degree of noise but fortunately she drew it quite mild except in the warmth of the embrace she gave me. She is over here with a party, a [part *corrected*] of which we met in Brussels, and seems to be having a beautiful time. She didn't know what to say when I told her that Helen* was dead, for she had missed some letters & so knew nothing about it. She spoke with great plainness concerning her, which must have riled Helen's spirit if it happened to be hovering near! I wish I could tell you about the illumination so that you would know what it really was like. This hotel is just ^on the^ diagonal corner of the square from the Cathedral, but I didnt know it until

[*Page 2*]

last night, and we sat in the parlor and looked out to see the crowd of people going to and fro, when suddenly colored fires began streaming out of the tower and rose stage by stage until the whole place was a sea of color. I never dreamed of anything so splendid as it all was against a black sky. Suddenly hundreds of rockets and roman candles blazed out from among the colored fires and it seemed to us that it lasted for a long time but I suppose it really was only a few minutes and all the while those beautiful chimes were playing their very sweetest with the big bell boom booming at intervals. I don't know what we did or said we were so excited about it, as you would have been if you could have been here. All the way from below the clock face to the very top of the tower were red and green yellow and blue lights and every few minutes it was renewed and finally a queer violet light came in spots. After awhile they let the lower story go out, and it gradually darkened until only the top was left and then that [turned *or* burned] out, and by and by we saw the men coming down with the lanterns

[*Page 3*]

which looked no bigger than fireflies. Did you ever see anything like the way we have been led into the nicest possible things, for we had no idea there was to be anything here, and were rather sorry at first that we had arranged to leave Brussels [before *?*] knowing of the fête there. The procession did not amount to very much, being merely a burlesque which of course we didn't at all understand, and before they got round here on their march most of the candles had burned themselves out. We didn't get to bed until after twelve and so didn't arise with the lark this morning, but when we did we stepped ourselves to see the market in the square. I wish I could take a good bit of it home to show it was so queer. The old women were out in full force with every kind of queer cap or queerer bonnet on. We passed them on our way who were evidently gotten up in their best caps with green ribbons streaming down the back, and a fall of black lace set on the [*deletion* back *?*] ^ends^ of the ribbons and such funny mantillas that ended in a blunt point down their wide backs{.} The vegetables looked so fresh and nice and besides there were fish and meat and sausages and brooms and every [thing *?*]

[*Page 4*]

else, and above all such a clatter, and the dogs barked and whined, so there was no lack of noise. There were fowls and doves in great baskets and I watched a lively trade going on over a pretty white rooster who behaved like a gentleman over the reverses of his fortune and his unlucky body. One cart had five snarly looking curs hitched abreast to it. I wondered what the driver would do if they were moved at the same moment to chase something. They [don't *?*] look so starved and ill treated as I supposed. I have never yet seen anybody strike one of them{.} This morning as we walked along one of the dogs flew at Tabby & me, thinking we were too near his precious cart I suppose and they must be ugly customers to deal with when they are roused. We went to the cathedral and got in just in time to see a pompous processional going round the church, the dresses of the priests being simply gorgeous. The beautiful music and the bright colors

and the incense seemed to fill every thing, and in the midst of it all the bells began to ring too. I wonder I haven't lost my head a dozen times over with pleasure. If this

[*Page 5*]*

cathedral had been built of dark stone instead of such a white kind what a place it would have been with its six aisles and five choirs. Do you remember the carving in the choir which is so interesting though it is quite new I believe. We wandered round for awhile and saw all sorts of ceremonies going on at the [various *?*] chapels, and such piles of beautiful flowers as there were from yesterdays fête, but finding we could not see the best pictures until after one we went away to the [*deletion*] ^museum^ and stayed a long time. How more than beautiful all those old masters are, and how I did enjoy seeing them{.} We hated to come away even when we were half starved, and I wish I could see them all over again. [I can *?*] remember them of course, but I wish I could bring Ma & Caddy here to see them too. I had no idea there so many Rubens, and do you remember a big beautiful Rembrandt that must have been such a speaking likeness? There were beautiful Ruysdaels too that I always like to see, and a Hobbema* that I wish I could live with. There was a little painting of child in a red velvet dress, that I like so much, for

[*Page 6*]

there was such an appealing took in the little eyes and I wondered what was his history, but when I went to look at the date I found the painter had been dead five hundred years, but the picture might have been of yesterday the color was so fine and soft. As we came away from the museum Abba told me to look at an artist who was copying a picture so well but with his toes instead of his fingers. He seemed to have arms, but they were tucked into his coat pockets and were evidently quite useless, but he was working away so cheerfully, that you hardly noticed at what disadvantage he did the thing{.} We came to the cathedral again and then saw the great Rubens pictures. I was so pleased when I saw how well those little colored pictures we had so long ago had reproduced the whole things. Did you think of it when you saw them? A handsome gray haired gentleman was hard at work copying the Descent from the Cross, and we watched him for a few minutes, it was so nice to see him putting on the last touches and how he made it all tell. I have thought since of those poor little old frumps of women who were copying pictures in the Louvre, and asked forty dollars for what ^it^ must have taken

[*Page 7*]

them weeks to do. Now we are all going out to have a drive and see the town itself, for we were walking all morning. Such a beautiful drive as we had all through the finest part of the city and in the parks, and then down into the older and poorer part where we saw such swarms of funny little children that we had no fear that Antwerp was going back in its population. I never saw such little babies in my life it seemed to me, and then such bits of children carrying them about, but they all seemed happy and contented which is more than an equal number of [& country *?*] would I'm afraid. We wanted to get into St. Andrews Church which was closed, but we were so amused to see the driver turn round and apply the heel of his boot to the door with such vigor that it presently brought no less than a dozen small boys, and when the first appeal failed they added similar ones until I thought the neighborhood would be raised, and we nearly died laughing at the clatter, but finally a man came and we went in to see the remarkable carved figures of Christ calling Peter and Andrew* from their fishing boat and there was a big net which forms a sort of background and the crabs and lobsters were creeping up on the [outside *?*] while the bottom of the boat was covered with fishes. One of the men is in the boat while the other stands on the shore, both

[*Page 8*]

looking so eagerly, evidently prepared to follow Christ. There is a great canopy elaborately carved besides with the branches of a tree standing above it, while a branch of the tree makes the railing of the staircase. The whole thing is so wonderfully real that it is hard to believe that you do not see the figures move so you may be sure we were glad to have seen it. Coming home the way was by the great docks which were delightful to my seafaring soul, for barrels of tar lay along the sidewalks, with every kind of a craft along the wharves, added to a pretty smell of salt-air. I viewed the Red Star Line and the other steamers lying ready, and it made me think of the night I spent along side the East Boston dock when I heard the squeaking of the hoisting machinery and the shouts of the men. It has been a beautiful time here which we shall long remember. The chimes are going for nine [oclock *so written*] and we are going to turn in early after being woken out of our rest last night and a busy day this day if you please. We go to Amsterdam at half past ten reaching there at two, and we shall hope to find our letters Sunday. Meanwhile I hope you are all wise and happy, and send love to Ma & Caddy and all, being yrs affly

MRJ.

Miss J & Tabby send love and good will.

Notes

"Lyd" Gordon ... Helen: "Lyd" Gordon has not yet been identified, though she must be related to the family of Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden. Find a Grave says that Grace Walden had a daughter, also named Grace who died in 1918.

Grace Walden's sister, Helen Gordon, died on 14 July 1889.

Rubens ... Rembrandt ... Ruysdael ... Hobbema: Jewett refers to the Flemish painter, Peter Paul Reubens (1577-1640), the Dutch painters Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn (1606-1669) and Salomon van Ruysdael (1602-1670), and Meindert Lubbertszoon Hobbema (1638-1709). Wikipedia. The painting of the child in red that Jewett admired has not yet been identified.

Andrew: The story of Christ calling Peter and Andrew appears twice in the Bible: Matthew 4 and Luke 5.

Amsterdam

Tuesday Aug 20

Dear Sarah:

I meant to write you a long letter yesterday, but we went off directly after breakfast and didnt get home until dinner time and I was so lazy and sleepy after that that I took a nap until bedtime instead of doing my duty. We went off in a little steamer up the canal and then took a funny little tram car which hopped us across the country to the villages and you can remember* how interesting it was. I was disappointed not to go all the way by canal as the man assured us we should do, but we were glad afterwards that we didn't for it was rainy and nasty coming back. We went to a village called Monnickendam which it took us about an hour to reach. It is quite an imposing place in spots, for there were some handsome houses, but they all opened directly on the street, and the cars went puffing along, only a man walked before to see that no damage was done. We went down to a wharf and on board a big [sloop *?*] with a [sassy *?*]* [*unrecognized word*]

[*Page 2*]

and *?*] about the same [lines as a *?*] [*unrecognized word*] gundalow for the island of Marken two miles away. I wish you could have seen the skipper, [*unrecognized name*] by name and his crew. Their breeches were made of some queer variety of homespun, patch being set on patch, but the patches were nothing to the cut which was like this [*drawing*]* and when the two petticoats [pulled out with the wind*?*] they would have answered for sails. Besides the breeches they had long stockings of blue yarn and wooden shoes which they kicked off sometimes, and went round in their stockings. We had to tack a number of times but we got there after a while and such a place it was. The island is hardly above water and has a great breakwater of piles built [round *?*] one side to keep the force of the waves back. The people are so queer looking. The women wear [dark *?*] skirts with bright waists the latter being of something like furniture [patch *?*] and queer caps [*2 unrecognized words*] with frills and then some kind of little skull cap made of the same cloth as

[*Page 3*]*

the waist and the finest of them had [plate *?*] of gold and silver that fits the back of the head [tight *?*]. The children were rigged just like their ma's and were so funny{.} They had light curly hair chopped off straight around their foreheads and a curl each side of their faces. You ought to have heard the wooden shoes clattering along the walks, for we were [met by such a flock *?*]. One [pair *?*] made us laugh outright, for they were not more than two feet high and looked as broad as they were long, and they [waddled *?*] along hand in hand in such a contented fashion. The women and children too had rather hard unpleasant faces, and walked off with a defiant sort of manner{.} I suppose it was born of the hard life they must live, though they looked well fed and comfortably dressed and some of the houses were really good ones, but the rest were wooden cottages and small. We walked about and looked at everything that came in our way, and then went back to the boat. Men and women were busy loading hay into great boats to be brought over to the main land, and except the hay

[*Page 4*]

they depend upon fishing for a living I believe, and there were many boats anchored all about. We were very glad we went for it was all so different from anything we had seen, but I [believe *?*] the big breeches amused us more than anything else. You have no idea how funny the men looked when we met a boat as we came [on *?*] our way home. Just as we started to come back it began to sprinkle and it has been showery ever since. We had time to look round Monnickendam and then meant to see Broek through which we passed but found that we couldn't and get back here in time for our dinner, and in view of the rain we kept on. I was sorry for we had counted upon going there, but all the cows are in pasture now and we could see only the empty stables which are said to be hardly worth stopping for. This morning we went early to the fish market, and saw great dealings going on, and men and women chattering and screaming, while the fish were actually flopping they were

[*Page 5*]

so fresh. Then we laid in a supply of grapes, plums and pears outside and went on our way to see the Jews Quarter from which Heaven preserve me in the future. We went down a narrow crowded street through which the driver could hardly force his way for it was lined on each side with people selling things, and we could look in at the shops and houses as we went along. We turned into another street which was so much worse than the first that we actually had to stop while a cart was unloaded

before we could get on at all. I was thankful that it wasn't hot for I should really be afraid to stay an hour in such a place, for I never saw any thing more filthy than place and people both were. From there we came in a few minutes out into a wide beautiful street which was such a contrast and then we saw the Rembrandt statue* and many fine houses and pretty little squares coming later to the Kings

[*Page 6*]

palace and then to the museum where the pictures delighted us. Such Rembrandts and all the rest of the old Dutch school, whole rooms full of them. There is such a beautiful ~~Van Eyck~~ ^Rembrandt^ there of an old Dutch lady{.} I like it better than all the big ones put together. I wonder if you remember it, the big one of the Night Watch kept us a good while looking at it, for there was so much to see and how funny the rows and rows of Dutch faces are that meet you every where, Corporation pictures they call them I believe, and they are well named. We went to see some of the things in the museum besides. Wonderful ivory carvings, old china and old costumes and queer models {of} old houses. We wanted to stay longer as we always do every where, but we also wanted to see the other museum and were so pleased to find it was closed today, so as it was pouring hard we came home to lunch, and are hoping that it will clear so that we can set out again this afternoon.

[*Page 7*]

We have decided to go to the Hague this evening so as to have a good day there tomorrow if possible, & then I think we shall get back to London Thursday night if all goes well. It will seem funny to be able to talk without being in danger of being misunderstood. We really have found more difficulty here than anywhere else it seems to me, for even our attempts at French and German do not seem to work as well. Still we have done all we really wanted to, except going to the museum and that was no fault of the language!

I expected to like Holland [*&?*] I have had a great deal better time than I thought I should which is a pleasant way of being disappointed. It isn't half so picturesque here as in Venice, and yet there are many touches that make you think of it. I thought of you so many times yesterday when I saw the boats on the canal sailing along ever so much higher than we were. Don't that look funny, stepping along?

How much we shall have to talk about all the rest of our lives!

[*Page 8*]

I didn't mean to be so late in the letter in wishing you a happy birthday* for I suppose this letter will get there about that day. I send ^you^ these two little photographs I bought this morning. Arent they dear. I wish I could have found the Rembrandt old woman but I couldn't. Aren't the Prince of Orange and Marie Stuart* dear? My two companions are deep in writing, but they send you all a deal of love. I hope you are all well and having a good time. I was wishing this morning that you and Caddy* were coming over with [William *?*] for a little look at this end of the world. The wind is blowing well and it is still raining{.} I wonder if it won't set a pretty sea going in the Channel for our benefit when we cross. For fear the last letter I wrote may have missed you I will tell you that I got Mas dear letty & Theodores and one from you Sunday when we got here. Now I must say good by for we must pack our belongings & step ourselves for a look in the shops, if the rain will only hold up long enough for us. My love to a nice Ma, and Caddy and all. How I wish you were all here to get a part of the good time. Affly & truly yours

MR.J —

Notes

remember: See Sarah Orne Jewett, "An Afternoon in Holland," which appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in December 1882 and in *Uncollected Prose 1871-1883*, Sarah Orne Jewett Press, 2023.

sassy: This letter did not photocopy well. Presumably the original would be read more easily.

drawing: Jewett has drawn in a small image of what appear to be pantaloons, balloon cut to the knee.

Rembrandt statue: A statue of Dutch painter Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn (1606-1669) stands in Rembrandt Square (Rembrandtplein) in Amsterdam. Wikipedia.

birthday: Sarah Orne Jewett's birthday was 3 September.

Prince of Orange and Marie Stuart: William II (1626-1650), King of England, and his wife, Mary Stuart (1631-1660). Wikipedia.

It seems likely Jewett has mailed a small copy of Dutch painter Anthony van Dyck's portrait of the couple at the time of their marriage, held by the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam.

---

34 York Place

Friday p.m.

[*23 August 1889*]*

Dear Sarah;

My pleasure was great when I found a nice letty from you and one from Caddy and a bundle of papers besides the letter from Mrs. Fields for which please thank her until I get time to do it for myself{.} We got here in time for breakfast, but had a rough night, or rather the first part of it. The country never looked lovelier than it did all the way from the

Hague to Rotterdam and we hated to leave it behind you may be sure. Such greenness, and then the trees way off as far as you could see, with the brightest sunshine we had seen in all the time we had been there. Every windmill was going like mad and men working in the fields, with more men milking the cows, while the brass milk cans shone like polished gold. You'd better believe we hated to think we shouldn't see any more of it. It only took a little more than an hour to come down to Rotterdam and we went directly on board the boat, and sat watching the passing until it was time for our own [suppys *so it appears*], which we took prudently before we sailed. The big canal was filled with every sort of craft, from those boats with square ends to yachts, and it was fun to see

[*Page 2*]*

them scooting about. It is quite a distance [on *?*] the open sea, and we sat on deck until it was very dark, and a big thunder shower coming up before which we had to retreat.

We got a stateroom that had three births & Tabby & I stowed ourselves in the two high ones leaving the other for our weightier friend and tried to go to sleep, but pretty soon such a pitching and tossing as we had, & first Tabby gave in and then I, and we rose and [*obscured word*] sometimes in concert and sometimes alternately for a couple of hours, when we called for soda water which settled the case for us and I went to sleep, and waked up in smoother waters. Tabby was quite [wilted *?*] for a while, but it will do us both good, though I would have preferred my medicine in a [*obscured word*] milder dose. Miss Johnson weathered the blast by sheer force of will I believe, and is blooming at this present. We got to Harwich about six oclock, and had to wait for our trunks to be examined so we didnt get here until about half past eight. After we

[*Page 3*]

had our breakfast we took our beds for a season of rest, and now it is afternoon and Miss Johnson & I are going out to see the sights. We have been overhauling the things we left here, and some things we sent from Paris and are pleased to find them all right. The house isn't so full as when we were here before so it is nicer and we have better rooms and the weather is so much clearer that I feel more drawn to London than ever. Before I forget it would you like me to bring you a Mackintosh? I was going to buy one but then it came into my head that you meant that plaid wrap for one. Please tell me about it in your very next will you? If there is any thing in the world that you want do let me have the pleasure of getting it for you.

We had such a lovely drive yesterday morning to Scheveningen the Dutch Newport and it is such a funny place. Great arks of hotels with cottages all about. There was a little fishing village there to begin with, and many such people live there still, but out on the sands

[*Page 4*]

there are villages of bathing machines, & those great wicker chairs and tents, and when the band plays and the people are all there it must be very gay. Yesterday morning was not a good time to see it, especially as the wind blew a gale down there sending the sand into your mouth and ears like so many needles but the drive out and back was charming through the woods, and past the pleasant houses. When we came back we went to see the fish market where the city storks live, and they were standing about on one leg so funny. We stopped at a fruit stall for some plums and before I could buy them I should think there were twenty boys and women standing round looking at us as if we were part of the circus. We laughed till we cried nearly afterward thinking of the wide mouthed wonder with [wh *so written*] they looked at us. Wasn't it nice to see [Suzy *corrected*] Hayes after all this time. I was wondering if Kate Foot wouldn't come this year, but I suppose she will have come and gone before this reaches you. I was so glad to hear about Sandpiper,* for somebody who was writing Miss J happened to say that she had been to the Shoals & hope to see her but she was not well, though perhaps that was only an excuse. Tabby has heard that William means to come by the Umbria{.}

[*Page 5*]

So we must plan to meet him somewhere. Mrs Stanham* here has given me the address of a pretty place to buy gowns, and I am going to look at some this afternoon if I get out early enough. Thank Caddy for her letter with its interesting particulars that are too long to write. A letter from Mrs Tyler came this morning too, but nothing special only they are going to Oxford from [Edinburg *so spelled*] so I shall not see them until I get back here again{.} That nice little Mrs Whitman (kin to Aunt Helen)* wrote me to see if she could join us going home if she can get a berth & we should like to have her. I mean join us daytimes of course.

Didn't you have fun with Rebecca about the York vyge. I wish I'd been there to view that procession. Didn't you grin in John Shaws* face when he named the fact of not telling Miss Shaw . . Caddy? I wish we could have gone to Nuremberg, but we cannot do every thing in one short summer and live, and we really have done all we had the time and strength for, and perhaps some day I shall come

[*Page 6*]

again with you and we will go there. I shall never cease to be thankful that we went to Venice, for I think so often of it{.} Miss Johnson is setting up with

her bonnet or waiting for me to go with her, and so I will cut my letter short this time.

My love to Ma & all in both houses{,} in which my two companions join.

It really seems quite like getting home from foreign parts to come here again, but I cant quite get used to having English spoken! Don't forget to thank Mrs Fields for the letter will you.

An affectionate sister —

Notes

1889: This date is inferred. Jewett's last letter from Holland is dated 20 August. The following Friday was 23 August. Her next letter is from London on 26 August.

Page 2: The left side of this photocopy is cut off, so the beginnings of most lines required guesswork.

Suzy Hayes: It seems likely that this is Susan Hayes Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Kate Foot: Though this is not certain, this may be author Katherine Chambers Bailey Foot (1842/3-1905).

Sandpiper: Celia Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

Stanham: Though this person has not yet been identified, it seems likely that she was in charge of the London hotel where Jewett's party stayed.

Mrs Whitman (kin to Aunt Helen): Aunt Helen almost certainly is Helen Williams Gilman. The only Mrs. Whitman currently known among Jewett friends and correspondents is Sarah Wyman Whitman. However, *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman* (1907) shows that she was not in Europe in 1889. Key to Correspondents.

John Shaws: Jewett's intention in this sentence is not clear. I believe I have transcribed it correctly. Though little has been learned about him, a John Shaw apparently is pictured in front of the house of John Reardon at 293 Emery's Bridge Road in South Berwick, ME sometime in the final two decades of the 19th century. Wendy Pirsig of the Old Berwick Historical Society points out that John Shaw appears in Gladys Hasty Carroll's *Dunnybrook* (1943) on Warren V. Hasty's map of the area northeast of South Berwick, which is reproduced in Pirsig's *The Placenames of South Berwick* (2007), p. 180. It appears that at some time in the late 19th century, John Shaw occupied the house on Emery Bridge Road that is shown in the photograph of the John Reardon home.

Monday Evening

Aug 26th 89

Dear Sarah;

I was quite disappointed tonight when I found no letters, but I suppose the letters I had Saturday came by a fast steamer and so I got none today{.} We went down to Barings* this morning and then round to the Strand and later had a turn through the shops. So far I have failed miserably about finding any clothes, though Abba found just the thing she wanted, and Miss Johnson is having a gown made, but I couldn't find anything I wanted at the latter place and shall try my luck at another tomorrow. I grudge spending my precious time hunting for clothes when as Georgie Perry* says they are hardly any cheaper than at home for anything you really want. We concluded we had best step ourselves for the errands that would need a good deal of trolling about, for we could go to galleries &c when it was rainy. You see I haven't much to tell of the days doings in consequence, for you wouldnt be particularly interested in hearing what

[*Page 2*]

shops we went. I went to the [Scott *?*] [*unrecognized word*] place, & I think shall have a coat made for the [vyge *so abbreviated*] home for I shall need something longer than the short coat probably. They had some brown cloth like your grey one that you had from Hollander, but it seemed too heavy for anything but winter wear and too light in color for that.

I had a letter from Mary Harriet this morn saying what luck they had had with their clothes so I am half tempted to wait and see what I can do there. Their N.Y. people are horrid particular but were quite [suited *?*] there, she said. I am waiting with impatience for particulars of Graces visit and Kate Footes visit. You must have been pleased to have Freddy.* I was so amused at your saying [about *corrected*] the mud! What are they going to do about poor Mrs. Gordon? Didnt Grace laugh about my falling in with Lyddy{?}* I forgot though that you couldn't have known about it then. We have now set the National Gallery for tomorrow and I hope we shall not get turned aside for I want to make sure of that. Every time we go out I see so much that I have read about. Today we went by Covent Garden Market, but it was too late to see much of it, for most of the people were gone. It all seems a good deal like a dream

[*Page 3*]

that we are really here, in spite of all the things we touch. Tuesday eve and such a beautiful morning as we had at the National Gallery. I believe I saw every [Landseer *?*]* and all the Turners, and the Constables* and everybody else that I had ever heard of. How I wish you were there to talk about it

with me. You know we have been seeing so much of the old school with all the saints and angels that it was really refreshing to see something different for a little. Aren't the Constables beautiful? I don't wonder that Miss [Greene *?*]* set her heart on hers and her Ruysdael.* I cant say that I am yet educated up to the point when I love all of Turners but isnt it interesting to watch the progress of his work because all the pictures nearly are dated. Do you remember the one of the old war ship being towed to her last berth? That picture tells such a story doesn't it? There were such interesting pictures of Raphael side by side with some of Peruginos* and it was so queer to see the steps he took away from his masters style. This sounds like an essay on art or an attempt at one but if you know how much I enjoyed it and how crazy I get over the galleries you wouldn't laugh at it. We came home to

[*Page 4*]

lunch and then went out again, and I have at last picked out my gowns and a coat and they are under way. I hope they will turn out well Im sure. They are to be done Saturday and I am to try them on at the shop so if they are not right I can have them altered. We shopped all the afternoon, Tabby and I, for after Miss Johnson came home after she had seen about her clothes, we heard that if one sent a polite note to the steward of Holland House that he would give a note of admission so we sent a mild request but were told that the family were there at present, but we are not sorry we tried. There is a big strike of dock laborers so we cannot go to the Tower at present at least Mr Stanham* advised us not to try it for we should have to go through the midst of the crowd and possibly meet with annoyance so we are waiting in the hope that it will break up. These last days have been so very pleasant that we are getting quite fond of London, which I freely confess I did not like at all at first. Now I can find my way about very well in any of the places where I have been, and it seems quite homelike. My neighbor at table asked me if I were your sister and said such nice things of your work. He was an Episcopal parson in New Bedford, and said that Mrs Warren* went to his church. He told me a [curious *?*]

[*Page 5*]

tale about a note which she wrote him disagreeing with some sentiments in a sermon he preached. I didn't know [she *?*] dipped into Theology as well as horse flesh, did you? He is such a pleasant little man, and [his *corrected*] wife is very nice too. He says the Johnsons* haven't a very hopeful parish he thinks.

I went to buy silk flannels for Caddy today and when I got to the shop couldn't remember to save my life whether wanted thick or thin ones. I ought to have written it down but thought I shouldn't forget. So tell Caddy to send word by return of mail if she loves me, and you send word about the mackintosh if you want one, or anything else. You do not know how funny it seems to have any body else fitting a dress for me after having only Miss Grant all these years. It really made me feel homesick. How is the book* getting along these days? I long to see it and read it. Is Mrs Whitman* making the cover and what is it like? You have never told me anything about it and I demand the peticklers next post, especially the facts about its having pictures. Did you ever get a letter that Miss Johnson wrote you awhile ago. Do answer it if you did, for it will give deep satisfaction{.} You can leave out one writing to me you know{.} One is being done to Caddy at this present which must also receive due notice if

[*Page 6*]

Caddy will be so kind. I sent some pens in my last letter, and hope they reached you safely. Do you want a quantity of them? I tried one and despise it if you please.

We tease Miss Johnson unmercifully because she beloves a kind of pen called the 'Devils Own' for we think it most improper. I hope you had a good time at the fête. Wasn't it nice that Re-becca could go. I wish for every particular at your earliest convenience if you please — My love to your Ma and your sister and to all friends along shore. I suppose you will have the parson to preach next Sunday won't you. Please dont forget to tell him my thanks for his pleasant note{.} Tabby sends her love to all and so does Miss Johnson{.} I think Tabby's zeal for going to Jersey to see the Binet girl* is rather fading out since she was so sea sick on the Channel the other day. Won't we both catch it going home though? The worst of it will be that going on board at Queenstown we shall have no time to stow away our things and make ourselves comfortable before we start. However — it isn't worth while to cross that bridge until we come to it! This is not a pretty looking sheet, but you must forgive it on account of the superior quality of the matter contained in the letter! Love to all again

I am yrs affly

O.P.

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

Eddie Mestery* has just appeared and sent up his card. I don't know how he could know I was here for I havent had [*unrecognized word*] to send him word.

Affly,

MR.J.

Notes

Barings: Barings Bank of London provided international services to travelers, such as

providing currency on letters of credit and holding mail.

Georgie Perry: This person has not yet been identified, though almost certainly she is a maternal relative.

Graces ... Kate Footes ... Freddy: Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden. Grace Walden's sister, Helen Gordon, died on 14 July 1889. Mrs. Katherine Parker Sleeper Gordon (1804-1889), died on 22 November.

Kate Foote is sometimes spelled Kate Foot in the correspondence. Though this is not certain, this may be author Katherine Chambers Bailey Foot (1842/3-1905).

The Jewetts had several acquaintances named Fred.

Lyddy: Lyddy Gordon has not yet been identified, though she must be related to the family of Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden. Find a Grave says that Grace Walden had a daughter, also named Grace, who died in 1918.

Landseer: If this transcription is correct, then Jewett refers to British painter and sculptor, Edwin Landseer (1802-1873). Wikipedia.

Turners ... Constables: British painters Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851) and John Constable (1776-1837). Wikipedia. Almost certainly, Jewett refers to Turner's "The Fighting Temeraire tugged to her last berth to be broken up" (1838).

Greene ... Ruysdael: Dutch landscape painter, Salomon van Ruysdael (1602-1670). Wikipedia.

Miss Greene may be Elizabeth Greene (1846-1875), daughter of activist clergyman and author, William Batchelder Greene (1819-1878). She died in a shipwreck off the coast of England. Richard Cary describes her as a philanthropist and a favorite in Boston society. See Rev. Greene's entry in Wikipedia.

Raphael ... Peruginos: Italian painters, Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino (1483-1520) and Pietro Perugino (1452-1623). Wikipedia.

Stanham: This name appears also in Jewett's letter of 22 August. He has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Warren: Probably this is Alice Amelia Bartlett Warren (1843-1912), who traveled often in Europe and moved in the same social circles as Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett, being a friend of Henry James and Ellen Emerson, among other Jewett correspondents. See the introduction to *Little Women Abroad: The Alcott Sisters' Letters from Europe, 1870-1871* (2008), edited by Daniel Shealy, pp. lxii-lxiii.

Johnsons: Presumably the parents of Annie E. Johnson.

the book: At this time Jewett was completing *Betty Leicester, A Story for Girls* (1890).

Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman. Key to Correspondents.

Binet girl: This person has not yet been identified.

Eddie Mestery: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

London [*two unrecognized words*]*

Aug 29th 89

It seems a great while since I have written though it was only night before last but we have done so much since that it is hard to realize that fact. I believe I left off the letter just as Edward M^{c}Henry came a calling, and he was in a high state of good nature, with every particular. They had just arrived here from having just about the same trip we had, to Venice and Switzerland. He said that Sadie was better and was going out to the sea & was somewhere he believed but not going East, though I dare say you have already heard that. Yesterday in the fore part of the day we started forth as usual and went first to see Tabby's clothes tried on, and afterward we went down into the city and found the Temple Church and didn't we enjoy it. We climbed up into the top where the old monuments have all been put. Doesn't it seem too bad to have pulled them all down from the walls as they did? I think the figures of those old Templars lying on the floor are the solemnest things you can see anywhere. One of them has his legs crossed as if he went to the Crusades but the guide said he didn't, because [*deletion*] he was killed before he could start, but because

[*Page 2*]*

he had taken the vow to go he had all the credit of having gone. I was so glad to have seen the church and the way into it was so interesting for we were sent by a roundabout way which took us through Pump Court and some other funny little places. We went out to see Goldsmiths* grave stone though there was no great satisfaction in doing it, for nobody knows in exactly what part of the churchyard he really is buried. We looked at everything that came in our way though and then retreated toward Fleet Street again. We went to London Bridge and took a little steamer and went to Greenwich{.} I wish you and Caddy could have been along for every kind of a craft was abroad, such a row of big steamers and little ones, and sailing ships of every kind, but the most [*unrecognized word*] thing was the coasters with their red sails. Some of them were painted every color of the rainbow besides, and looked so pretty against the dark buildings. When we got down to the great East India Docks I realized what people meant when they said "forests of masts" for the

ships lay so thick together that their masts and rigging were like the branches in a forest exactly. We landed at Greenwich close to the old Naval Hospital which however

[*Page 3*]

is no longer in use except as a sort of museum{.} We were hungry as bears so we hailed with joy the sight of a sign of the Ship Inn and going in bespoke a feast of whitebait to which I longed to ask you and your sister Caddy for they were most proper good if you please and we laid aside so many that I am ashamed to say how many there were that disappeared before our hunger. We viewed the observatory from a little distance but were assured it was no use to try to go there so we took a boat soon after, coming back to Westminster Bridge this time, where we stood looking up and down the river which is beautiful there isn't it? How fine those buildings are along the Embankment, and then the Parliament House seems to finish it off so grandly. I had a good look at Lambeth Palace too which was a pleasure. Coming home I stopped to try on my top coat, & came gladly back to my dinner for we had been out since morning{.} The top coat promises well, and I hope will be the thing I want. I didn't get such a very heavy one, for I thought it would be nicer to wear in warm weather sometimes, and I had my long blue garment you know{.} Prof Stearns of Bangor & a Rev Griffin* came to spend the evening with Miss Johnson. [That *?*]

[*Page 4*]

is all of that story. This day was begun by a trying on for Miss Johnson — and then she came home to write some letters &c, while Tabby and I took ship on top of a bus for South Kensington. The [conductor vowed *?*] he would set us down at the very door but made himself pleasant by carrying us half a mile beyond, which was a poor beginning but we soon found ourselves back where we belonged. We wandered round a while and then we stepped ourselves to the Grill Room where we viewed a chop broiled for each of us and treated ourselves to a quarter bottle of claret price 6^{d}, to our great amusement and then we had ices, from which feast we rose refreshed. We had such a good time and somehow didn't get so tired out as we expected. I don't think the pictures as a whole are specially interesting, but there are some nice Landseers* there arent there? There were some of Hunts, and many of John Luchs* sketches, and evidently all the sketches and watercolors of Constable. I was very glad to see those great cartoons of Raphaels and we went on and on. I wish I could in some way photograph all I see to carry away with me, for it is so provoking to feel that it is all liable to be forgotten. We found the reproduction [*line cut off in the photocopy*] to have a

[*Page 5*]

better place it seems to me, and then we found some curious old coaches and chaises and sledges, the former being just like the old pictures that we see, great clumsy things that must have rumbled along the high road like a circus chariot.

Another thing which interested us was a model of a Damascus house which looked so comfortable that we wanted to go in and sit down or rather lie down on the couches. We went to Hollyers to see if he had any photographs, and then were driven to Holland House,* and were just going to walk humbly up the little lane and view the house from afar, when I saw the old [keeper *?*] in the lodge and thinking it no harm to try I asked if we might go inside the gate, when he told me that it was private {"}mum", and so I said yes I knew it, and was turning away, but he called me back and said he knew I was American and if we wanted to we might go just inside the shrubbery along a little iron fence as far we liked. We didn't wait long you may believe but went up until we got such a good view of the lovely old place{.} Wasn't it nice, for I should have been so disappointed not to have seen it. Wouldn't you give a good deal to get inside and see all the lovely things? We drove past the

[*Page 6*]

house where Mr McHenry lives and viewed that, and saw much of Kensington as we went across to Holland House and came back towards the town, we bespoke the driver to come back by the parks so he did and such a lovely drive as it was. It has been so much clearer here this time than it was before, the days being much like our September days at home. Today was the pleasantest of all it seemed to us, and we were so glad to have had the lovely time to go to Kensington. We got such a fine view of Westminster Abbey and the [Victoria *?*] tower as we came across the park and saw them over the water. It was such a contrast to the last time we went there for then it was crowded with people and fine carriages but today we hardly met a dozen carriages or as many people all the way. The trees were so fine standing up so straight and tall in the green grass, and Kensington Gardens were full of children playing round. Tabby & I were like two children on a lark and laughed with pleasure all the way home. We are meditating on Williams probable state at this present, and hope [*line cut off in photocopy*] [time though *?*] we hear he

[*Page 7*]

isn't at this stage of the [proceedings. *?*] [*Word cut off in photocopy*] just bust [out *?*], didn't we have a good time today! You probably remember how nice it all was and can tell the tale much better after I have given the text. My neighbors the Strongs* told me tonight that they were [bidden *?*] to meet you once at Mrs Warrens, but he set the curtains on fire getting ready, and burnt his fingers

so that he couldn't come, to their sorrow, and then followed more pretty speeches about your tales. If I am spared to come home again I am going to have a season with the Normans* immediately for I want to straighten out my facts about the history of those times. Just at this point the letters came and didn't I have a good time. Your letter about Mr Hale and the Eliot* fete was so nice. How lovely that he could come only I wish I could have seen him too! One always wishes for all the world and a piece of the moon as John* says, and one would certainly think I was having all I could hold. I did get the check, and think I told you so at the time but you probably have received the letter now. As for the milk bill I think it was to the 10th, but can't quite remember at this distance. Doesn't Mrs. Clark* remember herself?

Your letters & Caddy's make me wild to talk about things. It was too bad that you had such a soaking time for Eliot, and after all didn't get there at all to hear Mr. Hale. I don't think it will really be very bad to be in Ireland for the country is delightfully green here still{.}

[*Page 8*]

Of course I would rather go earlier, but it wasn't so to be. We thought William was to sail the 28th, but he speaks in his letter to [Tab *?*] about the 31st, so I must step myself to the Cunard office and find out, for it will make quite a difference to our plans. I dont think we were snatched away from Venice untimely for we were there from Saturday until the last of the next week, and we really saw a great deal of it. You know we never would have wanted to come away no matter how long we stayed. [Ax *?*] Ma if she thinks we have ever [slandered *?*] Freddy.* I'm pleased she has seen him at last. I wish I could have a good dish with Rebecca, but I'm saving up hoards of particulars against the time I can tell them. Only think of Joe Upham.* Caddy didn't say what had happened to him, but I wonder what will become of Mrs. Upham who must be left so alone in the world now. Caddy also said that they had given Mr. Newcomb* a call. I wonder if he will come back — I hope you will have a good time with [Ticky *?*], but you'd better watch out for her for she is tolerable lively with a [jump *?*] sometimes, and after steady Princess you might not be prepared for her !!! I met Princess stepping along with someone on her back yesterday morn and it wasn't Tucker. I hope Mrs Lowell is all right again by this time. It is too bad that their good time had such a sorry ending. I hope you went up to get Williams mule [as *?*] you would like the ride home with him.

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

Tabby desires to know what the [housekeeping *?*] was like. Dear Tab she is so [clever *?*] and dear. I am too tired and sleepy for any more tonight except [our *?*] best love to all. How overjoyed I shall be to see you all again, but what this summer has been to me I can never tell everybody but I hope it will make a larger minded woman of me the rest of my [life *?*]

Affly MRJ.

Notes

words: These words are cut off in the photocopy; they would be readable in the original. Several other parts of this letter have been lost in photocopying, and they are noted.

Page 2: The left side of this page is cut off in the photocopy. As a result, the first word of each line has been guessed.

Goldsmith's: Anglo-Irish author, Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). Wikipedia.

Stearns .... Griffin: Professor Stearns probably was Oakman Sprague Stearns (1817-1893), a clergyman and theologian. Find a Grave. Mr. Griffin has not yet been identified.

Landseers: British painter and sculptor, Edwin Landseer (1802-1873). Wikipedia.

Hunts ... John Luchs: American painter, William Morris Hunt (1824-1879).

Probably, Jewett saw these artists at the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington.

The transcription of "Luchs" is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

Holland House: This Jacobean country house in Kensington, London, was mostly destroyed by German bombing in 1940. Wikipedia.

Williams: "William" is mentioned twice more in this letter. The "William" who is expected to meet the traveling party is William Perry Fiske. Perhaps the other two instances are this same "William."

Strongs: These persons have not yet been identified.

Warrens: Probably this is Alice Amelia Bartlett Warren (1843-1912), who traveled often in Europe and moved in the same social circles as Fields and Jewett, being a friend of Henry James and Ellen Emerson, among other Jewett correspondents. See the introduction to *Little Women Abroad: The Alcott Sisters' Letters from Europe, 1870-1871* (2008), edited by Daniel Shealy, pp. lxii-lxiii.

Normans: Sarah Orne Jewett's history *The Story of the Normans* (1887).

Hale ... Eliot: Edward Everett Hale. Key to Correspondents. Almost certainly, "Eliot" refers to the town of Eliot, ME, not far from South Berwick.

The details of the events described here are not yet known. See Hale to Sarah Orne Jewett of 28 August 1889.

John: John Tucker, mentioned later in this letter as "Tucker."

Clark: According to Pirsig, *The Placenames of South Berwick*, there were Clarks in South Berwick in Jewett's time. Which Mrs. Clark is mentioned here is not yet known.

Freddy: The Jewetts had several acquaintances named Fred.

Joe Upham: One may reasonably speculate that this was Joseph Badger Upham, Jr. (1840- 13 or 14 August 1889) of Portsmouth, NH. Find a Grave notes that this Civil War veteran died unmarried, leaving his mother, Sarah C. Currier Upham (1808-1897), the only surviving member of his immediate family. His father had died in March 1889. These circumstances and dates coincide well with those of the letter. However, evidence of a further connection with the Jewetts currently is lacking.

Newcomb: This person has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Lowell: The identity of this "Mrs. Lowell" is not yet known. Both of the spouses of Jewett correspondent James Russell Lowell were deceased in 1889. The Jewetts probably were acquainted with his brother's family, Rev. Dr. Robert Traill Spence Lowell (1816-1891) and Mary Ann Duane (1822-1890). Find a Grave.

London Saturday

Aug [31*?*]

Dear Sarah,

[A proud and pleased sister *?*] because her gowns turned out well this morning. I hope you will like them when you see them. My coat came home just now and will do excellently I think. I got so tired and cross hunting up dress-makers and looking after a gown that I began to feel as if nothing would go right about them, but I think it is very good. I went once to have a [*unrecognized word*] fitted, and again this morning when they were nearly done — and there wasn't even a pin to change which I think was pretty well considering they never saw me before don't you?

After we left the gown place we stepped ourselves to Mme. Tussauds* where we had great fun. Miss Johnson treated Tabby and me to make up for our being so disappointed about the circus in Paris! Did you ever see anything funnier than that place. I don't know how many times I was taken in by those images, absurd as some of them are{.} How some of the people who go there must laugh at the caricatures of themselves{.} Somebody told me that the Princess of Wales* goes in there once in a while and laughs

[*Page 2*]

till she cries at herself. They had a gallant new figure of Mrs Maybrick* crape veil and all, and she certainly doesnt look so ferocious as one might expect. Of course there was the Queen and the Prince & Princess of [Whales *so spelled*] and all the Royal family as they read it in the church prayers, and the Shah and the last was really a good likeness. They had the Earl of Fife* and his new wife, and such a great group of all the German Court.* I really liked to look at the costumes of all the old kings and queens, and it was really quite an effective history lesson to see them all put in the order in which they came. The figure of Lincoln* would do for a monument for I never saw such length of [limb *?*] I believe, and as for poor General Grant, his own mother wouldn't have known him if she had met him. I liked seeing all the Napoleon relics whether they were real or not. I really wonder where they found them all. Wasn't that big carriage of his funny with all the fittings. There was a [silver *?*] box that had held his luncheon the day he was defeated, which luncheon was named to be a cold roast chicken, and they had the camp bed on which he died and his clothes and a bedspread which was marked "authenticated," which rather cast a gloom on some of the other things it seemed to us. We finally brought up in

[*Page 3*]

the Chamber of Horrors which was a great disappointment for I expected to see nice [mashes *?*] of things and to be scared stiff, but when I came to those rows of hang dog looking fellows instead it was quite a blow. To be sure there were some heads cut off but I wanted to see the cutting you know{.} The people there were quite as entertaining as the wax figures and we heard various sighs of satisfaction from some country fuddy duddies that amused us greatly{.} There was one funny old wax woman who was so real that Tabby sat down beside some time before she knew the difference and we viewed the Sleeping Beauty who really looks as if she were asleep unless you look too long. We really had great fun out of the thing. The place is only a little way from here which may give you a better idea of our locality than anything I had said before. This afternoon we are going to drive to Chelsea and hunt up the Carlyle* neighborhood and the old church and its rectory where the Kingsleys live, and while I am there I will carry the letter to Miss Hogarth* which I have not before found the time to do. We have set Monday for [*blotted word*] [for *repeated*] Winchester and Salisbury, and I am so glad to have gotten so many of [them *?*]

[*Page 4*]

done before leaving. I believe we have done all the things for which we specially cared except going to Windsor, but we hope to have a day or two coming back. Of course there are dozens of things it would be charming to do, but I think we have had the principal ones, though I should have liked another

morning in the National gallery so much. It has been so very hot for three days that we could not do so much, for of course we didn't want to get sick or start off on our travels all tired out. Ever so many people have left the house today either for home or a few days in the country, and it will be quite as pleasant without most of them{.} Our pleasant neighbors the Strongs* are still here and I like them better and better. There has been a pleasant English woman opposite us at the table who made me think a little of Mrs Hoffendahl,* and who amused us all greatly by taking such quiet rises out of a talky New Yorker who sat next her, and had apparently no idea that he was being guyed. A big cloud is coming up which I fear means a shower and so no Chelsea, but we will hope for the best. I am only going to send one sheet this time and put in some pens for fear the others may have gone astray. This letter wanders [for *?*] I have been trying to talk and write at the same time which isnt very good for either thing. Much love to all

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

in both parishes. It seems we have been wasting our sympathy on William* for he doesn't sail until today though he [assumed *?*] at first that it was to be the 28th. I am so curious to know if Uncle Will* will really come. Oh if you were only here too, for a share in the good time

Affly

M.R.J.

Notes

Tussauds: Madame Tussauds, a London wax museum, has been a major tourist attraction since 1835. Wikipedia.

Princess of Wales: Alexandrina Victoria (1819-1901) was Queen of England (1837-1901). Her husband was Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg (1819-1861). One of their sons was Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (1841-1910), who became King Edward VII of England (1901-1910). His wife was Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julia of Denmark (1844-1925). She was Princess of Wales (1861-1901). Wikipedia.

Maybrick: Florence Elizabeth Chandler Maybrick (1862-1941), an American, was convicted of poisoning her husband in 1889, and served 14 years in prison. Whether she was guilty or whether there was even any crime was hotly contested. Wikipedia.

Earl of Fife: Wikipedia says that Alexander Duff (1849-1912) was the 6th Earl of Fife. In 1889, he married Princess Louise, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

German Court: Presumably this was the family of Kaiser Wilhelm II (1859-1941), German Emperor and King of Prussia. Wikipedia.

Lincoln ... Grant ... Napoleon: American president Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865) and American Civil War general and later President, Ulysses S. Grant (1922-1885).

Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821) was a French military officer who became Emperor of the French. His reign ended with his final military defeat at the Battle of Waterloo (Belgium, then Netherlands) in 1815.

Carlyle neighborhood ... Kingsleys: Scottish author, Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) and his wife resided in Chelsea, London, after 1834.

British clergyman and author, Charles Kingsley (1819-1875). Wikipedia.

Miss Hogarth: Georgina Hogarth, (1827-1917), "the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death." Wikipedia.

Strongs: These persons have not yet been identified.

Mrs Hoffendahl: Grace Gordon's older sister, Kate, married Dr. H. L. H. Hoffendahl. Key to Correspondents.

William ... Uncle Will: This William is William Perry Fiske. Uncle Will is Dr. William Gilman Perry. Key to Correspondents.

London Sunday

Sept 1st 1889

Such a day as we had yesterday with an expedition to Chelsea! We thought we should get a ducking on the way for there was every appearance of a shower but we started off and never a drop fell on us all the way. We had a pretty open carriage and fine coachman & big grey horse, so we felt quite fine as we started off and went first through the Park and then straight to Cheyne Walk. It must have been such a pretty pleasant old place in its day, and part of it is still nice. We saw the house where George Eliot* lived and died first, a pleasant old house covered with ivy, and a tall iron gateway before it. A little further along in the same block is the house where Rossetti* used to live and where Mr Haweis lives now. It is a very old place called Queens House and Catherine, wife of Charles II is said to have lived there once, and C.R. is woven in the lattice work of the big iron

[*Page 2*]

gate. There is a statue of Mercury on the top of the house which gives such a queer look to it. After we had driven along the row of houses we came to the old church and found the doors locked, so a big lout of a fellow offered to go to the sexton and bring the keys, but presently came back to say that they wouldn't let him have them for which I didn't think

they were to blame, but the woman said that if the lady would come herself she could have them. So off I walked and found the old pew opener [forever grumming *?*] because boys had taken it upon themselves to torment her by getting her over to open the church, "and when I gets there mum there's nobody there", but she came with cheerful zeal and showed us everything with joy and pride. It is where Kingsleys father* used to preach you know, and such a dear quaint old place as it is. Just at the foot of the side aisle is a case fastened to the wall holding a big bible, prayer book, psalm book, book of homilies and testament, all chained to their case just as they used to be five hundred years ago. Beyond it and nearer the chancel is Sir Thomas Mores chapel and opposite that again is the Laurence Chapel which is still owned [*line cut off in photocopy*] collect the pew rent

[*Page 3*]

but as there are only five or six [*word cut off in photocopy, perhaps* parishioners *?*] our old woman told us that few people came to church { and } it didn't seem likely to be a great fortune to them. We didn't wonder so much at the non attendance when we went into the funny little robing room and I saw the parsons sermon laid out ready for today, bearing the dates of three preachings in that church already, the first being in 1856 if I do not forget! Think of a mans having no more to say than he had thirty years ago, but I must do him credit by saying that I did see some patches of newer paper put in here and there! The old woman said "he had a great way of preaching old sermons, mum", & there was a pile of well thumbed ones close by that made me think of the old tale of the parsons barrel.* The walls were covered thick with old tablets and monuments and we had a season of looking at them of course. The pews were so funny going crisscross and every other way. There was a big monument to the Duchess of Northumberland who was mother in law to Lady Jane Grey, and Sir Thomas More* was also buried there. I wonder if you ever saw the inside of the church? From there we went on down Cheyne Walk to see where Turner* the artist used to live in a [*word cut off in photocopy* — good *?*]

[*Page 4*]*

old house facing the river. You have to go down a flight of steps from the sidewalk to the front door which is a funny, narrow little opening. The house is covered with ivy and stands back between two higher buildings so that it has quite a shut in appearance, but we were so glad that we went there, for we understand so much better where Turners coloring came from. The lights at sunset on the Thames and its opposite shores must rival any of Turners pictures for gorgeous color. There is a little iron railing on the top of the house where he used to sit and look off on the river. Now all that neighborhood is pretty much given up to miserable shops and poor houses. It being Saturday there was a crowd of workmen and untidy women standing round, but it was easy to imagine a day when things were very different and it must have been pleasant to be there. We went next to Cheyne Row to see the Carlyle* house which is certainly most unattractive outwardly{.} Somebody who lives next door has built an addition to the second story of his house which must quite cut off any hope of looking out at the river, and besides the high wall opposite a tall building has risen up, so that if it were possible to see over the wall before it certainly isn't now{.} There is a marble tablet in the wall with Carlyles face cut on it and an inscription saying that he lived there. Somebody lives in the "house" now and the windows were

[*Page 5*]

gay with flowers, which we are [glad *?*] to see. Right round the corner in a side street Leigh Hunt* used to live, and then we went round the corner again to Oakley St where I rang Miss Hogarths bell, intending to give her Mrs. Fields letter, but was told she was in France, so we came back through pretty Cheyne Walk again, stopping for a minute to look at the Carlyle Statue in the gardens at the foot of the Row, and drove home. We saw where Elizabeth Fry* had a school, and the schools for the soldiers children where lots of boys in red and blue uniforms were having a good time in the play grounds. Then we came past the great soldiers hospitals seeing so many of the old pensioners walking about the streets and grounds and sitting in the sunshine, which made their scarlet coats take on an extra tinge of red it seemed to me. One thing I must tell you about the old church is that all round it are hung the old banners which Queen Charlotte* had given the Chelsea regiment{.} I wish I could get a good photograph of that interior, but the old woman wasn't knowing to any being for sale. She was so pleased because we liked

[*Page 6*]

it so much, and departed with her shilling in deep joy apparently.

Caddy sent me a Sunday Herald which came yesterday morning with such an interesting letter about Chelsea in it. Wasn't it funny? We took the paper along, and it was such a help to us in finding some of the things and I am going to keep it, for it will be such a nice thing to read later. Coming back we were driven round Buckingham Palace and had a good look at that and then by St James' Palace and the Marlborough House where the Prince of Wales lives, and at last got home in time for dinner. Wasn't that a lovely [afternoon *?*] outing? I really got more out of it. Today we have been resting after our busy week and saving up strength for the coming month which will be a still more busy time if we do half the things we mean to. This afternoon

Miss Johnson and I took ship in a hansom{,} she to see Prof Stearns* who had sent word that he was not very well, and I went to see Mrs Denny who is in Clarges St, at 34. She said she wrote to Mrs. Castier* and found she had given up her house, so I felt quite reconciled to our present quarters, where we really

[*Page 7*]

are very comfortable, only it takes a [good deal *?*] longer to get to the Museum and Abby of course than it would lower down, but on the contrary there are busses every minute and cabs & hansoms galore, so we ought to be resigned especially as it is much less expensive & we live well. Tonight we must pack up for the next move, but we only take the little trunks leaving all the big things here which is a vast comfort. I've had on both my new gowns today, so my conscience is quite clear concerning the custom house{.}* I hope I may escape as well about the rest of my small accumulations. The time for sailing for home seems very near at hand some times. Especially when I think of all that I wish to crowd into the time. Mrs Denny quite envied me when I told her of my summer{.} They have been much more quiet, but are waiting for Mr. Denny who comes a little later before going to Germany for the winter{.} Mrs. Tyler & Hattie are in Oxford and are coming here Wednesday which is too bad for we shall just miss them. Tomorrow we go to Winchester and then to Ventnor* we hope, unless we find that it will take too long. We shall have to wait a day or two for tomorrows letters but hope to get them at Salisbury on Wednesday or Thursday, and then we shall know if

[*Page 8*]

Uncle Will will come with William Perry* as he thought perhaps he might at last accounts. We are still undecided about where we can meet William, but think perhaps either Chester or Windermere where we shall go next after Devon. I thought of Parson Lewis a preaching today and how glad you must all be to see him again{.} I only hope he told you the half of how happy I have been over here, for there has only been one drawback which is that I couldnt bring you all over too. I will write again in a day or two, but don't be surprised if I write less often, for we shall be travelling faster, and have less time than ever for letters. Give my love to all the family and to all friends, and if Caddy goes to Exeter ask her to take a letter with her to read to Auntie for I haven't had time to write her lately.

It has been very much warmer for two or three days, but I hope we shall have cooler weather for our travelling. I shall be thinking of [you / Sarah] on the birthday which will be a thing of the past though when you get this. Aren't we marching on in the years though. How do you feel to have another year added on? I wish I could send something by mail, but have concluded that it was better to [fess *?*] it. I sent a photograph to Caddy by mail and if she does not get it soon after this comes please write me, and I will [*unrecognized word and a word or two cut off in the photocopy*] man from whom I ordered it. Good night

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

and God bless you all{.} Tell Ma that she would say worse than sorry if she could see the English women dress up and step themselves. Aren't they funny old frumps? Please tell Mrs Fields about Miss Hogarth will you, for Im afraid I shall not have time. Love for John & the girls.

Affly

M.R.J.

Notes

George Eliot: British novelist Mary Ann Evans (1819-1880) published under this pen name.

Rossetti ...Mr Haweis: British poet and painter, Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti (1826-1882). Mr. Haweis may be British cleric and author, Hugh Reginald Haweis (1838-1901). Wikipedia.

Catherine, wife of Charles II: Charles II (1630-1685) was King of England (1660-1685). His wife was Catherine of Braganza (1635-1705). Wikipedia.

Kingsley's father British clergyman and author, Charles Kingsley (1819-1875). His parents were Rev. Charles Kingsley and Mary Lucas. Wikipedia.

barrel: The origin of this story has not yet been discovered, but one finds references to the story of a parson who bought a barrel of sermons, taking one from the bottom and placing it on top after presenting it.

Page 4: The left side of this page is cut off in the photocopy, so many words here are guesses.

Duchess of Northumberland ... Lady Jane Grey: Lady Jane Grey (1536-1554) was a claimant to the throne of England and queen for nine days in 1553. She married Lord Guildford Dudley (1535-1554). Both were executed in 1554. His mother was Jane Guildford, Duchess of Northumberland (1508-1555). Wikipedia.

Thomas More: British statesman and author, Sir Thomas More (1478-1535). Wikipedia.

Turner: British painter Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851).

Carlyle: Scottish author, Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) and his wife resided in Chelsea, London, after 1834. Wikipedia.

Leigh Hunt: British author James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859). Wikipedia.

Hogarth: Georgina Hogarth, (1827-1917), "the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two

volumes of his collected letters after his death." Wikipedia.

Elizabeth Fry: British Quaker social reformer, Elizabeth Gurney Fry (1780-1845).

Queen Charlotte: Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (1744-1818) was Queen of England as the wife of King George III of England (1738-1820). Wikipedia.

Stearns: Professor Stearns probably was Oakman Sprague Stearns (1817-1893), a clergyman and theologian. Find a Grave.

Castier: *Boyle's Court and Country Guide* for 1869, p. 63, lists Mrs. Castier as a hotel operator at 10 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, W. London. Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Fields stayed there in October 1882, during their first trip to Europe.

custom house: The Morrill Tariff Act of 1861 placed a heavy import duty on imported British textiles and manufactured goods, such as clothing. Though this is not certain, it appears that clothing purchased in Britain for personal use and worn while abroad may have been exempt from the tariff.

Ventnor: This transcription is uncertain. If it is correct, it appears Jewett hopes to visit the Isle of Wight.

Uncle Will ... William Perry: William Perry Fiske. Uncle Will is Dr. William Gilman Perry. Key to Correspondents.

birthday: Sarah Orne Jewett's birthday was 3 September.

Winchester Sept[r]

[*2-3 September 1889*]

Dear Sarah:

We packed up last evening and this morning we left London and reached here about half past one. The way isn't a specially beautiful one, & yet we can't say that it is unpleasant either. The heather is in full bloom now, and the wheat fields are not yet all reaped, so we got nice variations of color, with every little while a good dash of poppies thrown in. We settled ourselves comfortably at the Royal Hotel a nice old inn, [eat *so written*] and set forth to view the cathedral. The way to it begins with a nice archway leading to the close and a beautiful avenue of trees leading up to the very door. An old verger showed us round who must have been eighty years old I should think, but his soul was fired within him as soon as he began to talk of his beloved church, and we beloved the old fellow. Only think of being in the place when Queen Mary* was married, and seeing the choir in which she sat. Besides there is a ^stone^ coffin said to hold William Rufus* bones. The old verger was so mad because somebody had been to the Dean wishing to open some of the old tombs, but the Dean wouldnt allow it. The old man pipes up "I dont hold by so

[*Page 2*]

such moving folks round after they are dead. When Im buried I hope they will let me bide. There they've moved Rufus round several times"! He told us that he helped open that tomb himself, and while Im on that cheerful subject I must tell you that there is a row of queer looking boxes up on the top of the choir screens which are said to hold the bones of Hardicanute and Canute and five or six more of those old kings and queens. After we had seen the cathedral all we cared to we went out through the close and walked down some funny old streets to the Wykham College and raised the porter, a clever young fellow who took us all round the place. First we went to the chapel and then to the cloisters where there is another smaller chapel, and then to the funny old refectory, with its old oak tables and benches. The man showed us one of the wooden plates that they still eat certain things like cold meats & jam and such things from. It was only a square bit of wood, and I don't see how they could keep anything on it. There are many curious customs there, one of which is that they employ the old women to [*unrecognized word*] the courtyard [*words cut off in photocopy*] the food that is left [for *?*]

[*Page 3*]

their pay. We viewed [*words cut off in photocopy*] and I dont believe they get [about any *?*] faster than snails. The boys call the place where they wash themselves Moab, because of the verse [*deletion*] ^Moab^ is my wash pot, and the shoe blacks place is Edom because over Edom will I cast my shoe. On one of the cloister arches we saw Bp Kens name cut, and I found Bucklands name on an old desk{.} You know Mr Arnold* was there and the Hares & Trollopes and ever so many more of whom we have heard. There's a fine old hall with much black oak finish in it, and we saw some of the school rooms with the boys treasures stored away in the little cupboards. They have sixteen small boys who sing in the choir but are not of the school proper, so they have the little chapel in the cloisters for theirs and a separate school mast & live by themselves almost entirely, their fund being a separate bequest. Altogether it is a queer, interesting place and we had a beautiful time there. From there we drove to St Cross about a mile and a half away, which is a hospital for 13 poor men who are called brothers and wear long black gowns and a big Maltese Cross of silver. They have each a

[*Page 4*]

separate house, or rather separate suites of rooms, into one set of which we went with the old man who showed us about{.} There is a nice old church

which has not been mutilated in any way until some idiot of an architect was moved to color it until the choir looks like a Jew Synagogue and the thirteen brothers step to church every morning. There is a big queer 'quad' with buildings all about it, and in front of each mans home there is a pretty garden. Our old man had been a bible reader somewhere the porter told us, and he had a good many books, & the place looked very comfortable. His daughter kept house for him, and he has his food from the fund. There is a curious thing about the founders will, for everybody who asks at the porters lodge can have a bit of bread and a horn of ale, so we asked and had our share. After a certain amount has been had, no more can be drawn that day, but it evidently hadnt been a busy day today, for there seemed to be plenty late in the afternoon{.} My head buzzed all the way home but it tasted proper good. We saw the hall where the Brothers used to sit round a [*two obscured words*] the middle of the hall and no chimney

[*Page 5*]

and an old man told us that they still lighted a fire in the place on the great holidays, and then they had 65 lbs of beef roasted to be divided between them and Shrove Tuesday they had the makings of pancakes, & Christmas 12 pence to buy a fowl with. You would have got a lot out of his story if you had heard it for he was so in earnest poor old soul. There are lovely great fields all around and the place is so green and pretty and the old men look so happy. All over the chapel floor little squares of slate are let into the pavement with names and then 'brothers of this hospital' [put *?*] on it by way of gravestones, and he told us that the silver crosses descend from brother to brother so that no one knows how far back they date. Haven't we had a lovely day? I didn't have any idea that it would be half so nice to come here, but we have been more than paid for coming. Tonight while we were eating our dinner there were some gentlemen at the table near by who were full of hunting talk and I believe the shooting season begins about this time. It really sounded like

[*Page 6*]

a novel to hear it. Tomorrow we hope to see Ventnor, and then go to Salisbury{.}. The room we have here used to be the chapel of an old monastery they told us and it has such a high arched ceiling which gives it such a queer shape. A fine sleepy sister will now step to bed and say good night.

Tuesday morning.* We passed a peaceful night in the old monastery room, and are at the breakfast table waiting for the feast to be brought. We are going to Ryde by way of Bournmouth we think and then come back by Southhampton to Salisbury. I wished you a happy birthday* [*several unreadable words*] I hope we shall have a nice day for seeing Ventnor, but it is a little doubtful just now. Breakfast is here so I mustn't stop for [more words *?*] my best love [& good wishes to *?*] [*obscure words*]

Affly

M.R.J.

Notes

Queen Mary: Queen Mary I of England (1615-1558) married Prince Philip II of Spain in Winchester Cathedral in 1554. Wikipedia.

William Rufus: King William II (1057-1100) was the first son of William the Conqueror (1028-1087). Wikipedia.

Hardicanute and Canute: King Cnut (990-1035) was King of England. His son, King Harthacnut (1018-1042) followed him.

wash pot ... cast my shoe: Both quotations appear in the Bible, Psalm 60.

Arnold: Jewett refers to educator Thomas Arnold (1795-1842), father of author and public intellectual, Matthew Arnold. Among the schools where both obtained their early education was Winchester College, then a public boarding school for high-school boys. It was founded in 1382 by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. Other alums were theologian and geologist, William Buckland (1784-1856) and his son, naturalist Frank Buckland (1826-1880), novelist Anthony Trollope (1815-1882) and his brothers, and Bishop Thomas Ken (1637-1711).

The transcription of "Hares" is uncertain, and this family has not yet been identified.

Tuesday morning: This addition to the letter is in pencil, which photocopied poorly. Several words are too obscure to make out.

birthday: Sarah Orne Jewett's birthday was 3 September.

Newport Isle of Wight

Sept 3^{d}. 89.

I hope it has been a pleasant birthday and I have been wondering what time the telegram I sent from Winchester reached you. I sent it off about half past nine so I hope it reached you early in the day. We've had a beautiful time this day but I suppose you will shake your head when I tell you all we have done but we are fresh as daisies after a good supper, and have a clear idea of what we have seen too. We got to Ventnor, and had a good look at it, lovely place that it is, and were starting for a coach drive to [Black Gang *so written*], when somebody at the hotel suggested taking a carriage instead, and coming here taking the Black Gang on our way. We snapped at the idea, for we could see so much more of the island and then get

Carisbrooke Castle also, which we thought we must leave out for lack of time. We stepped to the Crab and Lobster where we had the funny red and white lobsters for lunch and I must say I think the Yankee ones are ^better^{.}

[*Page 2*]

Isn't the Crab and Lobster a pretty place with its flowers and shrubs? We were sorry to leave it, and wouldn't for a week if we had only had a little more time to spare. Such a lovely road as we went along what they call the under cliffs and such ivy I never saw. In places there were thick hedges of it ten feet high or more and so green and glossy{.} The hedges of fuchsias too were beautiful and we oh'd and ah'd until we were fairly tired out, and got speechless for awhile. After we got a little out of the town and on the cliffs we got such lovely views of the sea, and of the high land which I had no idea was so high. We went down long hills and up longer ones it seemed to me but we finally brought up at the Black Gang Chine* and went in through a funny little bazaar where we were requested either to buy something or pass a sixpence for the privilege of seeing the place which is a great gully between two hills, and a cliff down the side of one of them. We got a very fine view

[*Page 3*]

along the coast from the top. It seemed so funny to be looking down at the Needles{.} Do you remember they used to be on the old dissected map?* Such flowers as we saw all the way along, asters and dahlias in every cottage garden that would have taken a prize at the Boston flower show and no end of other things besides, all growing away like everything. The farms look so prosperous, with such big rick yards. They are just bringing in the last of the wheat and barley, and there seems to be not much left in the earth but turnips and cabbages, for I do not see many potatoes growing. The road from Black Gang here is less picturesque than to Ventnor but still it is prettier than most, and grows prettier at the last. The inn where we are is a real old fashioned one with low ceilings and old furniture, rather a plain place but so clean and comfortable. We picked it out on purpose from the finer ones, for we thought we should like it. Tomorrow we are going to see Carisbrooke Castle which is about a mile away and then go to Salisbury and Stonehenge. Tonight the town

[*Page 4*]

crier planted himself under our window with his bell, and cried a purse that somebody had found until Tabby and I instinctively felt in our pockets to see if it was ours! I am so glad to have had this look at the Isle of Wight, for we have really seen a good deal of it. We landed at Ryde this [morg *so written*] and then saw Shanklin and Ventnor and now Newport and Carisbooke and Cowes. I read up the guidebook faithfully but couldn't find anything very remarkable to see in Ventnor except the town itself, and that we saw very well. I was really afraid that we couldn't come here at all for the time seemed to be growing so short, but we thought we would risk it. How little we thought that we should be in this Newport when we were in Newport last year. Wednesday night. This morning we went to see Carisbrooke Castle a fine old ruin about a mile from the centre of Newport, and looked about there as long as we wanted to. It was here that Charles 1st* was imprisoned, and his daughter died in the castle after her fathers death. There is a great well there

[*Page 5*]

150 feet deep, so they have a great wheel in which a donkey walks, which turns a windlass to bring up the bucket. You would laugh to see him step on just at the right moment, and you may be sure he does not take a single unnecessary step after the bucket appears above the well curb. He ought to know about it for he has been at the business twenty four years, but has an assistant in case of accident the man said. A little after eleven we started for Cowes which is about five miles from Newport and a pretty place though we didn't see a great deal. Then we took the steamer for Southampton which was an hour coming up, and then to the train here arriving a little after two. It has been threatening rain for two or three days so we thought we would make sure of seeing Stonehenge and after lunch started off, and have just come home{.}

[*Page 6*]

It carried me back to the days of Grandma Mary* to think of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* and only yesterday I was convenient to the home of the Dairymans Daughter. The road by which we went wasn't particularly pleasant for there were very few trees, and long stretches of road with few homes. Miss Johnson & I were talking about Thy Friend* and just then I looked up and saw a guide post which said on one arm to Amesbury and on the other to Salisbury. Wasn't it funny? Did you ever see anything more solemn than those old stones were. It was quite late in the afternoon when we got there, and there has been a queer light over everything today which seemed like an eclipse, so the old grey stones looked even more grim than usual I dare say. Do you remember all those mounds that are said to be tombs that are off in the distance? I was greatly surprised to find the stones so large, for I had no idea they were half

[*Page 7*]

so big, had you? I didn't look at them at all until I was close to them, and so it was a greater surprise than if I had watched them from a distance, but I did watch them until they faded out as we came away. I am so glad to have been that place, and

can truly say that it was more than I had expected. We stayed there quite a good while and then drove home by such a pretty road through a field first, and we came over the turf ever so far, and then the road led through such great farms. The farm houses looked so comfortable with thatched roofs even to the walls and the beehives, and big rick yards loomed up like villages. Salisbury Plain is a funny place, for we should never think of calling such a place a plain, should we?

It was quite dark when we finally landed at the White Hart, but we were quite fresh, and so glad that we went, for now if tomorrow is rainy we can still go to the cathedral, and our plan is to go to Exeter to spend the night. Doesn't that sound funny? We hoped

[*Page 8*]

to get some letters this evening, but were disappointed, and now hope for them in the morning. I am so glad to have gone to the Isle of Wight even if we only had a little time there, for I was afraid one time that we should not be able to see it at all. Dear me, how much we shall have to talk about when I get home. Dont think I bought this dreadful paper because I wanted it, for I only took it because the shop afforded nothing but this, and some that was thick as a board.

Tabby sends love and so does Miss Johnson and mine goes to Ma & Caddy and all other friends and relations in large share. Don't forget to tell me all the news{.}

I am so glad to hear everything though I don't have time now to answer back about it much. I don't believe I thought to tell you before that in Winchester I came upon the tablet to Jane Austen* and it seemed so funny for she always seemed a sort of myth to me in spite of all her books. Isaak Walton was buried there in the cathedral too under a monstrous slate stone in the pavement, which seemed

[*Page 9*]

too bad for a man who loved the outside world so dearly, but it was high honor to set him there I suppose.

Salisbury Cathedral looked so pretty as we came in sight of it this afternoon that I thought of the lovely photograph you had of it and couldn't believe that I was really seeing it with my own eyes. My best respects to Caddy{.} I hope she is well. I've been thinking all day how much I wish you were all coming over with William. We haven't quite decided what to do about him yet, but have about decided to send him to see Chester first, & then meet up a little further on to go to Windermere. Oh, I must go to my bed for we were up early this morning & have been on the go ever since, but tomorrow will be easier.

Affly

MRJ.

Notes

C*hine*: Wikipedia says that the Blackgang Chine is the oldest amusement park in the U.K., opened in 1843. The Needles, says Wikipedia, "are a row of three stacks of chalk," in the ocean each about 100 feet high, at the western end of the Isle of Wight.

Charles 1st: Charles I (1600-1649) was King of England until executed in the English Civil War. His daughter, Elizabeth Stuart (1635-1650) also died at Carisbrooke. Wikipedia.

Grandma Mary: Mary Rice Jewett (1785-1854) was the third wife of Theodore Furber Jewett (1817-1860). His first wife, Sarah Orne Jewett (1794-1819), was the mother of the Jewett daughters' father, Theodore Herman Jewett. Key to Correspondents. Find a Grave.

dissected map: A map that has been cut into jigsaw puzzle pieces.

Plain: *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* (1795) was a popular tract by British author, Hannah More (1745-1833), encouraging the poor of England to be content with a simple and subservient life. Wikipedia.

British clergyman Legh Richmond (1772-1827) also was the author of inspirational tracts, including *The Dairyman's Daughter*, set on the Isle of Wight, a biography of Elizabeth Wallbridge. Wikipedia.

Friend: John Greenleaf Whittier, who had a residence at Amesbury, MA. There is also a town of Salisbury in Massachusetts. Key to Correspondents.

Later in the letter, she notes a plan to go to Exeter, another British town name shared with the home town in New Hampshire of many of her relatives.

Austen: British novelist, Jane Austen (1775-1817). She was buried in Winchester Cathedral.

Walton: British author, Izaak Walton (1593-1683).

William: William Perry Fiske.

Bideford Friday

Sept 6th. 89

Dear Sarah:

Only think where a nice sister is now and every good time being present{.} I am writing with my things on for we are to take the morning coach to Clovelly and "post" from there to Morwenstow if you please{,} that is if the New Inn affords conveyance which we are assured it does. I have just been out prowling round, and went down such a curious steep street to the church which must have been

very interesting before it was restored and looked so spick span clean and new{.} Did you go into it? Almost the only monument left is to Sir Thomas [Grenville *?*],* but there are [tablet *so written*] sufficient, only they are not special ones. The old churchyard is so full that they have set rows of slate tombstones all along the wall close together but I imagine it would puzzle them to find room for all the graves they represent if they added them to those left standing. The New Inn here is such a comfortable place with a nice outlook from the back windows{.} We had breakfast in the coffee room which has a big bay window from which you see everything across the river or bay I don't know which they are pleased to call it. I wrote you about

[*Page 2*]*

going to Stonehenge so I won't repeat that but tell you that we stepped ourselves to the cathedral in Salisbury yesterday morning and were delighted with the close. Do you remember how big and beautiful it is? The turf was like the smoothest of velvet for they were just clipping it, and green enough to put your eyes out with great [trees *?*] standing like sentinels all about. The outside of the cathedral is beautiful isn't it? I didn't care much for the inside at first for it seemed rather bare and cold and the verger trotted us about too fast for our liking, especially as we were unlucky in catching on a large party, which is always to be dreaded. We were delighted when we got to the cloisters though for they are so fine{.} Do you remember the two great cedars in the middle? There are bishops galore buried there. And the funny little square stones flat on the turf that they use for marking the graves are very curious in the effects. The turf is so smooth everywhere else. Somebody had been putting flowers all about which didnt specially add to the beauty either. You get such a [*deletion*] fine view of the cathedral spire from one corner

[*Page 3*]

of the cloisters that it is well worth going there for that, if for no other reason. Did you see the funny representation of the history of the world [round *?*] that Chapter House. I never saw anything much more grotesque than some of those figures were. It begins with the creation and goes on until it comes to the end of the room, the tower of Babel* being especially effective. After we had seen all we cared to we came home and got ready to leave for Exeter at noon, and finding we had plenty of time we concluded to stop over a train only, and then come to Bideford for the night. I wonder if you went to Exeter for it is a pretty old town, very unlike its N H namesake for it is very hilly, with picturesque old houses and shops. The cathedral is very pretty with a much decorated front, and they allow you to pay your sixpence and then wander at your own sweet will. We found some curious things there, one of which [were *so written*] some boxes cut from a solid piece of oak where they used to keep their bibles, and a great clock which seemed to take up a great deal of room, but then it seemed also to do a great deal for you in telling the days of the month & everything else. There was an interesting old library that I wanted to get into, but the gate was closed across the door. There were ever so many small chapels more or less decorated and we were so glad we went there. We walked about the town for a while and then took a later train for Bideford. Clovelly Evening. We took a

[*Page 4*]

walk this noon for this this lovely place, and got here about half past one. Oh such a lovely drive as it was, and you would have laughed to see us on the back seat of the coach, for we were like three children out for a lark.

We fell into easy converse with some people in the opposite seat which made it still pleasanter for us, and you know how more than beautiful the country is. Of course in some places it has lost the freshness of early June, but in others nothing could be greener, and we got glimpses of the sea all the way, and could look over miles and miles of land beside. When we really got [here *?*] I felt like one in a dream and wanted to ask the little dog at home if it were I. We [came *?*] to the old rectory where the Kingsleys* used to live and I didn't wonder that the three boys [refused *?*] to give up their free life here even for that [*obscured words*] the pleasant old Chelsea rectory. Did you know that Mr. Kingsleys daughter is the wife of the present vicar here? An old woman told me such pleasant things of her husband this afternoon, saying that he was so kind to the poor and especially to the sick. "You never have to send for <u>him</u> mum, for he finds it out and comes quick hisself." We landed at the [*obscured word*], as they call it and came stepping down to the New Inn. There was a great crowd [and *?*] we found out it was only an excursion [and *?*] we very soon were settled in two nice rooms in an annex of the New Inn, just across

[*Page 5*]

the high road. We had our lunch and then took a turn to Morwenstow, for there was such a crowd here that there was no use trying to do anything, and the day was too delightful to be lost. We had a four wheel dog cart which was so nice to ride in. Tabby & I mounted the back seat with pride and put Miss Johnson up in front{.} We wondered you didn't die of old age trying to go there with a donkey which was your beast of burden if I don't forget, for the miles stretched out a good way even with a clipping horse, but we did have such a good time. I believe I shall always put today down among the very best of all this summer. The gorse is all in bloom again here and the heather too, and a big clump of the two mixes is about as pretty a thing as one can see anywhere. The honey suckle is in the

hedges still so we brought home a big bunch, and thought of you as you picked it too. Isn't it a strange thing to look out at those great fields and see no sign of a house for miles, & yet everything looks well cared for. In one place away off from the road I saw one farm house, but couldn't see another anywhere. How beautiful all those fields must be in June if they

[*Page 6*]

are so beautiful now when the harvests are nearly gathered. Finally we stopped at a gate and had a wonderful glimpse of the sea and after we entered a little lane and turned a corner we could see the church and rectory and the farm house close by. We made for the churchyard first, and I came upon the old ships figure head, and found what I supposed was part of the old boat that Parson Hawker* had put over the sailors graves. Then we went into the church, and they have been restoring it, but I must say they have done it very carefully and kindly. Somebody told me that the old pews were literally tumbling down from age and weakness, and now they have been set straight again and the chancel has had a tiled floor, and the plastering has either been smoothed or whitened, or newly put on in places, but they have carefully saved any little spots of the old decoration that they could find, and the stone pillars and arches have been recut which I wish they had left undone. Do you remember those queer heads on one of arches. In fact all the attempts at stone cutting seem to have been of a very rude type, and the place must [*line cut off of the photocopy*] the history of

[*Page 7*]

the old [font *?*] which is so crooked and queer but I couldn't. The whole place shows at a glance how poor the people are, for I believe only two pews had any cushions, and the reading desk was pitifully poor and then I thought of the pussy following the Parson into the chancel, but I don't see what any [man *?*] was ever foolish enough to live in that church for, for I don't believe he fared well, do you?

Tabby & I found the visitors book and found your name the 28th of June '82. It really seemed so very nice to see it so far away. I walked out across the fields to the edge of the cliffs and had such a glorious view. I think in all my life I never saw anything grander than [than *repeated*] those wonderful cliffs, and how I longed to stay there for hours and watch the sea and see the sunset, but it was getting late and I tore myself away and came back to the church and then went up the hill to the carriage{.} On the way I passed a big comfortable looking woman who had evidently come out to milk the cows so I made some excuse for a talk, and found it was Mrs. Lucas* who gave you the catechism{.} I asked her if she remembered it & she said "oh yes & I have her card now". I told her you have the catechism, & she seemed so pleased to hear about you. She told me that Parson Hawkers wife kept a lodging house in Ilfracombe and her daughters are grown up, one being

[*Page 8*]

a governess and one a nurse in some hospital and it was touching to hear the kindly way in which she spoke of the old Parson. When I turned to say good bye to her, and saw the big red sun, and the sea and the green fields with the old church pointing seaward it seemed to me I never saw a fairer spot but the loneliness of it at times must be perfectly overwhelming. We drove home quicker than we went because it was cooler, but the big round moon came up and the smell of the honey suckles grew stronger and the shadows of the hedges made all kinds of queer shapes in the moonlight until finally we came to the little paved street down which our boot heels made a queer clatter as we came here to our very late dinner. Tomorrow morn we are going out to see the town and at noon take the coach again hoping to make Lynton and rest over Sunday. Our rooms ^here^ are engaged so we cannot keep them even if we had the time to spare. I am so glad and thankful that we came, and feel so entirely repaid for all the time it has cost but I never can tell anybody half of the good time I have had. It is very late & I must go to bed, but I couldn't shut my eyes until I had told you about it. [Give my love *?*] to all, and think how soon

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

we shall be able to talk it all over after you get this letter. I have not had any letters for a week and feel quite anxious to get the next batch{.} Tell Mrs Fields what a good time we have had here —

Affly

MRJ.

Notes

Grenville: Jewett may have written Granville and then corrected it.

There are three famous Thomas Grenvilles. This is Sir Thomas Grenville II (1453-1513) who served as Sheriff of Cornwall. There is a monument to him in the Church of St. Mary in Bideford. Wikipedia.

Page 2: The photocopy cuts off the left edge of this page, so there are more guesses at words on this page than usual. Page 4 has the same problem.

Babel: The story of the Tower of Babel in Genesis 11, explains the origin of the world's diverse languages.

Kingsleys: British clergyman and author, Charles Kingsley (1819-1875).

Hawker: British Anglican priest and author, Robert Stephen Hawker (1803-1875) served as vicar at Morwenstow, Devon, beginning in 1834. With his

second wife, Pauline Kuczynski, he had three daughters. Wikipedia.

Mrs. Lucas: Sarah Orne Jewett's account of her visit to Morwenstow is in her letter to Mary Rice Jewett of 2 July 1882. That letter does not mention Mrs. Lucas or the catechism. In a letter to her sister Carrie of 27 June 1882, Jewett included a photograph of the New Inn at Clovelly. See also *Sarah Orne Jewett and her Circle: Correspondence January - June 1882*, Sarah Orne Jewett Press 2025.

Lynton Sunday

Sept 8th 89

Dear Sarah:

We were so pleased to find our letters when we came here last night. I got yours about the drive home from Concord, & one from Caddy and Rebecca ^[*unrecognized word* Jimmy *?*] and "Missis Ellis"* who has been having a beautiful time at Littleton all summer. We are dying to know if the Umbria is in, but the telegraph office closes early Sunday morning for the day so we could do nothing but wait. We wrote William, both at Queenstown and Liverpool so I hope he will get one of the letters, and tomorrow we can write or telegraph again, if we do not hear from him before. We didn't get any letter from him in this mail and don't know to this minute if Uncle Will came or no. We had a beautiful morning at Clovelly yesterday. Tabby and I went way down on the pier and looked all about and we went prowling round talking to the people who seem so friendly and kind. We made friends with a boatman who wished to take us out rowing, but we had to decline much to our regret. Then we went through an arch way below the Red Lion and found ourselves close to the coast guard buildings, and one of the men showed us the life boats and the rockets and all the life-saving things. We had another

[*Page 2*]*

[friend *?*] in an engaging woman who sold photographs{.} She told us every particular and was so engaging that we had only time to gather our belongings and go on our way up the hill to where the [coach was *?*]. It looked so funny to see our bags and [*two obscured words* — other traps *?*] rising the hill on a donkey's back. We stood there waiting for the coach to be ready and it seemed to me I couldn't tear myself away it was so beautiful, but we mounted the back seat for all the front ones are engaged ahead and we really like the back one very well. When we were all ready the coach top was full with baggage & people except the front seat the people for which were to come by the Bude coach and when we met that it was also piled full, and our three people had seven great trunks that they wished to bring along, and I was quite afraid we should lose our train while they fussed about it, but finally the people agreed to send it along and we started again and had a lovely ride to Bideford where we stopped for lunch, and then came on to Ilfracomb to find to our wrath that the coach had gone on without us, for it does not wait for the train on which we came though the "book of it" said we could connect. There was such a noise and racket at Ilfracombe that we wouldn't stay there over Sunday, but got somebody to bring us over here, and came into a safe [*line cut off in photocopy*].

[*Page 3*]

had our suppers and read our letters and went to bed, being humbly thankful that we were not stranded in Ilfracombe. Do you remember how beautiful the scenery is as you drive out from Ilfracombe this way. You come along the cliffs ever so far and get such {a} glorious look at the sea. We came up hills that must be nearly a mile long I should think and then go down the other side only to climb another. The moon came up "big as a cart wheel" and we really enjoyed our drive and were really less tired than when we got into the carriage. One hill was so steep that the driver & Abba & I had to walk while Miss Johnson & the luggage rode in state. I was astonished at Clovelly and here to find how easy it was to walk up hill for I hardly got out of breath at all in either place, & you can testify that if anything ought to wind one it is Clovelly High Street. The donkey trains were busy with packing up coal, and I should think they would break their backs before they get to the top shouldn't you? This morning we stepped to the parish church here and heard a discourse on education, which though not of great depth was not bad. It astonished me to find in every little church a [surpliced *?*] choir, and the one {to}day sang like birds. I suppose the smallest of them are boys from the parish school

[*Page 4*]

and are taught music there. After lunch we went for a walk along what they call the North walk along the cliffs where you get such lovely views of the sea, & then you come about a mile away to what they call the valley of Rocks where the rocks run all up the steep hillside and are in such queer shapes that you imagine castles and faces and lots of things beside. We ['louted *?*] round' until late it was so very pleasant, with the sea and the sunshine and we counted twenty four vessels right under our feet as it were. The gorse and heather and heath and kinds of ivy were everywhere with splendid bushes of laurel but it isn't half so pretty after all as Clovelly is it? As we came back I was moved to step down to see what Lynmouth was like, so I began my downward journey and went on and on until it seemed to me I must have walked three quarters of a mile downhill by the steepest path you can imagine but so pretty, with either a

green hedge or ivy covered wall on either side. I saw where the Lyn comes tumbling down the hill and walked along the village street a little way until I came to the other path up, which was a little shorter than the one I came down by

[*Page 5*]

5*

but very steep, and I wasn't sorry when I was at the top, though I didn't in the least repent going down below. They are making a lift now from Lynmouth up here and it will be done in season for next years people to use or even before. I hope they will not feel moved to disfigure Clovelly with one, though I suppose in tender mercy to the backs of its inhabitants both two legged & four I [want *?*] to wish they would have one at once. Tomorrow we are going to take the coach and spend the morning going to Minehead, and the afternoon in Glastonbury, getting to Wells in the evening if all goes well, and we hope to meet William at Bowness in the lake region Wednesday night, and then go by coach to Keswick, and on to Edinburgh. We have really had a good deal of coaching and driving all summer, and it has been beautiful, for you can see so much of the country as you go along. I have an idea that we shall have a beautiful time tomorrow going along the cliffs for the road is said to be even prettier than the one by which we came yesterday. We hear people complaining constantly of having been much troubled with the weather, but so far we have seemed to escape, and I hope tomorrow will prove as pleasant as our other days

[*Page 6*]

I hope you had a pretty occasion in Manchester and Caddy another in Brunswick. Wasn't it nice that Auntie could come down for a little visit. It seems so long since I heard from her, and I have wanted to write her but now that we are so busy, I have only time for the home letters, and sometimes they get written in such haste that I am afraid Ma has words about them. Thank Rebecca and Susy for their letters which I read with joy, and tell them I'll talk to them a week when I get home by way of reply. I heard of you stepping out with Dicky and no blinders, & wonder you didnt come home in the four bushel basket. Tell Tucker not to get him too high so we can't drive him when I get home. I spent a good piece of the afternoon over the Sunday Herald, for I was suffering for the news. The papers are full of the Antwerp Explosion* which is a horror worthy of what they think [we live *?*] on. Now I must set my chest in order for tomorrows flitting and step to bed{.} My love to Ma and the other house and John and Posy and Annie. I'm afraid you think I take no notice of your remarks, but as Caddy says they are soaked in, only I get full of my side of the story & wish to have my say! My two companions send love, and here's much for you [& Ma *?*] Yrs affly

M.R.J.

Notes

Missis Ellis: Emma Harding Claflin Ellis. Key to Correspondents.

Page 2: The photocopy cuts off the left edge of this page, so there are more guesses at words on this page than usual.

5: This number may be in another hand.

Antwerp Explosion: A disaster of 6 September 1889, when an ammunition factory in Antwerp, Belgium, exploded.

Station of Highbridge* wherever that may be. Sept 9th

Dear Sarah;

We are stranded here for an hour on our journey to Wells where we are to spend the night and see the cathedral which everybody says is so beautiful{.} I sent you a sleepy letter last night to tell you of our pleasant Sunday in Lynton, and now I have to tell you of a most beautiful day of coaching. We left Lynton about nine and descended to Lynmouth by such a steep road that I wonder we ever got down alive, though thanks to two shoes on the wheels and the brakes set we turned the sharp corners and slid down with all possible ease. At Lynmouth they put on three more horses and asked all the men to walk another{.} The five horses had all they wanted to do to get us up the hill which somebody said was two miles and a half long. Do you remember it? When we got to the top we came into a cloud of mist and were thankful for all the heavy shawls, but luckily it didn't really rain and as we came down from the hill we came into the sunshine again and it looked so funny to see the shadow of the clouds on the water so far below us. You never saw anything so beautiful as the heath and heather, for the hillsides were all covered with it in full bloom as far as we could see in every direction beside which there were great patches of the yellowest gorse. You never saw anything so beautiful in all your little life, for it was like a big flower garden. Im so glad for Tabby to see the gorse for it was most all gone when she got here. Our hearts were gladdened by a telegram

[*Page 2*]*

from Will this morning from Chester, and we hope to meet him Wednesday evening. He said "we{.}" Uncle Will must be along we think, and wont he be funny when he sees us coming? Where we are at this moment the country is as flat as a floor and not unlike Holland{.} It is such a sudden change from being 1400 feet in the air as they said we were at

one time this morning. And we really went up almost that entire distance, for we were almost at the sea level at Lynmouth you know. We saw a nice large place a little way off in the fields apparently, but the guard said that you have to drive three miles before you could get to it with a carriage the hills were so steep, on top of one of the great hills we stopped to change horses and had [*obscured word*] more great fellows but one that [rattled *?*] us along [*obscured word*] famously, and then we began to go down hill into pretty country and finally came out at Minehead at the level of the sea again, and took the train almost immediately, though we had time to get some lunch fortunately, as we should be fit to eat paving stones by this time and there were no paving stones to be had here apparently.

We saw such a pretty sight at the place where we stopped to change horses, for in a field close by was a little fellow on an old pony and ten older girls with him who were talking. One of them had [*obscure word*] [skin *?*] that was almost the color of the heath and they made such a pretty picture against the background of the heather and gorse that I longed for a painting to bring away with me. I wish I could bring an Exmoor pony home for Theodore for they are such strong bright little

[*Page 3*]

things, and one would be so pretty in the little gig you know! It has been pleasant to see apple trees again and before we sleep I mean to taste cider again. The other day in Clovelly what should I see to rejoice my soul but a junket* and I haven't tasted one since Grandma Perry used to have them and call them rennet custards. We also eat well of clotted cream and isn't it pretty eating? I'm afraid we have gone out of reach of that now though. [Wells *?*], but I haven't seen anything of Aaron* yet [since *?*] the ocean seems to have walked off unaccountably{.}* We came down through a queer Dutch looking country where there were low lying fields and pastures for mile and mile, and then we came to a peat country where there were hundreds of piles of turf put up to dry, for market apparently. After ten miles of journeying we came to Glastonbury and alighted to see the old Abbey which is a most beautiful old ruin. There is a nice modern house in the same ground and beautiful old trees all round. Originally, the abbey buildings covered twelve acres it is said but now there is much less standing. The walls are so thick with beautiful arches and the great arch where the chancel of the church joined the nave must have been a most graceful thing{.} There is a queer old kitchen in another enclosure but we couldn't have time to go there because [we wanted to go away round *unrecognized word* the town]*

[*Page 4*]

Henry the 8th hanged the last abbot on a hill outside the town, and then I suppose they ransacked ~~the place~~ ^it^, and stripped the [*obscured word*] to let the place go to ruin. It seems such a shame, but after all I don't know what they would ever use such a place for in these days. They seem to have hard work to use the cathedrals as it is, with all the chapels. I was so glad we stopped there, for the ruin was such a pleasure. There was a curious old inn opposite where the pilgrims used to be lodged, and we meant to lodge ourselves, but we found we could come over here in fifteen minutes by train & we thought it would be easier to come tonight than to rise betimes in the morning and here we are sitting up in state in two excellent bedrooms in the Mitre if you please. The supper we laid aside would have astonished a hungry tramp, for our lunch was like Mary Harriets favorite [*obscured word*] speech ~~like~~ ^[about *?*] dropping a cracker down a well in the face of that keen mountain wind. I finally struck, and declared I wouldn't ask the waitress to bring another thing, so Miss Johnson took her turn, and then we both left Tabby [paying *?*] away. Tabby & I are sighing for baked beans for never a one have we seen of course. I believe they did have some on

[*Page 5*]

on the steamer coming over but that was a far cry from here. Tomorrow we are going to see the sights here and then go to Ludlow where there is a pretty old castle where Comus* was first acted. I believe it is in very good preservation. We went through Ludlow going to Ross, but didn't think much about it until we heard several people speak in such praise of it, so as it is a nice place to break our journey to Windermere we will put into port there for the night, and then get to Windermere sometime the next afternoon or evening. The last week has been crowded so full, but it has seemed to be mostly of driving from place to place, and I think one can stand that sort of thing much better than seeing palaces and churches &c. Of course driving doesn't tire me and it doesn't seem to trouble the other two either, and we have had such a good time, and I really don't get the things jumbled either{.} I am so glad to have seen Clovelly which stands out before me as one of the most delightful things we have done at all. I was so afraid at one time that we should have to give it up for want of time, after we had stayed so long on the continent and I never should have felt satisfied if I hadn't seen that and Morwenstow. Now my

[*Page 6*]

face is set toward Edinburgh, and I shall have great joy there I am sure. We are all busy with our pens this evening for yesterday we [raked *?*] all the afternoon and then had to occupy ourselves with supper when we might have been doing our letters. I have just been sending for letters for Wednesday at Windermere and hope I shall get some from you

again, and hear about Manchester & Brunswick [*deleted or obscured words*]. Miss Johnsons sister wrote her that little Mary [*unrecognized name*] was threatened with typhoid fever, but it seems as if it must have been a false alarm or Caddy wouldn't be starting off. I won't forget Cousin Marys pin. Especially after your description of what it must be like! I will also [test *?*] the trunk if we have things enough to bring to make it all right. I bought a new trunk in Cologne which will probably hold all my worldly goods, but I dare say one of the others will be glad of it. I must speak of [M.R.II's *?*] good manners for she has never failed me no matter how much I have crowded into her. My best love goes along with this to Ma & Caddy and all the rest, and only think how soon it will be time for you to be looking out for the Pavonia. Isn't Mrs. Fields going back to town very early this year? Didn't you say the 15th of September? Love from my two companions, and mine to [Jemmy *?*]* if she is still with you. Affly M.R.J.

Notes

Highbridge: Jewett probably was in Highbridge and Burnham railway station in Somerset, about 20 miles from Wells. Wikipedia.

Page 2: The photocopy cuts off the left edge of this page, so there are more guesses at words on this page than usual.

junket: Wikipedia says: "Junket is a milk-based dessert with a jelly texture, made with sweetened milk and rennet, the digestive enzyme that curdles milk. It is usually set in a mould and served cold."

Aaron: This person has not yet been identified. The name comes up again in Jewett's letter of 22 September.

unaccountably: Though reasonably sure I have accurately transcribed this sentence, I don't know what it means.

town: This line is cut off in the photocopy, and most of these words are guessed at from what's visible. Further, page 4 also is cut off on the left, requiring more guesswork. Those needing a more complete transcription, should consult the original manuscript.

Comus: British poet John Milton (1608-1674). Wikipedia says: "*Comus (A Masque Presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634)* is a masque in honour of chastity...."

Jemmy: This transcription is uncertain and the person has not been identified.

Edinburgh Sunday

Sept 15th

Dear Sarah;

I wrote from Windermere telling of Uncle Will's coming, and now I will tell you what a good time we have had up to now! ~~Saturday~~ ^Friday^ morning we took the coach at nine o clock and went to Keswick on our way here, and isn't the road beautiful{.} We were lucky enough to get the whole of the front seat so could see everything there was to be seen all the way, and between reading up the guidebook faithfully and questioning the driver we found out a good deal. We saw the church where Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge* were buried, and the cottage where Coleridge lived, and then the driver showed us where Fox Howe {is,} the house where Dr Arnold used to live, and he also showed us where Wordsworths house was though we could not see the house itself. You are not let into it, so it is no great gain to go there{.} We saw where Miss Martineau* used to live in Ambleside in a pretty ivy covered house{.} No doubt you saw it all and so can tell Ma and Caddy more about it than I can stop to write just now. Just after you pass

[*Page 2*]

Grasmere you go up a long hill called Dummel Raise which it is said used to be a favorite walk of Wordsworth, and then we came to a queer boulder beside the road which they called Wordsworths Seat. The coach man made all the gentlemen walk up hill{,} it was so long, and just before we came to the top a heavy Scotch mist came down in a provoking fashion for it cut off a good deal of the view we hoped to get from the top but after we got down on the other side it was clearer and we got such a beautiful view up what they call the valley of St John for that was all sunshine while the hills around it were in shadow. We stopped at ever so many little inns by the way, and it was a great amusement to see the driver deliver the morning papers along his route, for he would give one a toss and it seemed to land exactly where ^he^ wanted ^it^ to. We got into Keswick just before one o'clock and saw the train we wished to take rolling into the station while we were stopping at a hotel close by, and were assured we couldn't get it, but Will raced over to the guard who as obliging enough to wait until we got ourselves and our belongings loaded so we came off in a very cheerful state of mind{.} We came to Carlisle and stopped over for an hour to see the church and town, The Taits* lived at Carlisle you know before he was Bishop

[*Page 3*]

of London, and I should think they would have hated to leave the pleasant Deanery, except for the fact of all the sorrow they had there.

The nave of the church fell down many years ago, and was never rebuilt, but they thriftily walled up the end and now it looks quite large enough. The ruins of the old abbey building are just outside which shows it must have been a large establishment sometime. We passed Gretna Green where there used to be so many runaway marriages, and a little further on Ecclefichan* where Carlyle came from and where they both are buried. I had always heard so much about the dismal region it was in that I was pleasantly surprised to find it wasn't half so bad as it is painted, for the little village was full of nice trees, and [the houses *corrected*] though small looked well cared for. I dare say that all that region may be desolate when the fall winds blow, and the leaves fall. We fairly flew over the road sometimes, which you will believe when I tell you that we ran the 101 miles in two hours, and the upgrades were very heavy part of the way. We came though mile after mile of moors but they were not so pretty as the Devon ones because the heather has not yet bloomed out as full as it was there. It was half past six when we arrived here and what was my surprise when I came out of the station to see the castle towering above

[*Page 4*]

us, for I had no idea we should be so near it. It is right behind our hotel which in turn is near the Caledonian Station at the west end of Princes Street if you remember about it. I wouldn't have missed coming here for anything, for I have enjoyed every minute since we came. Yesterday morning Uncle Will & I walked down Princes St and went into some shops. Then we met Will and went up on Calton Hill and went round and round it to get the view on all sides and then went down to Holyrood where we met Abba & Miss Johnson whom we had expected to meet on the hill, but they had grown tired of waiting for us and walked on. We saw all the funny old paintings first of all the kings, most of which must have been drawn from the artist's imagination, for they run back nearly to the flood,* and all look a good deal alike. Then we saw the rooms belonging to Lord Darnley,* and their queer pictures and old tapestry, and above them the rooms of Queen Mary.* The old bedsteads are still there with the faded and worn covers and hangings literally dropping to pieces now, though they must have been gorgeous enough in their day. The first bedroom belonged to Charles the Second* who rebuilt the palace and has several pieces of the old furniture and in Queen Marys own room is her work box and a basket for baby clothes that was hers also, and on the bed is a fragment of something which they say is a blanket belonging

[*Page 5*]

to her bedstead also. The walls are covered with tapestry one corner of which is raised to show the door to the winding staircase up which the men came to kill Rizzio whom they found in a little closet like room leading from the bed room, and called the supping room, though it is hard to imagine how anybody could find room to eat there the place is so small. Rizzio was killed and dragged through the rooms to the staircase, and they used to show the spots stained with his blood, but time has spoiled that part of the story, for there is no trace of it left now. We went out into the chapel which must have been a beautiful place until the roof was rebuilt by a [stupid *?*] man who covered it with stones to make it last and so the weight broke through of course and it was never rebuilt. The royal tombs were in one corner, but a mob broke them open many years ago and scattered the contents so except some monuments and slabs there is nothing but the walls left. We climbed up and looked out over the lawn and the distant country which were so pretty from the high window ledge, and wondered that it had never entered the heart of any of [the *?*] people to restore the place in all these years. Of course it would be a great pity to destroy the picturesque old ruin now, but I mean

[*Page 6*]

after it was done. The carving round the door is beautiful, and when we looked a little higher we saw that birds had been building their nests in the places that had been broken away, and a pretty white pigeon was sitting on one of them. Next we took a carriage and were driven through the Canongate towards home, and saw John Knox's* house on the way{.} Isn't the woodwork there delightful. Id like to have a house like that, or at least be able to see that often for I doubt if it would be as pleasant to live in as a lighter one. We were told that the house belonged to a nobleman before Knox had it, and hence the fine work about it. It has been beautifully restored, and belongs to the Free Kirk now so it will be well taken care of always. Was there ever anything more curious than the Canongate and its region? We saw the heart of stones in the pavement for the Heart of Midlothian,* and St Giles Church and Allan Ramsays* house, and the house with the three queer [latin *not capitalized*] inscriptions, and then an endless lot of houses belonging to nobody in particular but so curious that I couldn't keep my eyes off them, and so we came back to the hotel and our lunch.

In the afternoon we went up to the castle where we looked about, and saw the

[*Page 7*]

old cannon that was made in 1598, a queer old thing that looks as if it were made of some long pieces of iron hooped together, and there are a lot of big round stones that evidently were meant to be fired in it piled up near by. Later we went for a drive

about town and went through the poorer streets and I almost wish I had not, for such poverty and drunkenness and filth I never saw. The Jew quarter at Amsterdam was dirtier but here the streets were full of men who looked three quarters drunk, and dirty women and children until your heart turned sick at the sight. One woman laid dead drunk on the sidewalk, & nobody paid any attention to her, though they were passing by constantly. It being Saturday afternoon everybody was abroad & spending the weeks wages, mostly for liquor apparently. We were glad to get into pleasanter regions when the driver took us around the other side of the town and showed us some of the fine houses and churches, and hospitals and the university buildings. Then we went to see where Sir Walter Scott used to live, at least one place. It is funny that nobody seems to know about D^{r} John Brown* for I have asked thinking that I should like to see where he lived, but nobody knows whom I have

[*Page 8*]

found yet. Uncle Will is having a good time apparently, and seems so much better already that it does my heart good to see him. We have not quite decided yet whether we can go from Melrose to York or not for the trains run badly for what we want, so perhaps the two gentlemen will go straight down to York and London tomorrow leaving us to follow more slowly. Will has gone for a walk but we shall settle it when he comes probably. They want to do all they can of course for their time is short at best. Sarah's letter from L. Boars H* was all the home letter I had yesterday, but I also had a clever one from Cora* who seemed in great spirits. I'm glad Sarah stepped to the Aunts for they must have welcomed her. I suppose they will soon be going home now. Tomorrow we may go to Abbotsford & come back here to get a fresh start next day which seems easier to do than to try to catch the fast train from there. We shall be several days on our way to London probably, for we want to stop on the way, and see all we can now that we are here. We finished the gingerbread on the way to Keswick and [eat *so spelled*] it up to the last crumb, and were sorry when we came to the end you may be sure. This morning Will & I went to St Giles Church expecting to find it Ch of England when it is Ch of Scotland, but we were glad of it for it was new to both of us. We came home by some back streets and went into some of those queer ['waysides' *?*] into which it seems next to impossible that a breath of fresh air or ray of sunshine can get the buildings are so high, & I wondered who the people are who live

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

there. It brought up so many of the old stories I had read of people living in these garrets on so little trying to get an education. I think I counted 10 stories on one of the houses I saw yesterday. With all its misery in places though I like Edinburgh and am so glad we came here. I must stop for I am too sleepy for anything so good night & my love to all and more next time

Affly

MRJ.

Notes

Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge: British poets, William Wordsworth (1775-1850) and Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849). Coleridge was the oldest son of poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Wikipedia.

Fox Howe ... Dr. Arnold: British educator, Thomas Arnold (1795-1842) owned a small estate at Fox How in the English lake district. Wikipedia.

Martineau: British social theorist, Harriet Martineau (1802-1876)) resided at The Knoll in Ambleside. Wikipedia.

Taits: Archbishop of Canterbury Archibald Campbell Tait (1811-1882), born in Edinburgh, is entombed in Canterbury Cathedral.

Ecclefichan: Ecclefechan, Scotland was the birthplace of author and historian Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881). Wikipedia.

the flood: Jewett refers to the Hebrew myth of Noah's flood, told in the Bible, Genesis 6-9.

Lord Darnley ... Queen Mary ... Charles the Second ... Rizzio: The Italian courtier, David Rizzio (1533-1566) was private secretary to Mary Queen of Scots (1542-1587). Wikipedia says that the Queen's husband,Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley (1546-1567), believing rumors of an affair between his wife and Rizzio, had him murdered in Queen Mary's presence. Darnley was murdered some months after Rizzio. Queen Mary's son from her marriage was James VI of Scotland, who became King James I of England. King James's son was King Charles I of England, and his son, Charles II (1630-1685) became king after his father.

Knox: Scottish clergyman and reforming theologian, John Knox (1514-1572), was founder of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Wikipedia.

Midlothian: Wikipedia says: "The Heart of Midlothian is a mosaic located outside St Giles' Cathedral in Edinburgh. The heart marks the location of the entrance to Edinburgh's Old Tolbooth which was demolished in 1817." Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) named his 1818 novel, *The Heart of Midlothian* for this spot.

Ramsay's: Jewett may refer to Allan Ramsay, the poet (1686-1758) or Allan Ramsay, the painter (1713-1784). Both had lived in Edinburgh.

John Brown: Almost certainly, Jewett refers to Scottish physician and author, John Brown (1810-1882).

L. Boars H: Little Boars Head in North Hampton, NH.

Cora: Cora Lee Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Durham Sept

17, 1889

Dear Sarah:

I didn't get a minute for a letter before yesterday nor yet today up to now so I am afraid you will think yourself cut off with a shilling this steamer, but I will talk fast enough to make up this day [four *?*] weeks. We left beloved Edinburgh this morning and with great regret, but one must tear oneself away from things in order to see what comes next, and so we are kept alive through our leave takings! I wrote you Sunday from Edinburgh and yesterday morning Uncle Will & Will decided that they would stay over and see Abbotsford so we all started off together{.} I kept wishing for you for I know how you would enjoy every minute{.} We went by train of course for it is thirty six miles down there I believe{.} The way is very pretty in places, especially when you come to the neighborhood of the Tweed for the valley there is very beautiful. You go to the little village of Melrose first and we got a glimpse of the Abby, but we drove directly to Abbotsford by a pleasant country road. You cannot see the house until you are right upon it, for it is something like the Hamilton house, only the hills are

[*Page 2*]

higher round it and you come to it from the back. You go in at a little side gate which lets you in to the garden, though a high wall separates you from the finest part of it in front of the house, or rather it is at the back of the house. The entrance for visitors is at a sort of basement door from which you enter a little room with a fireplace &c which must have been an entry perhaps in the old days. A winding staircase takes you directly to Sir Walters* study with a little room in the tower adjoining in which there is a cast of his face but not much else. In the study which is the room with the gallery with the pictures of which we are so familiar, is his desk and chair and the books all as he left them, and the bust by Chantry* is in a little recess, and another is filled with a collection of pipes & canes belonging to him{.} From the gallery he could go directly to his bed room without going through the hall{.} The next room was the library, where the portrait of his son hangs above the fireplace and the room is filled with books from floor to ceiling, and from the big bay window there was such an exquisite view down the river. There was a round case like a great table standing near the window

[*Page 3*]

which held many curiosities gathered by Sir Walter in his lifetime, the centrepiece being Napoleons blotting book which was taken from his carriage at Waterloo, and there were arranged lots of things like Bruces hair & Wellingtons, Sir Walters knife and fork when he was little, Mary Stuarts* cross that she held as she went to execution{,} Napoleons gold cloak clasps, & many more things which I cannot stop to tell now.

The next room was the drawing room which had a queer Chinese looking paper, a green ground with Chinese faces & flowers all over it, put on in Sir Walters day the guide told us. There was a grand tortoiseshell cabinet very very old, and an ebony one given by George the Fourth, and some handsome watercolors of the two daughters in fancy costumes hung on the wall, and looked as fresh as if they were done only yesterday{.} Next we went into the armory where the walls were covered with weapons of every age from the pike and crossbow to the [familiar patterns *?*] of Sir Walters time. There was a "scolding bridle" from some Scotch town which was an iron frame to go over the head and a piece stuck out from inside to go into the scolders mouth and hold the tongue down

[*Page 4*]

and it must have been ^a^ most effectual remedy{.} From the armory you come round into the great entrance hall which is also hung with armor and swords and guns. Rob Roys* sword is in a case, and young Scotts also and what we supposed were his spurs. The keys of the old tolbooth were hanging against the wall, and those of the Lochleven Castle which had been fished out of the river, and no end of relics belonging to historic Scotch people{.} It was impossible to remember the half of them of course. The ceiling was made like a bit of the carving in Melrose Abbey, and all about the rooms were bits of old carving{;} reproduced for a [case *?*] by one of the windows was the last suit of clothes Sir Walter ever wore, trousers of black & white check, and a waistcoat of black & white with horizontal stripes, and a dark coat but the hat was such a funny tall white one with long nap on it. There were pictures of Tom Purdie the game keeper & the old coachman, and various other people of whom we have heard more or less always. From the window of the hall you looked across the garden and saw the wall which had medallions on it all along, and round them the ivy grew in a solid mass, several inches thick which made such a charming frame for the pictures. Presently we came out to the little staircase and down into the entrance again. I think we all came away with a feeling of sadness that the man who

created such a place should have literally worked himself to

[*Page 5*]

death at last, and so apparently have lost all his labors. It certainly is a most beautiful old place and I envy the people who have leased it for the summer. The driver told me it was closed in winter at which I didn't so much wonder for it must be lonely enough, not to say damp there after the fall and winter come. Edinburgh makes me think of [*unrecognized name*] for we were cold there, with the peculiar chill that extra clothes do not help. We drove back to Melrose Abby and spent some time looking at it. It is beautiful but not so much more than Tintern and Furness as one might suppose{.} I think the place is less a ruin than they and certainly the carving is exquisite, but somehow I didn't get up the sentiment about it that I had for the others, perhaps because I was so filled with Abbotsford. Just inside the door there begins a row of chapels in one of the aisles one of them to my surprise being of George Halliburton,* for I thought it was in Dryburgh Abbey that Georgina had rights. Wasn't it funny that I should have stumbled on it? The heart of Robert Bruce is said to be buried there and there is a queer old stone called a Kneeling Stone shaped like this [*small drawing in the line*] and on the top is an inscription asking people to pray for the souls of Brother Peter the treasurer so it looks as if the treasurers needed prayers in those ~~days~~.

[*Page 6*]

days as well as these. We saw the old clock which has been running three hundred years and still strikes the hours though the dial is literally worn out, and the hands have fallen off. The old stone weights look so funny dangling there in the corner, but think how many times they have been wound up for it only goes one day for a winding. We had a lunch at an inn close by, and got back to Edinburgh about five o clock, and wandered home shopping as we went. Tabby and I took a turn round to see Sir Walters old house in George Street but there is a shop in it now, and late in the evening Will & I took a walk and tried to find Dr. John Browns* house. Somebody in a book store told him it was in Rutland St. and said that his sister a dear old lady had only been dead a little while. We wanted to go down in the grass market region to see if we could find the inn where "Jess" & Rab* put up but after our experience of those regions the other day we thought that late in the evening was hardly the time for much research there so we gave it up. When we got back from our walk we found Uncle Will and Miss J and Tabby sitting in Miss J's room comparing bargains and photographs and having a beautiful time apparently. We came together as far as Newcastle

[*Page 7*]

this morning, and then they went on to York and London, and mean to go to Paris on Thursday I think and come back about the time we get there. It does my heart good to see Uncle Will having such a good time. He really looks better and seems to have more and more pleasure every day, and is so friendly and dear, that I really have had a lovely time with him.

We were late at Newcastle, for though we came on the "Flying Scotchman" we ran very slowly all the way it seemed to me. It seemed very funny to come through Berwick, but isn't the country lovely in some places? I wanted to go out to Haddington where Mrs. Carlyle* came from but we hadn't time, and I don't mean to hurry my life out at the last and go home all tired and cross, so we are going to take it easier if possible, but it is such a temptation when you are close to things. We have had a beautiful afternoon in the cathedral here and I have hardly seen anything since I came over that so impressed me as these great Norman arches with their beautiful carving. It is so simple in one way, and yet it is really more decorated than most{.} I think this and Canterbury have been more impressive than any of the others, and I must add Chester, for though that doesn't rank very high perhaps, I got my first impressions from it and it will always seem beautiful to me and I should like to see it again tonight. Durham

[*Page 8*]

is beautifully situated high above the river, so that it is most effective, and the castle nearby which was built by William the Conqueror* adds a good deal to the whole effect. What traces the Normans left of themselves didn't they all over England. When you come over again how you will reap the benefit of your hard work on the History* and won't you have a good time following it out? I'm beginning to get very impatient now that the time is drawing so near for seeing you all, and I'm so pleased when you say that you dont want to wait either, but oh what a "one summer" this has been for me, and I fully realize that I should have lost it all if it hadn't been for you. Tomorrow we go to Ripon & Fountains Abbey and hope to sleep at York and see the cathedral there next day. We are wondering if Uncle Will got to London tonight, for the train was so late that it must have shortened their time in York which wasn't very long at the best. I hope for letters from you tomorrow at York{.} We have just missed the steamer days in sending for our letters and I have only had two for ten days but they will come in a bunch now I suppose. I have had all of Ma's I'm sure { — } tell her with my thanks. I wonder if the Foots* ever came, for I have heard nothing about it except that they didn't turn up when they were expected. There are so many things I want to know about people and things at home

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

but somehow I get so taken up with my own affairs that I forget to ask the questions I mean to when I begin to write. Abba sends her love to all and so do I, and now I'll away to my bed, for I am sleepy if you please, [I think *?*]{.} Love to Ma, and you and Caddy and family

Affly MRJ.

Notes

Walters: Abbotsford House was the home of Scottish author, Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).

Chantry: English sculptor Sir Francis Leggatt Chantrey (1781-1841). His Wikipedia entry shows a photo of a bust of Scott currently in Victoria Park in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Napoleon ... Waterloo: Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821), a French military officer who became Emperor of the French. His reign ended with his final military defeat at the Battle of Waterloo Belgium, then Netherlands, in 1815.

Bruces hair & Wellingtons: Robert the Bruce (1274-1329) was King of the Scots (1306-1329). He is a hero in Scotland because of his successful protection of Scottish independence.

Field Marshal Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington was the British commander when Napoleon was defeated at the Battle of Waterloo.

George the Fourth: George IV (1762-1830) was King of England, 1820-1830.

George Halliburton: Presumably the chapel is for one of the Scottish clerics who became bishops: George Haliburton (1616-1665), Bishop of Dunkeld, or George Haliburton (1635-1715), Bishop of Aberdeen.

Though I am not certain of this, I believe Jewett makes a joke about the sisters' friend, Georgina Halliburton, who may have been associated with Fryeburgh, ME.

John Brown: Scottish physician and author, John Brown (1810-1882). Wikipedia shows a photo of his house at 23 Rutland St. in Edinburgh. One of his best known stories was "Rab and his Friends" (1859). One of the friends of Rab, a dog, is Jess, a horse.

Mrs. Carlyle: Haddington: Scottish author, Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) married author Jane Welsh (1801-1866), who was born in Haddington.

William the Conqueror: The Norman William I (1028-1087) became King of England after his military invasion and conquest in 1066.

the History: Refers to Sarah Orne Jewett's recently publish history, *The Story of the Normans* (1887).

Foots: Though this is not certain, this may be author Katherine Chambers Bailey Foot (1842/3-1905).

York Sept 18 '89

Dear Sarah:

We arrived here this eve and I have just been reading your letter about the [*unrecognized word*] aloud to an admiring audience, and really feel as if I had seen you almost. It was the dearest letter you have written at all seems to me{.} I am in such a hurry to see you now that I can hardly wait{.} I must tell you what a beautiful time we have had today before I say another word, for fear I shall forget it. We went by the morning train to Ripon and found a funny old fellow who wished to take us to the Fountains Abbey and away we went. We discovered that the beast had the heaves violent but he got us there in good season for all that. We drove quite a distance though the Marquis of Ripons park before we came to the entrance gate of the Abbey, and then we had to walk a long distance, but it was along such beautiful paths, where we got such views of the ponds below, which they have made by damming up a little river that runs through the grounds. The ponds are all

[*Page 2*]

of different shapes and run for a long way down the valley. After a while we came to the Abbey which is such a beautiful thing. The roof is all gone of course but the walls are quite perfect except some of the out buildings, and are more delightful than I can tell you. It must have been a very large brotherhood for the buildings cover such an extent of ground, and the church is so large and beautiful, and one of the ponds comes very near it and the tower is reflected so beautifully in the water. It is taken such good care of and without being 'fixed up' at all either. The front is partly covered with ivy and there are the remains of a lovely old porch, that had such pretty arcades across the front. There is a raised platform made of the old tiles that used to be there in the old days, where the high altar used to be, and there are some old gravestones, and stone coffins. I stood in the fireplace in the kitchen and could look up the chimney at the sky, for the fireplace is so big, almost like a small room, and only think of the feasts that have been cooked there.

[*Page 3*]

I wish I could tell you more about it, but I want to tell you of Ripon Cathedral, for after we were through with the Abbey we had some lunch at a little place near the gates and drove back to town. We found a funeral was going on within so we retired to a photograph shop to look over the stock and then when we thought the coast was clear, we went back. It is a pretty old church and has some nice carving in it, some of it being like Chester. We asked to see the old ^Saxon^ crypt and were shown a hole in the floor into which we descended

by a staircase so narrow that I didn't know but what we should stick by the way, and as it was we had to back down for fear of bumping our heads. It was a [grewsome *so spelled*] hole but we came finally into a place like one of our arches in the cellar where in 689 there was a chapel built to which the faithful could flee, and then get up by another way, which has been sealed up now. There were the places where the holy water was kept, and the places for the candles with little chimney like openings above them to carry away the smoke — between

[*Page 4*]

that and the next passage there is a hole through the wall where the priest used to hear the confession through, and the tradition is that if they suspected the truth of any statement they made the unlucky person crawl through the hole, and the guide said he saw women creep through very often now because the tradition is that whoever can go through the Eye of the Needle* as it is called will be married within a year! He wanted us to try it, but we concluded we wouldn't. The place is horrid for it is so narrow and dark that if the lamp should go out you could be scared half to death, though in five minutes you could get back to daylight for there is no chance for really getting astray, but I don't love such poke holes 'I tell you'! There is an old Norman church added to the present Abbey, part of which is now used for the chapter house. The service was just ready to begin so we had to hurry off for we hadn't time to wait until it was through but we really saw quite enough to make us delighted with the whole place. The country round Ripon is very pretty for the river runs though it and it is just hilly enough to make everything look its best. There are many pretty old houses, especially those belonging to the church dignitaries, and such pleasant old farm houses outside. His Grace the Bishop of Ripon* who is most smug in his photograph lives outside the town so we

[*Page 5*]*

didn't view his palace{.} Just think yesterday the verger told us that one of the last of the Bishop Princes of Durham left an income of £80.000 to the church. Wasn't that a pretty revenue? We got back to the station and took the train for York{,} getting here just after six, and had a pretty dinner, so well served too. English inns are very picturesque but one grows so tired of the everlasting hot joint and cold joint that any variation is hailed with delight. We think that as we are right in the region that we may as well see Lincoln and Peterborough and Ely and Miss Johnson wants to go to Cambridge also for she has letters to the head of the womens college and wants a look at them.

What a pretty picky it must have been. Didn't you have a good time? I didn't know that Ma knew old Mrs. Chick, but I surely heard way back in the spring that old Mrs Robbins* had gone up to see her die, but some people have many lives you know. I long to get the particulars of the parsons* travels. He certainly was in a most serene frame of mind when I fell in with him in July. It was so nice that it was a good birthday* & I am glad you got the telegram for I thought perhaps you would be glad to know where we were. I had a great mind to send you one from Clovelly too for the same reason{.}

[*Page 6*]

I will try to get a waterproof for Rosy, but I am almost afraid I cannot find anything that she will like. The things like that are all made of such different shape now, and are mostly Mackintoshes over here. I wish I had known about it when I was in Edinburgh where the plaid would have been easier to find, but I will look in London with pleasure for her when I am there next week. I thought you would not want a Mackintosh with your wrap and so didn't buy one till I heard from you, & am glad now that I didn't. Uncle Will & Will evidently went to London last night for they didn't stay here. We thought the train was so late that they would have to spend the night and are glad they could get through. Just think how soon we shall be talking about things for in a fortnight I shall sail. I hope to hear of Caddys Brunswick progress for it seems a great while since she went there! You wont get much of a letter tonight for we fell to talking and I was hindered if you please. Give my best love to Ma and Caddy & all. Tabby is deep in her diary which must have been caused by your message about that. She has the same old struggles to get it done, and we accuse her of copying the guide book at times! Ill keep the letter for Wills benefit about the horse. He is so pleased to have her there. Im so glad to have several days more in London for I want to do so many things still, and it will be so nice to see Mrs Tyler and Hattie. It is getting cold and damp now especially in the mornings & evenings

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

and I can see that it is quite time that we should be going home, and I really feel as if I had had all I could contain of sight seeing so much as I love England{.} I shall be quite ready to go on the third I am sure. Only think how I have seen the things I most wanted to see all the way along{.} Did you ever hear of such an ideal summer? Good night from a sleepy sister.

O.P.

Notes

Needle: Presumably an allusion to Jesus saying "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." See the Bible, Luke 18:25.

Bishop of Ripon: In 1889, William Boyd Carpenter (1841-1918) was Bishop of Ripon.

The previous Bishop of Durham that year was Charles Baring (1807-1879). He was a a member of the prominent British banking family. Wikipedia.

Page 5: In another hand up the left margin of this page; "Old Mrs. Chick — Mrs. Robbins."

Chick ... Robbins: These persons have not yet been identified.

parsons: George L. Lewis, who traveled in Europe during Jewett's tour. Key to Correspondents.

birthday: Sarah Orne Jewett's birthday was 3 September.

Cambridge Sept 20

Dear Sarah:

We are sitting down in our best bedroom at the Bull Inn. Miss J is adding up the days accounts. Tabby is on the bed, because she hasn't anything else to do apparently, and as soon as I finish this letter I shall follow her example. We are rather astonished to be here tonight for we were fully persuaded that we should pass the night at Ely but when we arrived there we found the 'Lamb' quite full, for there was to be a grand ordination at the cathedral on Sunday and a great gathering of the "Clargy" was expected, so we found we had plenty of time to look about us and come over here for it only takes twenty minutes, and here we are. Two cathedrals in one day is a thing quite against our principles though, but in this case it really seemed the best thing to do. This morning we stopped over a train to see "Peterboro{.}" I almost said "we will sing it"* instead. They are restoring it as fast as they can get the money, and in the process they have found several Saxon tombstones under the old floor. It being in the fen country the old Normans who built the churches evidently came to water in places where they didnt want it and so didnt dig very deep for the foundations

[*Page 2*]

and now that they have pumping engines and can manage the thing they are laying new foundation walls, for the walls were cracking above. They have finished the nave which looks so grand with its big Norman columns, and the wooden ceiling which was painted in the 13th century. They have made a wooden partition between the nave and the choir, but now the work seems to be stopped for want of money. Katherine of [Arragon *so spelled*] and Mary Stuart* were both buried here, but Queen Mary was carried to Westminster later. The Puritans hacked their grand tombs all to bits so that only the slab over the graves remains, but there is a subscription on foot to build new memorials over the graves, the Marys to do one while the Katherines to do the other. Judging from the list I saw though it will be some time longer before they get their finery. Peterborough is such a funny old town, the high street being so narrow that we had to stop several times as we drove from the station to let a carriage pass. I believe Hawthorne* said that it had the most beautiful close in England but we couldn't agree to that, for Ely seemed far finer to us. They found several subterranean passages under the pavement as they were relaying the floor of the church, of which they were so proud as

[*Page 3*]

a matter of course, and they nearly burst with pride about the old grave stones. They have done such a nice thing with them for they left them beneath the flooring and have some doors to shut over them so that they can neither be worn down by careless feet nor crumble from exposure to the air after their long burial. All this low country is so much like Holland. We saw windmills galore all day and cattle, & men milking in the fields, and boats on the canals, and even Dutch looking houses and hay ricks and trees. Any one of these farmers might step to Holland and never know he was away from home. Somebody told us in Peterboro this morning that in winter all the meadows get afloat after heavy rains and one would think them a great lake. It is chilly and damp all about here, and yet the people who are used to it go round without wraps, except in a hot day when they set on a thin dress and sealskin cape. We were charmed with Ely which has a much more prosperous look than its poorer sister Peterboro. Somebody on the bus was set down at one of the houses in the close so we had a good look at the lovely green and the trees and later we came out there again to see a dear little place called Prior Crawdens Chapel{,} the only entrance to which is up the least bit of a winding staircase

[*Page 4*]

and when you reach to top you come out into a small room with a big old glass window with apostles on it, and a queer tiled floor that has grotesque figures of animals and birds in the tiles. The only use that is made of it is for the daily prayers of the grammar school, so there are discreet little wooden benches for the pious youth. I only wonder they don't break their precious necks on those stairs as they rush up and own, but it is a dear little place all the same. A long row of the quaintest old buildings, which originally belonged to the monastery I believe are now fitted up for houses for the masters of the theological school and the other schools and of course I suppose the other clergy live there also. The bishop has a big house across the way, while there are several separate houses scattered about which look so pleasant, and the buildings in the town are very quaint, so that altogether we beloved the place. The cathedral is fine with old monuments which are more or less hacked and smashed in pious zeal in the old wars however, and the Lady Chapel which

is used as a separate parish church now is most beautifully carved out{.} I believe there isn't a whole head upon any of the hundreds of little figures. There is such an endless variety of designs in the carving there{,} no two things being alike and it

[*Page 5*]

is all done in the finest possible carving so that you wonder at the patience that could accomplish such a deal of work. There is such a wonderful doorway that leads over to the little chapel and is called Prior Crawdons door. The carving is most elaborate and it is thought that it dates back in the early part of the 8th century and was taken from some older church and put here. An old cross is here which used to serve for a horse block — by the roadside in one of the outlying parishes, but it is the tombstone of a man who died [1200 *?*] years ago. Doesn't it make our oldest things seem like babies when you hear of things like that. All these old abbeys and cathedrals date back to the time when America had hardly been discovered and they sniff at things as "quite modern you know' when they are two hundred years old. I hope Ma won't be moved to sniff at my list of facts, which smacks of the guide book I know, but you get so interested as you go about and see all these old things that I get full and have to "bubble over". We had an excellent [suppy *so written*] at the Lamb and parted friends with all men there. The waiter was ponderous and had a funny

[*Page 6*]

trace of resemblance to Mr Brooks* more in the voice perhaps than anything else, but I couldn't help laughing when I thought of it. I wonder how he and the large party have summered in Japan. Is there any word of Georginas return? I wonder what attraction Aunty has found to keep her there so long. It seems so strange to think that when we get to London our travelling together, "we three" I mean will be done, for of course it is not quite the same when our party is larger, though we have just as good a time. Two weeks from tonight we expect to be on our way home, and in these weeks we shall be counting the hours instead of the weeks before we get there. We hope to get our letters tomorrow here, and that is always a high day and holiday. We shall stay over Sunday and perhaps until Tuesday before going back to London, for I imagine there is much we shall want to see here. Especially as Tabby will have to take this instead of Oxford — for I doubt if we have time to go there. I hope this will find you all well and happy, and be sure to give my love to all won't you. Miss Johnson sends her love and so does Tabby always but Im afraid I forget sometimes to give it. Good night for it is time I was in bed while the rest are gone or are going. Affly with love to Ma & Taddy

MRJ.

Notes

sing it: The Peterborough hymn tune (1791) by Ralph Harrison. Jewett varies her spelling of the name in this letter.

Mary Stuart: This Mary Stuart, first buried in Peterborough Cathedral and then moved to Westminster Abbey, was Mary Queen of Scots (1642-1587).

Catherine of Aragon (1485-1536) was the first wife of King Henry VIII of England. Wikipedia notes that Catherine's tomb was damaged in 1643, but restored in the 19th century.

Hawthorne: American author Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864). His *Passages from the English Note-Books* appeared in 1870.

Mr Brooks: Phillips Brooks. Key to Correspondents.

Georginas: Georgina Halliburton. Key to Correspondents.

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

South Berwick

Wednesday night

[*September 1889*]*

My dear friend

I am so sorry to hear that you have been so poorly and I do wish that there was anything I could do for you. Is there? Can I write or read or make the time go easier in any way? I envy Mrs. Cartland* who can do so many things — but I do love you and think of you a great deal.

[*Page 2*]

I did not know until lately that you had come back from Conway but I thought you were waiting to ~~hear~~ know about an empty room in the hotel to which Mrs. Fields and I could come, and I was looking forward to seeing you and having our summer talk under the pines — I am so sorry to think of your being ill —

— I have been busy writing all summer. My sister Mary* went to Europe as I have told you, and that has made

[*Page 3*]

me of unusual importance to the housekeeping here — and I have done a great deal of writing — some short things; one of them has gone to the Century and I called it <u>In Dark New England Days</u>* — I wish that one didn't have to wait <u>years</u> for things to get into print !! I am so eager to see if you will not like it. Then I went to work to finish a book for girls called <u>Betty Leicester</u>,* part of which was printed in St.

[*Page 4*]

NIcholas last spring. It has been a long 'stint' but I shall be done with it in a few days now.

How beautiful your sonnet was to Dr. Holmes!* — one of [your *corrected*] most beautiful poems. I keep remembering what Dr. Holmes said about Mrs. Howe* "Seventy years young" — it is so true of all who really live. I think that you and Mrs. fields are my two youngest and growing-est friends!! So many people get their growth at twenty and are never any bigger like lilac bushes — but up

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

go the big trees over head! Give my love to Mrs. Cartland, and you know how much I always send to you with and without letters. Yours truly & affectionately Sarah.

Notes

1889: As the notes below confirm, Jewett must have written this letter in August or September of 1889, before her sister's return from Europe in October. That Whittier has returned to Massachusetts from his summer stay in New Hampshire points toward a September date.

Cartland: Richard Cary says that Joseph Cartland (1810-1898) and Whittier's cousin Gertrude Cartland (1822-1911) accompanied Whittier on his summer vacations in Maine and New Hampshire for five decades, and Whittier lived in their home at Newburyport, Massachusetts most of his last fifteen winters.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents. She traveled to Europe in the summer of 1889, returning on about 13 October.

In Dark New England Days: Jewett's story appeared in *Century* about a year after this letter, October 1890.

Betty Leicester: "A Bit of Color," three parts in *St. Nicholas* during the spring of 1889, eventually became Jewett's novel *Betty Leicester: A Story for Girls* (1890).

sonnet ... Dr. Holmes: Olive Wendel Holmes, Sr. Key to Correspondents.

Whittier's August 1889 sonnet was "O. W. Holmes on his Eightieth Birth-day." Whittier wrote, in part,

> Long be it ere the table shall be set
> For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,
> And love repeat with smiles and tears thereat
> His own sweet songs that time shall not forget.

Howe: Julia Ward Howe. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Pickard-Whittier papers I. Letters to John Greenleaf Whittier Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 17 letters; [1882]-1883., [1882]-1883. Box: 3 Identifier: MS Am 1844, (169).

Cambridge

Sept 22nd 89

Dear Sarah:

When I came down to my breakfast this morning I found the big envelope with John and Dicky in it and you have no idea how glad I was of it, and then I got the letter which was such a nice one and your postal and a long letter from Caddy with every particular. You will laugh when I tell you how surprised I was to see the leaves on the trees in the garden for I somehow expected to see it just as it looked when I came away and not a leaf was in sight. Doesn't the gate look pretty with the vine over it? Dicky looked as if he knew what was going on and was behaving his level best. I have seen John stand just there holding him so many times that for a minute it seemed almost real and I wanted to speak. Wasn't it a lovely thing for John to do for me? and I believe I was quite as much pleased with the letter. After breakfast [we *corrected from* I] went to church at the university church, and just as we were going in a procession of vergers bearing great gold maces before several men in long red [gowns / coats]* passed us and behind them some of the college dons with their long black gowns, and they proved to be the mayor and aldermen stepping to church.

[*Page 2*]

because a sermon on some special charity foundation was to be preached, and it was quite a stately affair altogether. We seem to fall in with Sunday pageants somehow. We arrived here Friday evening and I believe I sent you a letter then so I will not tell of Peterboro and Ely, but begin by telling you that we rose quite late yesterday morning for we were tired, and after breakfast we drove out to see Girton College. It is quite a pleasant drive for you go along at "the Backs" of the colleges and see the lovely avenues in places{.} We only went to one building, and found the housekeeper very willing to show us the place and the grounds were very pretty. The house is quite simple in all its appointments but some of the students rooms were very pretty. They each have a bed room and a sitting room with a nice little grate in the latter and we saw in almost every room a little tea kettle, where the matron said they had afternoon tea every day{.} One room up in a corner with a pretty corner window was specially fascinating, but the matron laughed when she said that the young lady wasn't a hard student. We saw the big dining room and some of the lecture rooms and laboratory, so we got quite a good look at the place. A gentleman and lady were at the door as we drove up who proved to be

[*Page 3*]

from Dublin and very engaging. He had the prettiest bit of a brogue that I ever heard I believe, and as they are staying here we met again tonight at dinner and had a pleasant talk. After we went to Girton, we thought we would go to [Newnham *corrected*] which is here in the town. We saw the newest building there but it is not so nice as Girton. The rooms are smaller and the girls only have one room with the tiniest possible bed which does duty as a lounge by day. Perhaps they do more high thinking there, but I didn't like it as well. Miss Clough* the principal was not at home so Miss Johnsons letter to her was of no avail{.} I was very glad to see the two places, but I can imagine how funny it must have seemed to the Longfellows* to be landed in those funny little boxes of rooms. Those we saw were primitive enough in their arrangements and the oldest house of all must have been still more so. I saw one thing which interested me very much and that was Mary Somervilles* books, the ones that she studied and was fondest of, and some she had written were with them too. Did you know that one of Gladstones* daughters is vice principal of Newnham? We drove about for awhile and saw the outsides of the colleges and tried to get into Christs College garden to see Milton's mulberry tree,* but the

[*Page 4*]

gardener has gone to dinner with the key in his pocket so we drove on. The coachman pointed out Downing College with the remark "there is a small college mum where the owdacious ones & thim thats sporting men if they gets seat [at *?*] can always get in a most there". The oudacious ones amused us so. We came back to the hotel and later started out again, and this time saw Christs College Chapel and big dining hall, and the famous mulberry tree which it is said Milton planted and he lived in some rooms close to the chapel though we were told nobody knows exactly which rooms in the building they are. We tried to get into Kings Chapel but everything is shut up for the vacation and it is pretty hard to get anywhere. We walked all about the grounds though and such lovely ones as they are. The river runs along at the back of the colleges and across the bridges are great lawns with such beautiful trees so that all you can see is green trees and the college buildings. Some of the latter are covered with ivy and woodbine, and the view you get through the gateways is charming for you can see through to the gardens behind oftentimes. Last evening was so chilly with a strong north wind blowing that we lighted a fire in our grate and sat here in such peace and comfort that I hated to have bed time come. Tonight we have another

[*Page 5*]

fire, for it is entirely too chill to sit round without one. People say that it is very unusual to have cold weather so early in the season so perhaps it will be warmer again. Mrs Tyler was complaining of the heat in London last Sunday, and I dare say it will be choky enough there. This morning we took a walk after church in some of the college grounds, and this afternoon Tabby & I took a spin round there again. We got hold of somebody this noon who opened [Kings *corrected*] Chapel for us, and I should have been so sorry to go away without seeing that for it is so beautiful. You know they took out the windows and buried them in the fellows gardens to save them from Cromwells* soldiers and when they dug them out again they seem to have lost one of them, but the rest are quite beautiful enough to satisfy you. The carving is perfectly lovely inside both in stone and in wood, and is so delicate that you wonder how it was ever done without breaking all to pieces. Such a nice little fellow showed us round. He was a son of the verger, and was not much older than Theodore but he had such pleasant manners, and seemed to have all the history of the chapel at his tongues end. I am so glad I saw Oxford in term time for it is so much [*obscured word*], for now everything is shut up for cleaning

[*Page 6*]

purposes and you cannot see half the things you can when the term is on. We have gained in one way though for we can wander round the courts and grounds more than we should like to do when all the people are here.

Tomorrow we are going to London in the morning and I dare say that Uncle Will and Will may put in an appearance on Tuesday or perhaps they may tomorrow. I hope Caddys ball was a success, and that she had a good time. I shall get the particulars when I get to London probably for there will be a mail in tomorrow I suppose. I am glad she had such a good time in Brunswick and liked Mouse Island, but Im afraid she is wandering away from Aaron.* I wonder if it will be too cold to view the port of York after I get home. Tabby and Miss Johnson send their love, and Tabby says that she is on the look out for a good [pig *?*] for John. They keep them in pasture over here just as they do horses and sheep and geese! We wish to hear the particulars of Frances' visit. It was bad that Fanny Haskins* elected to come at just the wrong minute and spoil the visit wasn't it. I shall be glad to see Mrs. Tyler and Hattie who will be at [Stanhams *?*]* when we are, and we shall make quite a party when we all get together. Love to Ma and to Caddy and Ned and Theodore and much for yourself and dont forget John and the girls and now good night for I am a sleepy sister O.P.

Notes

coats: Jewett has written one word over the other, and it is difficult to determine which she finally intended.

Clough: Anne Jemima Clough (1820-1892), sister of British poet, Arthur Clough, was the first principal of Newnham College, Cambridge. Wikipedia.

Longfellows: Alice Mary and Anne Allegra, daughters of American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, studied at Newnham College in 1883-1884. Key to Correspondents, Wikipedia, American National Park Service.

Mary Somervilles: Scottish scientist and author, Mary Somerville (1780-1872).

Gladstones: Possibly, Jewett was mistaken in saying that Newnham's vice-principal was a daughter of British liberal politician William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898). According to Wikipedia, physicist Eleanor Mildred Balfour Sidgwick (1845-1936) served as vice-principal 1880-1892. Her brother, Arthur James Balfour (1848-1930), was a conservative politician who, like Gladstone, served as Prime Minister.

Milton's mulberry tree: British poet John Milton (1608-1674) studied at Christ College, Cambridge. According the college's web site, the tree called Milton's Mulberry Tree was there when he was a student, but it was not planted by him.

Cromwells: Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658). Wikipedia.

Aaron: This person has not yet been identified. The name comes up again in Jewett's letters of 16 June and of 9 September.

Frances': This may be Frances Fisk Perry Dudley. Key to Correspondents.

Fanny Haskins: This person has not yet been identified.

Stanham: Though this person has not yet been identified, it seems likely that she was in charge of the London hotel where Jewett's party stayed.

London:

Friday Sept 27

Dear Sarah!

Can it be that this is the last letter I can write you? It doesn't seem in the least possible but there it is. I have been so busy for two days that I haven't had a minute to write, but I will tell the more when we meet. We have been flying round doing the last things, for as the plan now stands Will and I are going to Ireland leaving here Monday morning, and joining the steamer Friday morning at Queenstown{.} Uncle Will doesn't want to go, and Miss J & Abba are tired so think they will not move and it is just as well for them both. I don't want to lose my chance. Today I have been busy all day. Miss J. & I went after breakfast to Kensington and walked up the avenue to take a farewell look at Holland House for people say that the present owner will not likely keep it long in its [present *corrected*] state. Lady Holland's* funeral hasnt been yet, but isn't it sad for the old man to be [out of the name *?*] after so many years.

[*Page 2*]

Then we came back and had our lunch & went out for some errands and later came back to go out again with Uncle Will who had shopping on his mind, which we have accomplished and his mind is quite at rest. He and Abba & Will went this morn to Westminster Abbey and then to the Tower and didn't get home until nearly five o'clock. You never saw anybody look so much better as Uncle Will does. He has really rolled ten years off his shoulders, and is as cheerful as can be. They had a beautiful time in Paris, and stopped at Amiens and Canterbury coming back{.} Uncle Will went to call on Lizzie Gardner* but she was in the [country *?*], and it will be too bad for she will be sorry to miss him. They seem to have seen everything under the sun in the few days they were gone, and came back in great spirits. Wednesday we went to Windsor and had a nice day. We saw the state apartments first which didn't strike me as remarkable, though perhaps it was because all the furniture was pushed back and covered with frumpy old slip covers and the whole place looked as if a broom

[*Page 3*]

and dust pan would do it good, which perhaps is speaking quite light of dignity{.} The view from the windows delighted me more than anything for it was lovely that morning. We started to go up to the top of the tower, that is Will & I did, but when I found that nasty little winding staircase I declined with thanks, and contented myself with the view from the landing just below [then *or* there]. We went to walk on the [terrace *?*] which gives much the same outlook, but we couldn't get out on the famous East Terrace where the Queen* walks sometimes. We saw the broad walk which stretches way off into the country from the front of the Palace until the road looks like a thin white line in the distance. I was so glad to see [St *?*] George's Chapel with all its beautiful carving and banners, and do you remember the monument to Princess Charlotte* over in one corner, and the queer almost life like effect that the colored glass gives. There is such a beautiful monument to the Prince Imperial* in one of the little chapels. Poor little Prince! The Albert Chapel is beautiful too though in such a

[*Page 4*]

different way from St George's. There is the most beautiful effigy of Prince Leopold* there. I think I never saw a lovelier face in marble, but I was amused at the thrifty way they had of putting artificial roses round in spots, though they did have some real flowers too. Next we went to see the stables, but quite sniffed at them for they didn't begin to be so fine as the Duke of Westminsters. They had sixty horses mostly bays and dapple greys, and they all looked so fat and comfortable. There was a pair of white ponies that the Queen drives herself sometimes. We went to lunch in the village and were of course tempted by a photograph or two. One thing astonished us a good deal which was the way the people kept saying that they were only too thankful when the Queen was away for when she was there everything stopped in the business line, because no visitors were allowed at the castle. We went out to Eton and walked about a little but nothing is open to the public out there except the quadrangles and the chapel, but we were much entertained with seeing the boys playing and walking{.}

[*Page 5*]

There was such a swarm of them that the very air seemed full, and they looked so funny racing about in their stove pipe hats and wide collars. As we came out in the cars we saw dozens of them playing football in the "playing fields," and I wished that Thider could have been there to see them.

The river is so pretty along by Windsor and it was crowded with boats, for the boys must go rowing [about *corrected*] and have such good times. Will and Uncle Will are going to Madame Tussauds* this evening. I meant to go along and see the fun, but Ive been trotting all day, and shall have to be busy tomorrow so I concluded to stay in. Uncle Will has announced that he wishes to see the zoo, so we mean to have a season there tomorrow weather permitting. We meant to go to Hampton Court today but found out that it was not open on Friday, which was lucky, for it would have been small fun to get way out there and find everything shut up. Mrs. Tyler & Hattie have gone down to see their brother Charles who came today probably, and they will be so glad to see him. I wish they were going home with us and but for the delay of one of my letters perhaps they would, for they thought I was going several

[*Page 6*]

days before we really are. It seems sometimes as if I couldnt wait to see you all. I shall be so glad when we are fairly started now. The rest of the party will go down to Liverpool on Wednesday and carry the luggage, so Will & I will only have our bags & shawl straps to bother us. I hope I won't get lost off a side car on the way. I will get the ink if it is a possible thing, but I can't find the photograph at any of the shops here. I wish I had known about it when we were in the region for then perhaps I might have got it. I would have liked to go to Haddington so much but there really was no time for we had little time enough in Edinburgh as it was, so this will have to wait for the next time. I wouldnt have believed that I should ever have had such a home like feeling for London, but now I walk about here and forget that I haven't been coming here all my life{.} We were so glad of your letter and Caddys last night, but I can't stop to say anything by way of answer for this must be posted if you are to have it by tomorrows [steamer *corrected*]. Think of the packing I must do between this and Monday, and all the things that must steer clear of the custom house search. Our room has four trunks in it now and my steamer [chist *so spelled*] has yet to be brought up from the cellar, so you can imagine that navigation is difficult if not dangerous. This is a scatter witted letter I know but I have written in the midst of talking and confusion, so you must forgive it in view of the love it carries to all of you. Miss J. & Tabby send love to all and I am sure I do. Love to Ma & Caddy special. Affly M.R.J. —

Notes

Holland House: Wikipedia says that the last Lady Holland died in 1889. After her death, Henry Fox-Strangways, who had inherited the property in 1874, moved into the house.

Lizzie Gardner: Probably this is American expatriate painter Elizabeth Jane Gardner Bouguereau (1837-1922), a native of Exeter, NH.

Queen: Alexandrina Victoria (1819-1901) was Queen of England (1837-1901).

Princess Charlotte: Buried in St. George's Chapel were Princess Charlotte of Wales and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld and their stillborn son. Wikipedia.

Albert Chapel: The Albert Memorial Chapel in St. George's Chapel commemorates Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (1819-1861).

Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany (1853-1884) was the eighth child of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Wikipedia.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier
Selection

[*Thursday 10 October 1889*]

Sarah is coming today to wait for her sister who is expected back from Europe on the steamer to arrive we trust on Sunday. The going has been a happy experiment for the family but they have come to depend upon Sarah in the meantime and I am not sure that they will be so ready to give her up in the future!

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Selection

[*15 October 1889*]*

I need not tell you what a joyful homecoming it was. Mother's look as she came running out to meet Mary was something that I never shall forget it. It was like some old painter's picture of a Bible scene! With her arms out, and her aging face and figure. And such a time all the afternoon, and the unpacking and presents galore, and charming photographs as thick as the fallen leaves without. I kept wishing for you to "be to it," Pinny with such splendour! Burne-Jones' photographs,* new ones, and *big!* and a sealskin cape to her shoulders, and an Edinburgh pin, and a new ivory brush (needed!), and a *beautiful* piece of best lace, and some new undergarments, and stockings, and a best white petticoat, and Oh *such* a lot of things! I ought to be Sandpiper* to properly enumerate and describe!

Notes

15 October 1889: This letter recounts Mary Rice Jewett's return from her 1889 trip to Europe of May-October 1889. Her ship, the *Pavonia*, arrived in Boston on Sunday, 13 October.

Burne-Jones' photographs: Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones (1833-1898), was a British Pre-Raphaelite painter.

Sandpiper: Celia Thaxter. Key to Correspondents. Thaxter's letters often included long lists of currently blooming flowers in her garden, with comments on their colors.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).